Cornell University Library
Ithaca, New York

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME OF THE

SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND

THE GIFT OF

HENRY W. SAGE

1891

Cornell University Library
BD431 .S52
Morning knowledge; the story of the new
3 1924 028 933 079
olin

Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924028933079

MORNING KNOWLEDGE

MORNING KNOWLEDGE

THE STORY OF THE NEW INQUISITION

BY

ALASTAIR SHANNON

PRISONER OF WAR IN TURKEY

"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

GENESIS, Chap. i. 27

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS
1920

TO

THOSE HELD

CAPTIVE BY INTELLECT

WHOSE HEARTS HAVE BEEN SET AT LIBERTY

BY THE THUNDERBOLT OF

A WOUNDED

GOD

"Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs?"

EMERSON (Introduction to *Essay on Nature*).

"Leave, therefore, boldly, though not irreverently, mysticism and symbolism on the one side; cast away with utter scorn geometry and legalism on the other; seize hold of God's hand, and look full in the face of His creation, and there is nothing He will not enable you to achieve."

RUSKIN (*The Two Paths*, § 40).

FOREWORD

I WAS a prisoner of war in Turkey for two and a half years, one year of which I spent in writing this book. A fellow-captive, "Jack," who became one of my truest friends, helped me, mainly by listening to what I had to say. Although he occasionally added to the writing of it, I alone am responsible for the views contained in the work.

It may be that I ought not to have expressed any philosophical views until I had had more experience and scholarship, but had I waited until I became experienced and a scholar I would never have had the courage to write what I have written. I have written that to become wise the Universe need not become old.

Perhaps I ought to have burned the whole of the first volume. Parts of it are weak, especially my criticism of History. But Volume I., being the history of my thought as it evolved, cannot be made more true by rejecting the inconsistencies and the frailties and the exaggerations which are its necessary concomitants.

The book is a young man's attempt to express his positive assurance in the value of man as a real creator. Nevertheless, as all philosophy, it had to begin with denial, a denial in his case above all of the intellectual world. It is the history of his creative thought. That is why it changes. That is why it contradicts itself

continually. That is why it is tentative. That is why it awaits the thought of other minds to complete it. No one can think clearly by himself; he must enquire humbly of every one of his listeners before he is even rightly aware of what he has said. A thought however true is not wholly born until it is regarded from thousands of different points of view and relegated to its proper point of equilibrium, so to speak, in that universal trend of opinion which is the outcome of the whole spirit of our race.

ALASTAIR SHANNON.

LONDON, *June* 28, 1919.

CONTENTS

VOLUME I

INTO SILENCE

PAGE

PRELUDE - - - 3

BOOK I

NATURE

CHAPTER

I. ANATOLIA - - - - 9
II. THE NEW INQUISITION - - - - - 13
III. PASSIONLESS WAR - - - - 17
IV. MICROSCOPIC CREATION - - 22
V. THE INVISIBLE MOVEMENT - - - - 26
VI. FREEDOM FORSAKEN - - - - 31
VII. THE GATHERING DAWN - - - 36
VIII. THE THREE WINDOWS - - - 40
IX. THE FOUR DOORS - - - 46
X. THE ELOQUENT PASSION-FLOWER OF SPIRIT - 53
XI. MASTER-BELIEF - - - - 58
XII. THE AWAKENING - - - - - 65

BOOK II

MAN

PART FIRST

I. THE HIDDEN ANARCHY - - - - - 71
II. THE PASSING OF THE OLD - - - - - 76

CHAPTER PAGE

III. Historia in Historia 81
IV. Immortal Mortality 86
V. Reculer pour Mieux Sauter 90

PART SECOND

VI. The Yea of Personality 94
VII. The Seekers 98
VIII. A Harmless Thunderbolt 102
IX. Creative Understanding 107
X. The Parting of the Ways 111
XI. The Adventure God made 114
XII. The New Eden Arises 120
(1) Self-Consciousness 120
(2) Speech 124
(3) Intelligence 125
(4) Speech Perfected 128
(5) Bread and Wine 130

BOOK III

TRUTH

I. A Pause by the Well 135
II. Into the Desert 140
III. Letters 146
Good Friday 153
IV. The Diving Platform 156
V. The Three Divers 162
VI. The Last Diver 170
Saturday 176
VII. Pearl Fishing 179
VIII. The Three Pearl Fishers 184
IX. The Pearl of Great Price 188
Easter Sunday 193
X. The Last Campaign 197
XI. The Three Battles 206
XII. Victory 217

VOLUME II

OUT OF SILENCE

PAGE
PRELUDE - - 225

BOOK IV

THE VOICE IN THE NORTH

THE WORLD ASKS FOR A VISION - 237
THE DREAMER TELLS HIS VISION - - 238
A VOICE IN THE SOUTH ACCLAIMS - - 240
THE CHILD SPEAKS - - - - 242
A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD URGES THE CHILD TO HASTEN - - - - - - 245
THE CHILD AT PRAYER - - - - - 247
THE CHILD ADDRESSES THE BURNING LOGS IN THE HEARTH - - 251
THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD ATTEMPTS TO MAKE READY 253
THE CHILD SPEAKS TO HIS BAND OF DISCIPLES 256
THE CHILD SEES A GIRL PLAYING - - 260
THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD FORGETS HIS SHYNESS FOR THE CHILD AND INTRODUCES OTHERS TO HIM - 263
THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD - 266
THE CHILD SPEAKS - - - - 266
THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD WRITES A LETTER TO THE DIVINE LABOURER - - - 274
THE CHILD IS CALLED TO ACCOUNT - - 276
THE CHILD'S DEFENCE - - - 277
TO THE CHILD, THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD EXPRESSES HIS FEAR OF WORKS ALREADY APPROVED GREAT - 284

SILENCE AND LIBERTY

PAGE
The Child is taught of Woman - 287

BOOK V

THE DIVINE PILGRIM

The Citizen of the World writes to the Lover of the Child - - 297
The Child writes in his Journal 299
Among those who know nothing - - - 304
Among those who sleep - - 308
In the Country of the Living Dead - - - 313
The Child's Temptation and Triumph 319

BEAUTY AND CLEAR VISION

One of the Child's Disciples writes - - 327

BOOK VI

PART FIRST

HAPPINESS

The Music of Pain - 335
The Sorrow of the World - - - - - 337
Sweet Sadness of Love - - - 339

PART SECOND

PEACE

The Warfare with the Dead - - - - 342
The World's Restlessness - - - - 344
Tender Tremble of Love - - - 347

PART THIRD

JOY

PAGE

The Peace of Man - - - - - - - 350
The Happiness of Woman - - - - - - - 352
The Joy of God - - - - - 354

EPILOGUE

War Triumphant - - - - - 357
Sorrow Triumphant - - - - 358
Life of Life - - - - - - - 359

Supplementary Note - - - - 360

"Men's souls, encompassed here with bodies and passions, have no communication with God, except what they can reach to in conception only, by means of philosophy, as by a kind of obscure dream.

"But when they are loosed from the body, and removed into the unseen, invisible, impassable, and pure region,

THE HISTORY OF OUR INQUISITION IN CAPTIVITY.

"this God is then their leader and King; they were, as it were, hanging on him wholly, and beholding without weariness, and passionately affecting that beauty which cannot be expressed or uttered by men.—*Plutarch.*

1	Our first state.		
2	Our first state questioned.		
3	Our difference in point of view.		
4	Our death to the bodily state	Prelude, Vol. I.	
5	*Three Deaths* { 1. Life-Seeking: Analytical Philosophy 2. Death-Seeking: Sceptical Philosophy 3. Death-Conquering: Personal Philosophy }	Book I. Books I. and II. (Part I.)	
6	The absolute or true bodily death	Books I. and II.	
7	Our death to the spiritual state	Book I., Chap. 12.	
8	*Three Temptations* { 1. Matter-Conquering: Sophistical Philosophy 2. Life-Conquering: Speculative Philosophy 3. Spirit-Conquering: Inarticulate Philosophy }	Book II., Part I. Book II.	
9	The absolute or true spiritual death	Books II. and III.	
10	Our resurrection from death	Prelude, Vol. II.	
11	*Three Resurrections* { 1. The Way: Silence and Liberty 2. The Truth: Beauty and Clear Vision 3. The Life: Happiness, Peace, Joy }	Book IV. Book V.	
12	The ultimate resurrection of the spiritual body	Book VI.	
1	Our reconciliation in point of view.		
2	Our second state unquestioned.		
3	Our second state.		

Chapters

Introductory. 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 Conclusion.

Good Friday. Saturday. Easter Sunday.

The Three Days in Hell repeated.

Our Self-Conscious History, in Book III. and Prelude to Volume II.

VOLUME I

INTO SILENCE

"If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own, that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood. This is Love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything which exists."

SHELLEY (*Essay on Love*).

PRELUDE

"How strange it is," said Jack, "that here where we have been thrown up high and dry by the tide of war there seems to be less repose than upon the field of battle itself. Here we are in a kind of backwater of life, isolated from the outside world, with all its beauties and dangers, and far removed from all those events so thrilling, so bewildering and often so appalling that are occupying the minds of men. Yet alas! it is a backwater, and youth can ill afford to delight in it; therefore we have become sorely troubled and spend our many days and long hours in useless anxiety of heart."

To which Peter replied, "Yes; and how much stranger it is that during all our school and college and army days we have secretly longed for peace, but now that peace has come to us we abhor it above all things, and would give our left hand to gain the precarious privilege of wielding the right. Still, since fighting is so hazardous and so unromantic in these latter days, and since, without having fallen captive, you on the tragic Peninsula, I in the tragic attempt to relieve Townshend's army, we could not possibly have met, may we not give praise to the good God who has shielded us both from the hazard, brought us together again after a long separation and flooded our hearts anew with an age-felt romance?"

"Why, that is a delightful thing to say; and I think the same, though I should hardly have put it into words." . . .

A silence fell between them. The setting sun lit up the earth on the summit of the great rock of Afion Kara Hissar, and the crimson in the west was reflected from a score of windows which overlooked the yard. The greyhound pups scampered in clouds of dust, loth, like children who are being put to bed on a summer's evening, to obey their master's call of "Kennel up! Kennel up, there!" The officer prisoners, chilled by the night wind rising across the plains and anticipating perhaps a less monotonous dinner than was customary, walked briskly round and round in couples or threes talking in eager expectancy of the Great Peace and the final liberation. There were a few solitary ones, too, meditating on the glimpse of home that the last little mail had vouchsafed.

"Let us walk now," Peter said; and, linking arms, they joined the 'parade.'

"What a curious collection of folk prisoners are, Peter; so different, so heartily amusing if you watch closely."

"Yes, but we are much too near to enjoy one another. The first thought each inspires is, 'You are in the way; we cannot see the sunshine for you: do let us alone for a little—oh, *do* get away into a corner by yourself and let us get into ours!"

"Exactly; that's just what I have been thinking this last day or two. We are too crowded, aren't we? I wonder—"

"There might be a way."

"You mean of escape from them?"

"Yes, by dreaming day dreams, writing poems, sketching novels; in brief, by glutting our imaginations with pictures of the past and future: so shall we escape the present."

"Well, Peter, what with your professor's cigars—bless him!—and a few buns for tea and my books of poetry and philosophy and travel, we ought not to be long in forgetting these bare walls and this dismal yard and this throng of officers. On the contrary, our eyes would soon be lifted to the south where the hills are capped by radiant snows, and our lives would be redeemed from the growing inaction that bodes fair to reduce them to torpor."

"Certainly that is an idea; but nothing so deeply as boredom possesses the spirit of curiosity. Where would we find a safe retreat for our purpose? We would nowhere, not even in the dog kennel itself, be safe from interruption."

"That is so; and perhaps sentimental talk about our loves, our adventures, our hopes and fears, when port and cigars lend their seductive essence to the atmosphere is exactly the most powerful magnet for the people we wish to avoid."

"Wait! I have a plan, Jack."

"What is it? I am all of a quake to know what you are going to say."

"Is it not well known that we are both fond of philosophical discussion and that we often profane the solemn hours of night with the fumes of tobacco and of abstruse metaphysics?"

"I suppose they know it; but how much more we are slaves to the pipe than to the mysteries of thought!"

"That is my point. Let us become conspirators;

let us give out that we are the two budding thinkers of the twentieth century; let us muffle ourselves in smoke and obscurity, launching upon the air, whenever anyone dares approach our den, a continuous volley of profound utterances, incomprehensible and therefore unassailable. Let us earn the epithet of madmen and strive to be shunned, so that we shall be able to settle down in solitude to construct those sure wings that will lift us above our captivity."

"Upon my soul, Peter, I believe you have solved the problem. These people loathe any attempt at abstract thinking, and will pity us from the depths of their hearts. But the pain of losing their regard will be amply compensated by the pleasures of the imaginative world."

"Yes, Jack, that imaginative world where women are fairer than the fairest on earth, where songs of birds and glint of flowers are more important than life, where sadness is as a cloud of beauty, and joy the earnest of uncreated pleasures; that world where anything may be possible save Death or Ugliness or Disdain, where men are more than gods, where the smallest spark is as great as any star, where stones and trees and a vista of hills are persons, and where the thoughts of God are as a mighty rushing wind and His love as a burning fire that will not be quenched. A word, a look, a tiny hope, a note from a violin, the rustle of a withered leaf: if we look at such things and forget the world itself, we find in them the portals to heaven. Come, to-morrow we will try to find freedom in the heart of our captivity."

BOOK I

NATURE

"The first and greatest question which Philosophy has to resolve in its attempts to make out a Cosmos is whether we can derive any light from our internal consciousness of thought, reason, power, will, motive, design—or not: whether, that is to say, nature is or is not *more interpretable* by supposing these things (be what they may) to have had, or to have, to do with its arrangements. Constituted as the human mind is, if nature be *not* interpretable through these conceptions, it is not interpretable at all; and the only reason we can have for troubling ourselves about it is the utilitarian one of bettering our condition by 'subduing nature' to our use, . . . or the satisfaction of that sort of aimless curiosity which can find its gratification in scrutinising everything and comprehending nothing."

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL (*Lectures on Scientific Subjects*, p. 475).

CHAPTER I

ANATOLIA

"WELL, Jack," said Peter, "here we are alone and quiet at last; almost have we escaped already. There is no crowd here to prevent us talking and thinking of all those things we value so much."

"Wait a minute," said Jack, "we have forgotten something I think."

"What? Your philosophical books?"

"No; your professor's cigars, which are far more important."

They had just got settled comfortably and were beginning to enjoy the flavour of an Indian cheroot, when a hurried step was heard outside.

"We are discovered," said Jack.

The door of their retreat was at once rudely thrust open, and a young officer in loud and excited tones burst out: "I say, you fellows, is it a fact that the whiskey has arrived from Constant?"

"I believe it is," Peter replied.

"But how do you know?"

"Well you see," Peter went on, "knowledge is the affirmation or judgment which identifies the constructive interpretation of a presentation with the reality which that presentation—"

"Oh, what utter rot!" And their interrupter darted out of the room in the same manner as he had entered it.

"Well, that worked," laughed Jack.

"Yes. But you see, even here we are not quite safe."

"No. If only we could get ponies and go for long rides over that vast plain there; or else climb the steep hills that surround it, and lie there all day in the spring-time, waiting for the tortoises to come out from their winter caverns; looking at a swarm of young tarantulas basking all of a heap on their mother's back; watching the basilisks flickering in the gorgeous light of the sun as they jump from rock to rock; listening for the shrill whistle of the nuthatch; or gazing at the majestic flight of storks speeding joyfully once more on their northward journey."

"Yes, it would be grand if we could see all these things, and above all, the blossoms of the fruit trees in the valleys beyond."

"Wouldn't it? But the extraordinary thing is that most people never do see such things. They neither look up to see the beauties of the heavens nor do they even look down to behold the wondrous things of the earth, but they walk hurriedly on, following their noses, as though they had nothing to do with the universe or the making of the world; whilst nature, who is crying out for their sympathy in a language of intense earnestness, they treat as a stranger and pass with never a nod."

"What do you mean, Jack? It is so easy to make general statements. Give me some examples."

"Well, you have only to notice this country. What might not be done with the fertile plains of Anatolia

which cannot yield half their hidden store of grain for lack of cultivation? Why are no forests planted to replace all those that have been ruthlessly destroyed for timber, or nibbled down by thoughtless herds of ubiquitous and destructive goats? Why is there no provision for future growth? Why, Peter, are no flowers ever grown in this country? And don't you remember what our sentry did to the magnificent owl-hawk we used to keep in the charcoal house? Just think of the wealth of the country and imagine the visions men might have trekking over these highland plains. Surely those snowclad mountains which loom in the still horizon were meant to be not the railing to an angry desert, but the silver setting to a jewel. Why don't the Turks have visions, too? St. Paul must have had them in his lonely pilgrimages through this strange land."

"What I feel most about this country," said Peter, "is the absence of all art."

"That is precisely my point. In these countries where the beauties of nature lie unnoticed or despised, you will never find any genuine art; where they are unseen or disregarded, they might as well not exist at all; in fact, they cannot exist until they are interpreted. And it is just because the Turk has never embraced the mother goddess of nature, who paces with graceful step the broad uplands, because he has never met Pan piping on a summer's afternoon in some wood on the hillside, that there is no art in his soul, that he has so few buildings of exquisite carving, no painting or music to bring to us and say, 'These are mine; glory in them even as I do.'"

"But do you think this is true of all Asiatics?"

"No, not entirely, because most Eastern countries take a delight in art, or rather, in arts—for value is set more on the production of beautiful things than on the expression of noble ideas;—but the fatal tendency, as Ruskin would say, which may spoil all the art of Asiatics—and this is especially the case in India—is to use it as something separate from nature instead of making it the interpreter of natural and eternal facts."

"That is so," agreed Peter, "and it is my opinion that the second commandment of the law was not meant to prevent art, but to discourage men from taking a delight in the productions and works of their own hands instead of in what they are or should be endeavouring to interpret."

"Yes. Such men think they have imagination because they can work out with subtle accuracy strange forms and fanciful patterns; but they have neither imagination nor love of beauty, nor will they have moral principle: for these belong only to men who are brave enough to open their eyes wide to the works of God and can believe that it is through themselves and their own faculties that the wonders of nature will find their most perfect expression." [1]

[1] The interpretive (see Ruskin's *A Joy for Ever*, Pt. 1) as opposed to the creative (see Oscar Wilde's *The Decay of Lying*) theory of the function of art would afford an interesting discussion by itself. While here leaning towards the former view, we later (Book VI.) reconcile the theories by maintaining that interpretation *gives meaning* and is therefore actively creative.

CHAPTER II

THE NEW INQUISITION

At this point a light rap on their door announced a second visitor.

"Come in," said Jack.

It was Captain Cleeve, a tall, keen-eyed, firm-mouthed individual, with carefully brushed clothes and hair, and with a mind no less carefully brushed, a scientist of no mean order.

"I hope you don't object to this intrusion," he said; "such clandestine meetings as these interest me immensely, and I beg to be allowed to try to discuss things with you, although I cannot be said to have any serious pretensions as a philosopher."

On hearing these words, Peter, without the slightest hesitation upset the mongul, which, on account of the minuteness of the room, necessitated the immediate closing of the door and the consequent retirement of their intruder. "Sorry, Cleeve," he shouted; "just a minute! ... Now, Jack," he went on in a rapid undertone, as they both shovelled up the glowing charcoal with saucers, "what on earth are we to say? Will we let him in?"

"Let us put him through some monstrous and horrifying exercises, pretending that they constitute a sort of

yogi initiation into our methods of contemplation. Let us make him stand on his head, telling him that in that way alone can one truly grasp the universe from our particular point of view."

"No," said Peter, "I think not. But one might perhaps upset his mental equilibrium by subjecting him to a—Yes, Cleeve, we're getting it up; it's all right; just one minute—to a sort of metaphysical catechism."

"But he's more likely to catechise us; he's steeped to the eyebrows in scientific facts."

"Never mind; if we lie in wait long enough we are sure to get in upon him with our shafts. Let's do our best to make a fool of his science and his outlook. Don't you think that by worrying him, as a schoolboy a petulant master, we shall get him so enraged that he will at last depart in an ungovernable temper, not knowing whether we are in earnest or not?"

"That is a good idea," whispered Jack; "let us inaugurate a kind of New Inquisition, a cunning inquisition of the mind, using the combined forces of sophistry and opportunism to worm our way into his hard and disinterested conceptions, to gnaw through the foundations of his creeds, and then, with a mighty roar, to pour down upon him a torrent of philosophical eloquence, which will either engulf him outright or else sweep him for ever from this sequestered and hallowed home."

Peter smiled and nodded. "We are resolved, then," said he; "so open the door to our victim."

Captain Cleeve re-entered, inquiring if any damage had been done, to which they replied in a mutual and emphatic No.

"So you wish to discuss with us, Cleeve?" asked Peter, offering him a cheroot.

"I do, very much."

"Well, we've got a rule about that."

"Indeed! What is it?"

"It is this way, Cleeve," Jack announced; we are both philosophers of a new school—"

"Which?" interrupted their guest.

"Our own—"

"Quite—"

"And we are naturally chary of letting others profit by our exceptional insight, you understand, lest they might advance upon the world with our ideas before we had completely arranged them ourselves—"

"I see," laughed Captain Cleeve.

"So that we have determined that anybody desirous of becoming one of us must undergo a strict philosophical examination. We are the New Inquisition."

"It sounds exceedingly interesting."

"Then you agree to be examined?"

"Certainly; it will give me the greatest pleasure. May I be allowed to ask what you were talking of so earnestly when I first entered?"

"We were discussing this bleak country," replied Jack. "We were thinking how terrible it is that man should be so bound up with his own interests and futile designs that he entirely misses the vital interest of nature and the mystic beauty of her every form."

"How does he miss these things?" inquired the scientist; "surely in attending to his own needs man is attending best to nature's purposes."

"Do you think so? Don't you think that this Eastern type of mind, which we have had ample time to

study during the last months, dissociates itself from nature, and constructs an art, if any art it does construct, of purely secondary interest, not in the least interpreting the glorious splendours of natural scenery and natural designs?"

"Yes; but after all, what is nature? Is it not clearly evident that we understand her secrets the better the more we conquer her, and the more we shape her to *our* design, that is, the farther we manage to travel from her hypnotic influence and the cleaner cut our abstractions from her become? I believe we are meant to subjugate nature, to rule her, to command her powers. She lies dormant beneath our feet;—we must waken her and employ her for our own high purposes. Man is nature's lord."

CHAPTER III

PASSIONLESS WAR

A LIKE smile illuminated for an instant the faces of the two inquisitors. Mind echoed to mind the signal of the coming encounter. As the eyes met, dim shadows of questionings long treasured in the inmost heart startled them with unexpected urgency. The old owl-room which Jack and Peter had tried to make the playground of two careless children, where light shuttlecocks of opinion were tossed aimlessly hither and thither, was already proving itself to be the scene of a struggle of which no man could foretell the issue. Was this Inquisition, born in a moment of sudden confusion and fear, to become the actual searching of full-grown men for truth, the road to a finer appreciation of nature, perhaps even to a new knowledge of Life itself?

Peter relit his pipe and flung himself on the hammock which was swung across the room, and which had been refused by the scientist on the ground that it was his custom, when engaged in difficult discussion, to abstain from comforts which might tend to relax his attention. "But, Cleeve," he asked, with an amused glance in Jack's direction, "what do you mean precisely by the 'subjugation of nature'?"

"Well," he replied, "I mean the harnessing of

powers which were not harnessed before, such as heat and water and electricity. These we convert into driving power. Or the mastery of elements which have so long been our masters, such as air and water. Imagine the amazing advance that will be made in flying during the next year or two. No doubt there will some day be regular services in the air just as there are now over the conquered oceans. And more; we are even beginning to learn how to control the offspring of fauna and flora by the wonderful mathematics of Genetics, which enables us to bring together the proper qualities in their right proportions and to segregate the bad ones."

"But how do you know which are the right proportions and which the proper qualities? Do you maintain that your scientists can better nature?"

"I do. For instance, you know how Professor Biffen of Cambridge has, by cross-fertilisation between valuable kinds of wheat which are liable to 'rust' and other less valuable kinds which are immune from the disease, procured a wheat which combines the valuable features of the one with the immunity to 'rust' of the other. And it may easily be that energetic experimenting in this direction will eventually lead to the elimination of all hurtful qualities, not only in plants and in animals, but also in man. Man makes nature a means to his ends. Without your Biffens how could you have reached such a high standard in bread? Nature wouldn't have done it for you."

"And without your Punnetts," laughed Jack, "how could you have bred Plymouth Rocks?"

"Yes," said Peter, "and without those other Cambridge idealists how could we possibly have acquired such perfection in sausages?"

"So you see," the scientist went on unperturbed, "I should define nature as an external and, but for certain necessary laws, an almost chaotic assemblage of pliable material. It is our duty to understand these laws and the properties of the materials, so that man can learn to cope with the many obstacles nature has placed in his path."

"Then you regard nature as an enemy?"

"In a way; for until she is conquered we lie at the mercy of any baneful caprice she may suddenly display. Thunder-clouds which threaten the complete destruction of ripening orchards can to-day be broken up and dispersed by the firing of 'vortex rings'; yesterday, the green vineyards of Austria or Italy could be blasted in an hour by an angry storm. Indeed, every agriculturist is keenly aware of the contest, and none more so than those pioneers who go out to bring new countries under cultivation or to reclaim old ones from the inroads of the primeval forests."

"Naturally we agree with you," Peter said, "that life is a struggle, and in these modern days has degenerated into a battle for comfort and prosperity; but we don't admit that nature is our enemy: she is, on the contrary, to our thinking, our greatest ally in the fight with Death.[2] Over this point, however, we will not pick bones. What is more important is to determine what those weapons are with which we are equipped; for if we knew that we would doubtless perceive the kind of enemy we are endeavouring to conquer."

[2] Our inherent and (as yet) unconscious idealism breaks out at the early stage of the inquisition in a somewhat insolent dogmatism. We are high-handed in our arguments because we are at bottom afraid of losing them. Soon, however, our attitude becomes less rhetorical and more crystallised.

"Well, it seems to me that our main weapon is intelligence, which is never tired of constructing tools and making experiments, the first to grapple with, the other to dissect and so comprehend the constituent parts of all nature. Construction is the big aim of life, but before we can construct we must analyse and understand our materials. This can be done only with the scientific intelligence, which is coming more and more into its own. So it would seem, by your own theory, that our real enemy, after all, is nature."

"But is not this scientific intelligence a purely impersonal thing?"

"Certainly. It is due to the personal equation, it is because of unjustifiable trust in private opinions and prejudices that scientists so often fail to concentrate their attention on the main issues."

"Then this battle of yours," my dear fellow, "is a cold and impassionate thing. You stand back from nature with haughty indifference, or smile grimly as you survey the thousand pieces of her amputated life which decorate your laboratories and whose only epitaph is a label. You are like generals who refuse to advance to the fight until they have taken prisoner one by one every individual of the opposing force in order to estimate the resistance that each may offer."

"Yet such close analysis is the only way of becoming familiar with the intricacies of evolution."

"But how can you possibly hope to find from them anything save the inert structure of skeletons? You have already stripped them of all their essential beauty and all their essential purpose; you have stored up from the past a harvest of facts, which, in the very moment of your reaping, lost every particle of their significance."

"Your metaphors appear to me a little hazy. Is it not clear that there is a natural connection between the properties of things and the laws that govern them, and that only by a thorough scrutiny of each part can we hope to read the mystery of the whole?"

"To that point we shall return," said Jack; "meanwhile, we cannot help thinking that because your weapons are so cold and bloodless, because the scientific intellect is so impersonal, because there is no glamour and excitement in your battle, the warfare you talk about must be unreal and your assertion that nature is an enemy radically false."

"Yes," put in Peter, "just as in this Great War most of the romance and glory of ancient combat has been swept away by your long distance guns, by your hidden mines and secret gases, by your treacherous coiling wire, and by the hundred mathematical calculations worked out in some undisturbed office miles away from the actual scene of conflict."

"Yet is not this war real enough in all conscience?"

"It would be more real if man had not become so hopelessly hypnotised by his own weapons of destruction, just as the scientist would be fighting a better warfare if he had not become fascinated by his microscopes and balances and retorts. And we believe that just as the reality of this war is to be sought for in the inner struggle with the demon which forged its weapons, so there is more reality in our struggle with your faith in analytical methods than in that phantasmal war for which they have been evidently devised."[3]

[3] It is the purely theoretic, not the practical, scientists we criticise as being impassionate. Cf. however, Chap. II. The inquisitors are "coming on guard" in perhaps an illegitimate way. But we hold that an *argument from analogy* usually develops into an interesting bout.

CHAPTER IV

MICROSCOPIC CREATION

CLEEVE moved impatiently. It was apparent that he was beginning to suspect the relevancy of their argument and to fear that, unless he checked them with some timely interruption, their verbose and extravagant theories would catch him up into regions where no sure footing could be found.

"But what good do you suppose you achieve," he said, "what problems do you think you are elucidating by seeking a quarrel with us and our methods, when, by allying yourselves with us, you might be definitely helping forward the progress of the world in bringing to light the real nature of evolution? It always takes two to make a quarrel, and I, on my part, have no wish to quarrel. However, I can say in defence of analytical methods that the results they achieve sufficiently justify the labour they entail. The manufacture of practically all modern machinery has been made possible by analytical mathematics; and what would our doctors be without their biology and anatomy—both analytical sciences?"

"We are not blind to these results," Jack replied, "we do not deny that humanity enjoys the precious benefits they bestow, but we doubt very much whether such benefits do not tend to deaden that healthy and

productive discontent which is more nearly our salvation than those material and temporary results which seem so stupendous. The simple life of childlike communities, where men have time to brood and to fashion ideals, is better far than our over-civilisation, which is ever seeking to be satisfied with the latest triumphs of Plutus." [4]

"Now you are going too fast," said the scientist; "the danger of all such moralising is to rush forward along the road of knowledge, heedless of the pitfalls which beset the way. Since the majority of men are wise enough to be timid, surely it is not surprising that you philosophers have so meagre a following."

"It is precisely because you scientists are going too slowly that we appear to you to be going too fast. The wisdom which apprehends what is real in more and more rapid flashes of intuition seems to us more natural than that which depends on the minuteness of the fragments into which things can be cut up. That is why we disagreed with you when you said that 'only by a thorough scrutiny of each part can we hope to read the mystery of the whole.'"

"That is the point I thought you had forgotten in your anxious desire to create an ideal world before you have bothered to consider the real one which lies immediately before you."

"Yet, my dear Cleeve, do you not think that by venturing into other countries we can best appreciate our own? Is it not possible that by first taking a wide view of the whole [5] it becomes altogether simple to

[4] In other words, the advance of science does not appear to us necessarily synonymous with progress.

[5] Cf. Book II, Chap. 3, where intelligence is given this very function. But the meaning here is not so much an 'extensive view' as a 'comprehensive judgment.'

perceive the function of each part? The nicest inspection of our glands and tissues will never explain the body: it is by the body itself that we shall understand them and the rôle they play. As a matter of fact, parts are completely insignificant, and we doubt whether they exist at all." [6]

"That, of course, is preposterous."

"Listen. You pride yourselves on analysing the elements and recombining them. Now how far do you think this can take you? Do you believe, for instance, that organic matter can be created out of inorganic?"

"Some day it may be possible. Indeed some have already constructed out of chemicals certain almost plausible protoplasmic forms, and, as you know, protoplasm is the basis of all organic life."

"That looks to me," said Peter, "as if the scientists were attempting to make life out of death in the same way as governments endeavour to make money out of paper, but unfortunately the Germans have taught us that scraps of paper do not guarantee a nation's life."

"But scientists do not in the least profess to work miracles. It is not in death that we look for organic life, for we believe that all matter, organic and inorganic, is surging with electricity, and this electricity is pure energy. All organic life as we know it is in all probability a highly specialised form of electric force."

"So if you were able to control this flood of electrons you think you would be able to control and even to produce organic life at will?"

"It is quite possible."

[6] This is not directly developed, but it is associated with the view, put forward throughout the work, of the lamentable 'splitting up of the faculties' due to intellect.

"But your methods would apparently be to make organic structures out of chemicals?"

"Yes."

So you maintain that given the perfect structure, life is an invariable result?"

"Yes."

"And what made these organic structures?"

"Energy."

"And organic life is an accident and might never have been evolved?"

"Either an accident or a necessary consequence of determined laws."

"In either case it is a *result* and not a cause?"

"It is a result; and probably it is because we are yet so much in the dark as to the laws of nature that we can imagine it to be an accident."

"Do you mean that these laws of nature are implacable and that life is determined by their unrelenting demands?"

"I do."

"But we thought that life was free."

"I never said so. There is no freedom." [7]

[7] See Book III. Chap. 7, for a more philosophical discussion of freedom. This is the first direct hit levelled by Cleeve and is parried by us with all the dexterity at our command, but again by means of analogy. Later (Book IV.) we come to see that though the Spirit of life is always free, yet that Spirit *during expression* is often bound by expedient. Also, the unstated assumption here and in the following chapters that only organic life possesses consciousness is out of harmony with Volume II. (See Book IV. on 'flame' and Book V. on 'form.')

CHAPTER V

THE INVISIBLE MOVEMENT

"LIGHT the lamps, Jack; it's getting dark." Peter tumbled out of the hammock, rolled it up and stuffed it under the bed. "Perhaps you would like a cushion, Cleeve; isn't that divan rather uncomfortable? Now then," continued Peter, "we see clearer than ever the nature of that hostility which we felt from the start to lie between us. With your conception of determined life we are in entire disagreement. It is as blind and dangerous as was the doctrine of Predestination of Souls. And just as that doctrine springs from a misconception of God, so yours springs from a misconception of movement."

"And what is that misconception?"

"You scientists believe that movement can be added to or taken away from things at will, is something which can be stopped and then allowed to go on again. Not only that, but you assert that it is movement only that we can see, because movement and not rest affects the eye. Surely, however, there is a difference between seeing movement and seeing because of movement: movement may be the cause and yet not the object of sight. Your point of view resembles that of a sailor, who, when his ship is tossed by the waves and his

rigging buffeted by the winds, thinks he possesses a perfect understanding of movement, when all the while he is merely experiencing its results. Let him but furl his sails and spread oil upon the waters, thus securing himself from the terrific onslaught of the elements, he imagines that he has prevailed against them: but who can say to the mighty wind, 'Halt!' or to the raging seas, 'Be still!'—indeed, can any ship on the deep be ever totally dissociated from some power or another which ceaselessly hurls it onwards? Surely it is clear that far from being able to allow movement to go on again after it has once been stopped—which is an absurdity,—we cannot satisfactorily stop it at all, but can only attempt to do so."

"But," objected the scientist, "I do not see why the result of movement is not movement also."

"Do not grow impatient," Peter replied. "A column of troops marching across an eastern desert often encounters deep nallahs or ditches, sometimes full of water. These have to be scrambled over as best as possible; but there is one general form which this scramble always takes, namely an altering of the column formation into an almost extended order, the regiment's front increasing from four men broad to ten or thirty men broad, while the pace is diminished and time cruelly lost. Now to one sleepily riding by the side of such a column and travelling at the same rate, all consciousness of seeing movement is lost until precisely that moment when one of those ditches hinders the soldiers' passage: then, and not till then, does the column appear to do something which is noticeable; and suddenly, like a shaft of sunshine, does the truth flash across one's mind that it is by no means movement but only the results

or effects of movement that we are able to see with our senses."

"I have experienced that sort of thing," admitted Cleeve.

"We can go further. The ditch was an obstacle; real movement somewhere somehow was hindered by that obstacle; a vision was afforded us of an event in the life of the column which met that obstacle: therefore, what we saw must have been not so much the life, not so much the obstacle, but before all else the stoppage of life by the obstacle. It is not life but the holding up of life we see. And examples of the fact multiply when we keep in mind that we shall see more and more of this pseudo-movement as the amount by which real movement, or life, is being held up, increases; that is, we shall detect least movement where movement is most pure and detect most where it is most rapidly being transformed into rest. Take light: at its purest, as it rushes to us across the millions of miles of space, as it greets us at our windows in early May, we see it not, but only the extensions of it in colours; and these extensions are so minute that we require scientific apparatus to appreciate the differences between them: but between the points where light is hindered most and where it is hindered least there is an appreciable decrement in vision, for most light is hindered by what we call 'white' objects and least by what we call 'black.' But where we see light most fully is when it has long pilgrimaged through obstruction, after it has pierced to the sap of young trees and filled them with power and made them to grow and bring forth fruit; after it has gnawed into the bowels of earth, and given its strength to flame, and given a new life to the fallen and trampled

foliage by nursing it into coal; when it is lifted from the depths and flung into huge boilers on board an ocean liner, then one sees it in whirling and circling steel, hears it in the growling and grinding of multitudinous machinery, feels its throb and heart-beat. 'Here is movement,' we say; but this is where the happy vagrant sunbeams are being brought to rest for ever!"[8]

"Give me a drink, my eloquent lecturer. Thank you! Now, let me see. You seem to imply four things: first, that life is identical with movement; second, that we can never see this movement, but that when we do see things moving, real movement is being brought to rest; third, that the more pseudo-movement we detect the more certain we can be that there is real movement lying behind undetected; and fourth, that this real movement is continually running down. Am I right?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, it is difficult to say if what you mean by movement is not exactly what I mean by energy, and in one thing I fancy I agree with you, namely that energy is running down. In another two or three hundred years, for example, all the oil and coal fields

[8] As the reader will find, a large part of our philosophy is based on the assumption that the universe we experience is not Life, but the expression of Life (cf. Shelley's beautiful *Hymn to the Spirit of Life*). In Book V. the view is advanced that energy has been saved from destroying itself completely, *i.e.* that 'rest' is impossible save *ideally* to pure intelligence. If we cannot see movement but only rest, and if rest is un-energised or pure extended matter, vision must be concentrated on an ideal rather than on a real form, the form, namely, of mathematical area, approaching to, if not actually, infinity, and therefore annihilation of all form. Is vision bound so to be intellectualised and valueless to life or is it possible that a less pure vision (such as the animals may possess, since they have slight intelligence) will be regenerated among us if we throw over science? (see Book V.).

that we know of now will be used up and we shall require to tap some new reservoir of power ; while long before that we shall be in grave anxiety with regard to our food supplies, since, by taking out of the soil more nitrates than we can possibly put back, we are depriving the land of its capital. But although energy may run down, it is doubtful whether, as you fondly imagine, it turns completely into Rest."

"At any rate you see why we talked of the scientist's misconception ; and I presume you would like us next to show where such misconception leads? "

"Quite."

"Then," said Peter, "we shall leave the Rest till after dinner."

CHAPTER VI

FREEDOM FORSAKEN

"You expressed uncertainty, Cleeve, as to whether what we call life is different from what you call energy. Now to you there is no essential difference between energy and the movement that one sees; but to us there is a radical difference between life and the movement one sees. No view is cruder than that which makes matter the *sina qua non* of the universe, which makes the existence of mind itself dependent upon an almost fortuitous conglomeration of nervous tissues. Now, the hypothesis we adopt enables us to appreciate thoroughly and to relegate to their appointed places your methods and aims, whereas you but dimly appreciate ours and scarcely give them any place at all."

"And what is this hypothesis?"

"It is that this movement, or life, which is not identical with mechanical motion, is altogether immeasurable, entirely indivisible and wholly free. And it is because we have caught a vague glimmer of this astounding and vital truth that we can estimate with assurance the proper value of science and the veritable order of the world-scientific."

"Bergson!" cut in Cleeve, with a dry smile.

"What if it is?" retorted Jack; "you look up to

him as a scientist; why do you not respect his philosophy?"

"But it's all in the air!"

"God be praised for that," said Peter, "and we shall show you how a new breath of air can freshen up thought. To be a successful scientist one has to concentrate one's attention on that present world of regulated activity with which we can more and more adequately deal as our mathematical powers become more and more exact."

"What do you mean by the present world? Surely mathematics deals with laws which are universal and which apply to all time, past and future as well as present."

"That is laying too much on mathematics. If you think deeply enough you will find that it is only the present with which our scientific intellect, possessed by all of us, can deal; and that what mathematics is doing when it imagines that it is dealing with eternal facts is merely extending the present, so that we are enabled to see both what has been and what will be, in terms of calculable energy. It is to our intellect what a magnifier is to the eye: it gratuitously provides us with two images of time, the past and the future, which are nothing but two specialised views taken by it of that world which lies beyond its own sphere—the world of life, timeless and free."[9]

"What do you mean by specialised views?"

"We mean that scientific intelligence is such that it can only think *rest*, it can never think *movement*; that

[9] Here we had in mind to refute the false idea of time which considers it an adjectival entity applicable to life. But the notion of timeless life is denied by us in Book IV. where the background of thought is different. To Bergson real time (as opposed to the false, here examined) is evolution itself.

is, it can never picture movement going on for ever, but is being continually driven, like a tired bird, to find a perch from which it can at peace enjoy a vision of all that surrounds it, thereby forsaking the freedom of its natural flight."

"Then are these specialised views false ideas? Is it wrong to speak of time as being past, present and future, and things in time as being determined by necessary laws? Is this what you hold my misconception of movement to lead to?"

"Precisely, my dear Cleeve; it is a pleasure to converse with you. The remarkable thing about it, however, is that, after believing so firmly and so long that we were at mortal combat with you, we now discover that you are absolutely right in your science to act on such a misconception."

"You surprise me!"

"You need not be surprised, for we are strange people."

"You are very strange people indeed to countenance a misconception."

"Provided always," explained Jack, "you do not forget that it is a misconception. You scientists are not the only people who use this privilege. All our judges have to act on a misconception, because, for highly practical reasons, it is not the moral worth and motives of the accused that are of importance to them; it is the resulting crime that they have to examine, and all similar crimes they must needs treat in a similar manner: whereas murder may be in one case the cold reckoning of a treacherous scoundrel, in another it may be a kind of rough justice dealt out by a ready man who has no time or wish to go to law."

"And, in fact," added Peter, "all of us in our everyday life act to a large extent on misconception in so far as we are dealing with things and counting results." [10]

"But if this so-called misconception is necessary for action, wherein lies its danger? Why should we look upon the world as really different to what it is for the simple purpose of existence?"

"Because, my dear Cleeve, by glueing ourselves to results we are only too liable to forget that methods and aims are more real than results themselves, just as life is something far more vital than its mere expression. If we are hypnotised by results and divorce the expression of life from life itself, we shall find eventually that all our results will become meaningless and our actions purposeless. Because you scientists are performing a great service to the world, and ever expanding by your many benefits the resources of civilisation, do not for that reason, we beg of you, make claim to explain life; do not be so confident that it rests with you alone to unfold the mystery of evolution. Your world, as we have shown, is one of pure intellectual vision: in other words, it is the world where the movement you have forgotten is held up by the intellect and crystallised into objects; it is the world where the freedom you have forsaken is entrapped and bound up like the winds which were given to Odysseus by Aeolus to safeguard his homeward voyage."

"Yes," Cleeve interjected, "and you know what happened when the sailors let the winds loose!"

[10] Our declaration at this stage is a little severe. We later (Book IV.) come to justify the misconception in an absolute manner. Remembering that the reader will bear with better grace our surface condemnation of the world of everyday experience. Cf., however, the following footnote.

"Under the misapprehension that the bags were full of gems, old boy. And under the gross misapprehension that there is no freedom, because you were unable to see that movement is indivisible, you therefore fancied that the real world is the world where movement and rest alternate and both are measurable. Doubtless you were beginning to suppose that space and things in space are omnipotent. But nothing ever happens in such a world, Cleeve, nothing *happens*; everything is governed by laws of necessity; in it are nothing but things; and all your ostentatious display of knowledge is a weary piecemeal mutilation of nature's picture, followed by quite an inadequate re-arranging of the fragments into mere mockeries of the original.[11] We must never forget the fair face of Freedom."

"Of course," added Jack, "to gain her grace we may not stand aside and apart, rapt in her infinite mystery, for this would be to forsake her in her need; to win her we must fight a road that she may go scatheless over the obstinate rocks of Necessity."[12]

[11] This statement receives fuller amplification in Book V. The inquisitors are now dealing, not with the world of work, but with the world of scientific concepts which would pretend to add meaning to work.

[12] The reader is no doubt familiar with Bergson's *Creative Evolution*, Chap. 3, where the thesis is so lucidly expounded that life, by reason of its 'creative élan' is striving to rise through the dead weight of matter (formed coincidentally with intelligence) towards a perfect freedom of activity (when intelligence will have won through to 'intuition').

CHAPTER VII

THE GATHERING DAWN

CAPTAIN CLEEVE was not by nature impolite, but it is a regrettable fact that at this point he was seen to stifle a yawn—ineffectually. "Purely physical," he said, "purely physical," as if the metaphysical pressure of the conversation had had nothing to do with it. His eyes strayed to the ceiling and a slight frown betokened a heroic effort to collect his thoughts.

"You are wondering, Cleeve, how strange it is that we should call your world real although we give it names that no practical man would understand, such as the present world of mathematical certainty, the world of pure intellectual vision, the world where movement and rest alternate and both are measurable, the world where nothing *happens*, the world where things are shuffled about in space, the world that is a barren waste of calculable energy, the world that is a horrid monster of obstinate and necessary law. But it is because it is all this, and more also, it is because science is a fact and its possession in life power, that therefore, even if man's conception of space is a false one, implying that the external world of objects is all an illusion, yet this illusion becomes of necessity a reality to be dealt with."

"Yes; but I would rather you held emphatically to

the opinion either that the world of things is an imaginary world or that it is the realest world of all. Besides, even if it were all clear to me, this flighty, evanescent point of view of yours, if it were all put down in black and white and proved to me, still I would not see what good it would do me or where I would be led by it. It is evident that you are trying to tell me something—something which you are not quite sure of yourselves. I wonder what it can be?"

"I wonder?" said Jack.

"It is something very big anyhow," said Peter; "if it wasn't, we could explain it and give it all away at once like a motor-bicycle; but truth isn't like a motor-bicycle, except in one particular."

"What is that?" asked Cleeve.

"It has to be made." [13]

"It has to be made! How can that possibly be? Isn't truth eternal? I thought most philosophers prided themselves on their search for realities that are unchanging."

"You must remember, Cleeve, that we have already warned you that Jack and I are founding a new school during this retreat in Asia Minor, and we do not feel utterly bound by the authority of bygone teachers: if we were, we could never hope to carry on their work."

"But what claims have you to be considered new?"

"By not seeking to prove things; by not yearning for a perfect system; by not clinging to any uniform and simple account of nature: our method is to make

[13] The idea of creative truth is all-important. It is amplified in Book II. Chap. 9 (where it appears as 'faith'), and in Book III., while it is absolutely insisted upon in Volume II. Our tenet, of course, being so nearly related to pragmatism, is not so novel as we try to make Cleeve imagine.

suggestions prompted by feeling; to censure other thinkers little; to think ourselves continuously and never to be satisfied with any *end* in thought, however good; to work on the belief that we must create our own explanations; to show how opposites in a life which is essentially complex can be reconciled."

"That is an extraordinary method, but if it procures any definite results I should not be inclined to condemn it."

"My dear fellow, the whole of our discussion has been fraught with the promise of 'results.'"

"Really? Upon my soul, I have been mystified by your state of mind, and indeed I am now in a sorry turmoil of confusion," added Cleeve, who was catching something of his inquisitors' exaggerated style; "what in heaven's name have we been talking about?"

"When you first came into the room we were talking about a woman." [14]

"We started," said Jack, as he poured out the steaming punch into three porringers, "we started by saying that it is wrong to speak of man as being nature's lord and fighting a battle with her. We do not conquer nature. She is not our enemy. The bloodless character of your weapons bears ample witness to that. Your warfare with her is impassionate, and therefore unreal."

"But our warfare with scientific methods," continued Peter, "is more like a real conflict. Your analysis is a cutting up and a destroying of life in the very act of attempting to explain it. Moreover, the scientist's effort to piece together the meaning of life by thoroughly scrutinising each bit of it, as Mrs. Caudle reviewed her

[14] A truer statement than the inquisitors imagine. See Book IV., end.

husband's behaviour in her *Curtain Lectures*, instead of taking a wide view of the whole, leads them—"

"Leads them," Jack helped him, "to miss the invisible movement, free and indivisible, of pure life. And this misunderstanding leads them further to a false conception of mechanical movement and to the false belief that everything is dependent upon determined laws."

"This world of the scientist ought, however," proceeded Peter, "to be regarded, even by the scientist himself, as a world crystallised by our intellectual vision out of the more fundamental world of pure movement or duration. It is a world of real symbols, each a cross-section, as it were, cut in the living stream, and making up a world of rest where nothing can happen except in conformity with necessary rules shaped on the unchanging mathematics of space."

"And we were brought to see," Jack concluded, "that to be successful as a scientist the scientist must work exclusively under a cloud of misconception, so only can he regulate material things properly: but if he were able to keep in mind from time to time that freedom and not necessity is the truth of truths, he might be able to permeate even space and determined laws themselves with indetermination, and help them to acquire an actually new life in harmony with the deepest principle of all nature."[15]

[15] Developed in Book V., but judged to be unavailing.

CHAPTER VIII

THE THREE WINDOWS

"You are hinting," said Cleeve, "that, after all, science may be in league with philosophy, or at any rate, not against it. Well, personally I have always felt that what we need is a natural or scientific philosophy."

"And, on the other hand, we maintain that the best science always has been and ever will be philosophic."

"Now that's an interesting deadlock to have arrived at."

"Cleeve, one can always congratulate oneself on reaching an *impasse* in thought, for every *impasse* leads eventually to some clear conception. There is a paradox for you!"

"You are indefatigable," he laughed; "no difficulty seems ever to discourage you. In fact, you revel in contradictions."

"But difficulties are not contradictions; they are knots—and knots which we have no intention of cutting."

"Well, let me see how you will unravel this one: I shall be charmed in watching your efforts."

"We don't want to charm people," Peter said; "we long to irritate them. Now, Jack, get hold of an end and see where it leads. Don't be discouraged," he con-

tinued, "remember what Renan said: 'La Vérité consiste dans les nuances.'"

Jack thought for a minute.[16] "All right," he replied, "let me tell a story—"

"Dear me!" said the scientist—

"And I'll ask you not to interrupt me."

Cleeve nodded. "As George Borrow would have done," he suggested. "Well?"

. . . . . .

Once upon a time there dwelt in the deep forest of Hule[17] a fair youth, by the name of Andrew, who occupied his days cutting paths amongst the trees and clearing the tangled undergrowth, so that he might have a better vision of the stars.

One dark night as he was going home to his quiet shelter, weary and forlorn after a fierce struggle with the jungle giant, it happened that he lost his way. And while he stood pondering at the foot of an oak tree and wondered in which direction to set his steps, suddenly out of the maze of shadows appeared the form of an old man, whose name was Proudman, and who spoke in this wise: "Andrew, my son, in the confusion of the darkness and the waywardness of the dense thickets thou art lost. But if thou wilt put thy hand in mine and trust thyself entirely to my guiding, I will escort thee safely to thy dwelling place among the fir trees." Readily did Andrew consent, notwithstanding a malicious tone in the voice of the stranger; for the gloom was ever increasing.

But even as he went his consciousness grew dimmer until it forsook him altogether. When he awoke, he

[16] In reality he thought for at least a week.

[17] The word ὕλη, a forest, is the Aristotelian word for "matter."

found himself locked and guarded in the small cell of a prison. Certain it was now that the supposed friend and guide who had accosted him was none other than an evil ogre to whose care, in his fatigue and bewilderment, he had entrusted his body and soul.

The cell in which he was confined was clean and well swept, but bare withal and completely unfurnished; little room was there to move about in, and the low roof and undecorated walls only added a chilling atmosphere to the gloom of hopelessness which spread itself round. "What place is this?" he cried aloud, but the only answer the walls gave back was the echo of his question.

There were, however, three small windows. These, though they were perpetually shut and admitted no possibility of escape, proved to be treasures of priceless value. They possessed magical properties which enabled him to hear, to feel and to see. All three looked out on to a strange, unknown country, which lay extended in sad monotony to a limitless horizon. Outlines and shapes of various forms could be observed; but no one in the prison-room within could have told what lay behind them or discerned their true meaning. It was evident that the land was being cultivated. Cities were even now rising on the plain. But it was impossible to recognise the nature and design of the work that was being hastened to completion.

Small and square were these windows and curious was their staining. One must have once presented a flaming yellow, another might have been coloured with the deep red of a hibiscus, while the third was stained with the blue of Aegean seas on a Summer's day. But now time and weather had worn away their rich transparency.

Each window, according to its colour, had a peculiar purpose. One, because of its blueness, admitted vibrations of sound; these, though they were pleasant to hear, yet were strange and unfamiliar, nor could Andrew, with all his patience in piecing them together, ever make them wholly intelligible or understand their true language. The middle window was perhaps the most magical of them all. It gave him the precious power of feeling. Here he would await his food, which was wont to appear in wondrous fashion through the pane of glass. At this window, also, because of its red staining, he could breathe in from time to time the sweet fragrance of an early morning. No less often, too, would he feel the angry hail and the fierce winds beating against his body in all their fury. But it was the window of the yellow glass that he prized most of all, for it was this, because of its peculiar colour, that admitted most the light of day, so as to disperse in some measure the darkness of his cell. Through this window Andrew would strain to watch the sun shining in the world outside. "Thank God I can see light," he would cry; "through this coloured pane I can behold the sun travelling from one part of heaven to the other. Those who dwell in the forest can never see his face; while those who live on the plain out there can never bear to stand gazing at his glory; it is too brilliant for them, it would dazzle their eyes; they are so close to the light that they can never discover it." (Perhaps their closeness might prevent their looking up at the sun in all his splendour; but little did the prisoner know how, because of their closeness, those in the world outside could behold things he had never dreamt of, nor could he guess how strong was their vision or how bright

their country. Their sun created *life* for them; they had no need to stand still and gaze.)

Meanwhile Andrew grew ever more desirous to record on the white tablets he had with him all that he saw or felt or heard every minute that passed. But these, though they became rich in facts and elaborate with multitudinous details, could afford no peace or satisfaction. Instead of providing him with food, they were choking him. Andrew felt that starvation was gnawing its way into his heart. And, worst of all, no fairy godmother came to rescue him from the evil ogre in whose possession he lay, or even to whisper so much as the nature of his crime which had merited an existence so narrow and restricted, so incomplete and unsatisfying. Perchance it was he believed not in fairies and the miracles they work. . . .

So he lived on in his narrow prison-house of no happenings, ever alert to receive impressions from the world outside, yet failing ever of these to create a meaning or construct a language; till one day his heart turned into stone. "This is the place of foolishness and misunderstanding," he thought; "it is the abode of Death himself; no one ought to live as I am living; no one can. Let me die," he said.

And he did!

. . . . . .

"This, Cleeve, as you have guessed, is the imprisonment that follows when our senses are regarded as automatic recording machines on which outlines make their several impressions. But the term 'senses' is bad, because it implies that nature is external to us. The man who believes this can never hope to comprehend the heart of the matter which lies behind and to

straighten it out into some beautiful design or language. His only language is a collection of meaningless hieroglyphics. He is hypnotised by outlines, and so becomes the servant of their laws ; laws which, as they become more numerous, diminish freedom as much as they increase confusion. When you attempt to explain life by photographs, and again these photographs by others, nothing can ever *happen* for you. Such is the world of Death."

There was a pause.

"It's hot," said Cleeve at last ; "I think a little fresh air might be invigorating."

"I'm certain of it," said Peter. And he pulled the window wide open.

CHAPTER IX

THE FOUR DOORS

"Now let me tell you," said Peter, "of a dream that came to me when I was fighting in France, one spring night as I slept under the stars.

"*I dreamt that it was night in* The Hall of Unborn Souls, *but presently a little infant cried, and immediately was the darkness filled by a great pencil of light, gold and crimson and deep blue, a torrent and a glory that throbbed as if making search for some outlet. And no man could tell the meaning of the light, but I looked and saw that it sprang from the awakened heart of the babe. And the light was full of gold flame and crimson heat and cool blue sound.*

"*And the hall was broad and deep and very high, and there were countless galleries and side chambers and rambling cloisters like those of a mighty cathedral. And all these were the lodging places of souls that had never yet lived. And some of these souls were content to remain without life, but most were sorrowful beyond measure.*

"*And I looked to see whether there were windows or doors in this building; but I could see none, and I was greatly surprised. But suddenly a Voice began to*

speak, and the Voice was low but clear as a silver trumpet. And the words that the Voice spoke were these: Let the first door be opened! *And the throbbing light leaped with joy, replying, 'It shall be done, O King!' And the western portion of the great hall dissolved away in vapour, and the pure rays of gold that were in the light rushed past me into the outer darkness, and immediately did that darkness awake into myriad points of flame, each burning with a separate lustre, echoes and echoes, as it were, in a rambling chaos of hills. And I knew that I saw with the eyes of the little child, and I was glad that such a small heart could produce so much glory. 'The stars are good,' I thought. And the great Voice boomed and said, 'The stars are very good, but there were no stars if there were no darkness, and in time the stars will increase and the darkness will be done away.' And I replied, 'Yea, O King!'*

"*And after a space the clear low Voice spoke again, and the words of the Voice were these:* Let the second door be opened! *And again the throbbing light leaped with joy, replying, 'It shall be done, O King!' And lo! the eastern and southern walls of the place were changed in the twinkling of an eye and became curtains of velvet and silk and soft transparent gauze; and the crimson rays that were in the great light lit up these curtains and made them beautiful and attractive beyond words. And I saw that when the crimson touched the curtain of transparent gauze, the babe grew faint for hunger and cried aloud for food. And unseen arms bore him to the gauze, and this he touched with his tongue, and the places he touched became pictures wrought in the design of the curtain of divers kinds of*

fruits and of good things to eat. And after the child was satisfied, he crawled upon his hands and knees and came to the curtain of velvet. And this interested him much, so that he hugged and caressed its thick folds. And it was so that each time the child pressed upon the curtain there would appear behind it the shape of some beast or bird or fish, or the sharp outline of a tree or of an article of human manufacture, and often would the velvet rustle as if shaken by a storm of water or wind. For a long time did the child play with these massive and ever-altering folds, and if he tired he would turn to the curtain of silk, through which, if he but touched it lightly, he could inhale the exquisite perfumes of violets and honeysuckle and a hundred other delicate odours.

"*And I looked long into the heart of the playing child, and at last a great fear took hold of me because it seemed so powerful. And I cried, 'O King! what does it mean?' And the Voice answered, 'The child knoweth; read with the heart of the child.' So I read with the heart of the child, and behold! all these things that were was* The New Creation. *And I saw that creation was good. And a burning desire lay in the soul of the crimson rays, and this desire filled my own soul so that I could read the future. And I looked, and lo! the curtains of velvet and silk and gauze were all burnt away in the passion of the anger of the crimson light, and all the bodies and shapes and forms that had hidden behind them became as it were great drops of blood, and after a long while the drops ran together and made a river, and this river was called* The River of Unmolested Life. *And the river of blood changed in my dream and became again a ceaseless throbbing of*

crimson light as at the first. And I asked of my soul the meaning of the three curtains; and my soul answered me straightway, 'The curtains are The Wages of Evil.' *And I said, 'What is Evil, O Soul?' And my soul answered me, saying, 'Evil is not knowing how to direct the crimson rays of the great light.'*[18]

"*And yet for the third time did the Voice that was like the sound of a silver trumpet give a command. And the words of the Voice were these:* Let the third door be opened! *And again for the third time did the throbbing light leap with joy, replying, 'It shall be done, O King!' And straightway was the northern and last portion of the hall swept altogether away, and in the place of it was a void where no sound stirred. And the cold blue rays of the light fled into the void, and the void blossomed into flickering jets of music, some like little cracks in the silence, and others like gashes, and others like huge rents, and there was one mighty rent called A Moonlight Sonata. And I listened with the ears of the child, and the music of the sonata filled me with a great longing and also with a great wonder that such an ignorant boy should be able to do all that the Master of Music had done. But even as I listened the rent became bigger and joined with others. Then the great Voice rang out, and the Voice was like jagged lightning stabbing the night of silence, and it said: 'Some day there will be no more silence, for all creation will be filled by the cold blue rays, and that will be the second and last Silence.'*

"*And now the place that I was in was no longer* The

[18] The conception of evil being ignorance of how to create is supplemented later by other definitions. See Book II. Chap. 11, and Book III. Chap. 3.

Hall of Unborn Souls, *for the walls of it had been broken down by the throbbing light from the heart of the little boy, so that only the four great corner-stones remained. And the boy raised his head, and the place became* The Palace of the Living Spirit. *And the Voice cried: 'Arise and walk!' And the boy rose and walked up and down in front of the three great curtains. And I was filled with amazement at the grace and beauty of the movements of the boy, for he seemed as one who had prepared for a race with the winds. And I fell down on my knees and worshipped him. And the clear Voice asked, 'Why do you fall down on your knees before the boy?' And I answered, trembling, 'Because he is like unto Thee, O King!' And the Voice said, 'Have you ever seen me?' And I was in great trouble, and I said, 'No, O King!' And the Voice replied, 'Then how do you know that the boy is like unto me?' And at this my soul became faint within me, but I answered, 'I know not, O great King; but it is true nevertheless.'*[19] *And the Voice said, 'It is well that thou knowest; watch, therefore, and learn.' And I thought that the Voice had become very tender and sweet, and I was filled with gladness.*

"*Then did the boy who was walking up and down before the curtains begin to speak. And I looked and saw that this was a very great wonder. And the boy said: 'It is because of these rays of gold and crimson and blue that I have life; and life is good; but my spirit thirsts for wings, so that I may travel beyond this*

[19] As the reader will note, that man was really made in the image of God is a fundamental belief in our philosophy; but we put forward no logic to uphold it. See Book II. Chap. 2; and Volume II. where the further conception is added that this God is a *future* God.

place into the outer darkness of Night and over the still lake of Silence and through the texture of these mysterious curtains that separate me from Things.' And the Voice said: 'Hast thou not discovered Speech? Lo! the fourth and last door has been opened!' *And at these words, a splendid gladness lit up the face of the boy, and he became a young man singing and praising the beauty of the Voice of the King. And the four great corner-stones vanished in a clap of thunder; and the curtains were rent from top to bottom; and behold! in place of the curtain that was of velvet came a roar and tumult of a million voices of men and animals and piping birds and the clang of machines, and looking, I beheld a multitude that no man could number of all sorts of living beings and bodies and forms; and in the place where the curtains of silk and gauze had been appeared flowers and fruits, radiant with a thousand colours.*

"*And the great light that streamed out from the heart of the youth, gathered its rays together, and shone with infinite white splendour upon the new world, which was the world of North and South and East and West. And I knew that the barriers between the three doors had been broken down for ever and that this fourth and last door was called* The Word; *yea, even by the Name of names, the name of the Power of the Expression of that Voice which was like the blast of a silver trumpet.*"[20]

[20] It is strange that any such provisional expression of our belief should appear almost without flaw from the ultimate view-point recorded in Book VI. By then, however, the inquisitors have come to see that the heaven procured by combining the faculties is a purely spiritual creation, and therefore does not contain "living beings and bodies and forms." Our idealism is not so closely related to Berkeley's as it appears. In lieu of *esse est percipi* we would say *esse est creari*,

which comprises but goes much further than Berkeley's dictum. What we hold is that without man the universe would not exist in the form it does, but that does not imply that everything in it is dependent upon man. As the reader will find, behind man there is thought (Book II.) and behind thought, living spiritual desire (Book III.), which exists throughout the universe, but, as it were, *behind* the point in evolution at which man has arrived (Book IV.) and therefore invisible to man who expresses *outwards*. We are trying to drag Cleeve out of the deathly conviction that nature minus spirit (or that which lies in front of us—' matter ') can be explained without realising that man is responsible for it. The diagrams in Book III. Chap. 3, may be referred to.

CHAPTER X

THE ELOQUENT PASSION-FLOWER OF SPIRIT

CLEEVE's face had been brightening gradually as Peter talked, and it seemed as though he was at last beginning to sympathise with their 'unscientific' attitude, but this hope was dispelled as soon as he disclosed his thoughts. "Ah! now I see," he said, "how the story of the creation in Genesis arose: it was a dream like yours, a pretty irrational dream."

"Irrational?"

"All dreams are of necessity irrational. However, you may mean to mean something by it, and no doubt you will be able to explain it as you explained the first story."

"Undoubtedly," replied Peter at once. "My dream is a vision of the salvation that follows when our senses are no longer regarded as recording machines, but are properly valued as real avenues of creation. Our senses are faculties which make the worlds of real light and real sound and, above all, the world of real material substance."

"Why this emphasis on 'real'?"

"Because these are the worlds where the expressions of the spirit cannot be dissociated from the spirit which utters them. When we regard these faculties as mere senses—and it is tragedy that only the artists among us

seem ever to do anything else—we are abstracting the words of the poem from the emotion of which they are the symbol, we are blindly obeying the rigid letter of the law. It is no wonder that the world, with all the law we have evolved, is still nothing better than a patchwork of false ambitions and a scrap-heap of empty purposes. It is the world where day is nothing but the antonym of night; where sound is reduced to inarticulate noise; and where the jagged ends of matter are like to break the heart of enterprise with their merciless friction. Because it is held to be external, it is a world misunderstood." [21]

"So the intellectual world is an unreal one except in so far as intelligence itself can be said to be real? Yes, I see it clearly now."

"Exactly. My story was an attempt to show how much more than intelligence there is in our faculties, and how every new-born soul recreates the whole of creation. Our insight into the ways of nature is won by passion, not by observation; all our experience of her is an intimate and subjective thing. The Within is the realm of imagination or the realm of the birth of language; the Without is the realm of those bits of language which have already been born in expression. And we learn more of this 'objective' world the more like our minds are to that of the King in my dream, or God; that is, the curtains of *The Wages of Evil* disappear, for there is no more confusion as to how to express the spirit."

[21] Why is it so hard for us to believe that our faculties are doors of expression rather than windows of reception? Have we become so intellectualised that the latter point of view is actually becoming truer than the former? Can it be possible that through science we are fast losing our Godhead? (See Book V.).

"Yes, yes; but how is it, my excellent friend, that in the same breath you deny an external world and yet talk about a Without? What is the difference between your Without and the objective world of the scientist?"

"Well, I mean that although everything is inside Mind, yet that which Mind creates may be spoken of as without it, just as a flower grows *out of* the seed which contained it. Nature is a tree of exquisite foliage, which Mind shoots out into formless void through the agency of an invisible and tireless movement. One of the flowers of this tree is intelligence itself."

"That's it," agreed Jack; "and the rôle of intelligence is observation and the construction of mechanical tools and formulae. Now, as we said once before, scientific observation cuts a section across this tree of life, thus obtaining a picture of movement held up in static forms. When a tree is cut across we at once notice the concentric rings from which people can infer so much relating to its life. There are no rings, however, but only wood in cylindrical layers in the real tree, and it is such layers in life that the scientist is so liable to miss. The invisible movement of life is like an infinite stick of candy with streaks of colour down the centre. You cannot see what these streaks are like till you cut the candy across; but then you are in danger of thinking that the section you have obtained is the exact replica of any other section whatever. In other words, the scientific intelligence attempts to regard the whole as fully resolved by the particular photograph that is taken by perception at any given moment."

"Not exactly," Cleeve interrupted. "Science can cut across life indefinitely and can remember what all

past sections have manifested, and can therefore piece together a very adequate idea of what it is like."

"My dear fellow, whoever would get a clear idea of what a flower looks like by first slashing it into a million fragments? The philosophic method aspires at a more sudden and intimate grasp of truth. It says, 'Become the flower! and if you must analyse it, let that be done by thrusting the sharp sympathy of the whole personality into the very roots of it and by following in imagination the flow of the sap which gives it life.'"

"*Become* the flower! *Follow* the flow! The *flow* of the sap! That idea of movement seems to haunt you like a ghost."

"It is no ghost; it is a spirit which inspires us with confidence in the night of despair and doubting, when so many ghosts of false opinion are abroad jibbering on the highways."

"But why should the spirit of movement make you unafraid?"

"Men are afraid only when they forget that they are of it and imagine, when it comes swooping down upon them in storm, that it is an alien and capricious *daemon*."

"And is there only this one spirit to make men confident?"

"There is no other, because movement is the only way to expression. The divine expression might have been other than it is, but the faculties employed, that is, the doors created out, limit this expression in terms dependent upon movement. Without at least one of the three faculties there can be no life; and the other two faculties only help to expand life."

"But may not there be other undreamt of faculties,

and therefore, on your own showing, the possibility of other ways of expression than that of life?"

"Perhaps so. But man is said to have been created 'in the image of God,' and, not seeing any reason to disbelieve this, we make bold to deduce that the three faculties are the only doors out into expression."

"Well, you astonish me!" ejaculated Cleeve. Then, after a pause, "but what about the fourth door?"

"As for that," said Peter, "you must recollect that the opening of the fourth door, which was merely the breaking down of the partition between the other three, followed upon the Boy's realisation in speech that he was a living spirit. The door of *The Word* is the door of self-consciousness.[22] All animals have, like the Boy, raised their heads, and dwell equally with him in *The Palace of the Living Spirit*; but not yet having discovered speech, to them the fourth door is closed, and they remain in ignorance of the latent power of expression in their lives which the three doors have made possible. To them the curtains of *The Wages of Evil* are more opaque than they are to man. Maybe they have sinned more. Because they are contented with life as they possess it, they will take no risks, they will not even *attempt* to direct the rays of the crimson light."[23]

"In fact, we might say," interpolated Jack, "that if man suffers because he sins, the animals sin because they refuse to suffer; and perhaps after all that is the greater sin."

[22] In Book II. Chap. 12, § 1, we qualify this.

[23] A little harsh. Cf. Book IV., where patience is praised and the pain of waiting.

CHAPTER XI

MASTER-BELIEF

JACK stretched out his hand for some American plug which lay on the table. "I notice," he said to the scientist with a knowing smile, "that this last half-hour you have been diligently taking notes. I am glad you think that some at least of our remarks are worthy of future digestion."

"It is not so much that," he replied, "but having to a certain extent lost the drift of your thought, I have been framing some questions; and all these lead me to the conclusion that you are completely lost yourselves, that you are 'tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine.'"

"It is better to be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine than never to risk adventure unless you are certain of your direction. That is cowardly adventure. There is nothing behind it but fear. The ancient sailors hugged the coast; they sailed ever with land in sight. Columbus drowned his fear and turned his prow to the high seas. Columbus discovered America. If you saw it our way you would say, 'Columbus created America.'"

"I cannot see it your way."

"You cannot see it our way because you have been

wasting your time looking for points over which you could disagree with us. But so long as your criticism is purely intellectual we cannot expect you to understand us; intellectual criticism is a negative thing. I lay you a wager that every one of your questions denies in some way or another that Matter is inside Mind."

"Why, of course they do! You see, matter can easily get on without our help."

"And yet man cannot get on without its help?"

"Precisely."

"Therefore presumably nature is stronger than man?"

"Quite."

"Ho, ho! Mr. Scientist; then far from being nature's lord, man is nature's servant?"

"It would seem so—at present."

"What do you mean? Shall we not become more and more subject to her influence the more we discover those determining laws of hers? Take doctors: every one knows how we are hypnotised by them and their diseases and how dispensaries produce among other things a grotesque company of hypochondriacs. If you read through a volume of 'symptoms,' you invariably find to your disgust that you have every illness under the sun;—but escape into the open air, and you are met at once by laughing gusts of wind, and oh! how the spring flowers dance in the sunshine of the gardens. Disease? There is none. It cannot stand before the face of nature."

"But, my dear young friend, you are talking nonsense. Surely it is only by finding out what is bad and harmful that we can steer clear of it and learn what to

avoid; and when at last there is nothing more to fight, man will most certainly be nature's lord."

"So long as you imagine, Cleeve, that there is anything in nature to fight, so surely will you be met by opposition. Look for evil and you will always find it. Why not look for good? Good is a more pleasant thing to possess; and I assure you that we possess nothing, either of good or of evil; that we have not ourselves sought out and believed in."

"You are piling absurdity on absurdity. You are trying to make those ideas true by which your fancy is attracted. Instead of looking facts in the face, you imagine that your minds are free to think anything that is pleasing to them. Your faith in a freedom so abandoned is a romantic one, but totally blind to the serious demands of practical life. You must realise that all things in nature, including our minds, are determined by past events, and that therefore you cannot blame Mind for looking for evil without blaming the whole creation."

"We should have no compunction in blaming even the whole creation if we could know for certain that Mind is fated in any way to meddle with evil. But it seems to us that in your extreme desire to wake nature out of her sleep and to improve and better her behaviour you are like a man who, not being content with the running of the second hand of his watch, with infinite but pig-headed patience, learns how to set it spinning faster, thus throwing out of gear the whole of the mechanism. No wonder, then, that he spends the rest of his days trying to patch up the mess he has made of it."

"I do not admit that. I do not admit that the

universe is a contraption which man can throw out of gear. If that is Idealism I will have none of it. Man is only a machine within a machine."

"Then how on earth can he ever hope to control the greater machine of which he himself is a part?"

"In every engine there is a controlling mechanism of some sort. That, I believe, man may become."

"But there is always a mind in super-control."

"That is so; but as far as the super-control of nature is concerned we are, and always shall be, in total ignorance."

"Ah, Cleeve! so we have touched your agnosticism at last, have we?"

"It has taken you a long time. Every man who is honest with himself will be found in the last analysis to be agnostic. Do you know what Buddha said when he was asked if there was a God?"

"No."

"Well, I am not perfectly certain myself; but at all events he never said there was one."

"Really? Then are we Buddhists in England? Cleeve, Cleeve, there are more things in this world than are dreamt of in your philosophy. The lives of men are built in hope, and hope is faith, and faith is love, and love is God. The world is founded on Belief. Let a man believe and he will live; were he to deny, he must perish. How well the devil knows it! How he is tortured by unproven ideals! What a hopeless fight he has with them! Cleeve, there are two opposing forces in this universe, and with terrific onslaught they meet in the soul of Man. One is the spirit of Life, of Creative Thought, of Struggle and Passion and Pain; the other is the spirit of Death, of the Destroyer of

Thought, of Resignation, of Denial. There is no doubt that Life is winning. Life is winning right along the line. There is more Struggle, more Passion, more Pain in the world to-day than there has ever been—and of the right sort, Cleeve; in your own science of the right sort. You have misrepresented Science to us. You have misrepresented your own heart. You cannot keep Bhudda in the pocket of your laboratory jacket and keep Christ and the philosophers who believe in the coat you wear on Sundays. Your agnosticism is a pose. It means that you are kind enough not to bother God with the splendid agonies of your research, or to trouble Him with the stunning defeats that come to you year after year while the multitude jeers and scoffs at your unproductive labours. All day long you teach in the Universities, and all night long you wrestle with figures and chemicals and the silent secrets of the stars. And when the morning comes you lift your eyes to the gathering light in the east, and say, 'My God! another day, and nothing done, nothing accomplished,' and perhaps your eyes are dim with tears. But, Cleeve, these tears *count*, your devotion and burning desire *count*. The Great Morning is not so very far away; and you with the Philosopher and Poet and Preacher and Politician and every man who is true to himself are to usher it in. Cleeve, science will not usher in an age. Do not imagine that a Scientist is less than his science; he is more. It was our losing grip with this positive thing, the greatness of man, that was sweeping us into our faith in the abstract power of science. But this war with its dread dominion of steel, ruthless and blundering steel, has caught us in time. How much more clearly we can see now! No, Cleeve, nature is no

machine; she is the changing flower of God's mind, and we, possessing so much of that wonderful mind, must not be carried away by doubt and excess of humility, but must strive to see how we can best help that mind to express its inmost desires. There is a magnificent part of man's mind that is never satisfied unless it is ceaselessly corresponding point to point with the existing order of that which has been created; but the best part of man is the God, the Creator of new and nobler orders, the unresting Divine Will. That part of him is free and philosophical. Science alone is good, but science inspired by metaphysics and faith in the human element as a real creative factor in every truth, is better, is nearly omnipotent! And, Cleeve, nature being essentially part of Mind, it is wrong to talk of fighting her. We then come back to the point where we started, as all true thinking should, with a little more gained, a little less left misunderstood in the domain of Knowledge. Nature thirsts for our sympathy, and like a child who hates to be reminded of her weaknesses but loves to be praised for her beauties, she longs for our appreciative guiding. And, Cleeve, we can only guide her wisely by interpreting her adequately, by laying our heart by her heart, our breathing by her breathing, so that all our life beats in unison with hers. This, I say, is not science, but philosophy: it is the philosophical attitude; it is an attempt to see not with our own eyes but with the eyes of God, and to be joyous with His joy. Ah! if you scientists would only not mistrust those white birds of wonder which brood disconsolate in the inner sanctuaries of your seeking! If you could only see that with that which is the most wonderful is where your inquiries should start! Do you remember what

Disraeli said that great night, just before he proclaimed that he was on the side of the angels? 'The function of science is the interpretation of nature, and the interpretation of the highest nature is the highest science. What is the highest nature?' he asked. And he cried, '*Man is the highest nature.*' And, Cleeve, that cry was heard and will be treasured for ever in the temple of the living God."

CHAPTER XII

THE AWAKENING

THE scientist rose and crossed to the open window. "How beautiful the stars are to-night," he said—and his eyes had a far-away look in them—"people will just be coming out of the theatres at home. But after all—"

They felt that to him the myriad lights of heaven offered the finest drama that human eyes could witness. He turned quickly, thrusting his note-book into his pocket. "I must be going now," he continued; "we have talked most of the night away. It has been so exhilarating that I feel more like taking a ten mile walk than going to bed. I never guessed that your inquisition was so serious or I should have come better prepared. As it is—after all, we are all philosophers in our own way, aren't we?"

"That is true."

"Well, good-night! you two, and many thanks indeed. If you are doing nothing to-morrow evening I should like—"

"But, Cleeve," said Peter quickly, "I am afraid we have a confession to make. We give out that we are philosophers only that we may be left alone. The purpose the most remote of these clandestine meetings of

ours is to talk about philosophy. You know what Shakespeare said about it:

> 'Hang up philosophy!
> Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
> Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
> It helps not, it prevails not.' [24]

"No, Cleeve, philosophy cannot make a Juliet, but there is a power that can, and that is Art. We sit here with the lamp out and stare into the glowing cinders and tell one another of the precious and affectionate things in our lives; and these we find far more engrossing than any philosophical discussion."

"Why, what queer people you are to be sure! So you weren't in earnest after all?"

"And yet perhaps we were," sighed Jack; "who knows? Good-night, old man."

"Good-night."

A curious atmosphere of relief and quiet. The late hour and the stillness of the night added a mysterious fascination known and loved by all who burn the midnight oil, but by none better than by undergraduates whose perpetual privilege it is to sit up till the early morning hours, talking in front of the dying embers of the fire before their final stroll arm in arm round the deserted quad. . . . Then suddenly—

"Yes, Jack; perhaps we *have* been in earnest all along; perhaps after all we are meant to think; perhaps our captivity is for this and for nothing less. . . . Undoubtedly. . . . Jack, we must carry on the inquisition *à outrance*. It's not all balderdash or chatter or 'vain

[24] *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Scene 3. Like all really great men Shakespeare hides the fact that he himself is a philosopher by laughing at philosophy in others.

philosophy': we don't understand it yet, but it's something much greater than we ever imagined. Let us rise and grapple with the problems that vex us. We cannot be afraid, because we feel we are in sympathy with that Invisible Movement we talked about. We've come to see that we are fighting a gigantic battle with Death; that Nature is our great ally; that to make full use of her we must understand her; and that to understand her in the best way we must understand the highest part of her—"

"Which is Man himself?"

"Which is Man. We must create a meaning for man now. The question is, who will help us to do this? Who shall be the next victim of our inquisition?"

"It is quite evident, Peter, that we must go to the person who professes to explain life by the history of man's actions and man's beliefs. So who would do better than the padre? Old Grimshaw's bound to be a theologian, and he is keen as well on all sorts of historical facts. They say he has read Gibbon four times, poor fellow!"

"Well, then, let's ask him to tea to-morrow afternoon, Jack."

"Righto! Good-night, Peter! I'm feeling extraordinarily buoyant."

"That's because we've found! Blow the horn, Jack, and we'll ride together to the death!"[25]

[25] The inquisitors' unconscious *motif* at the start of the work was to discover what life means. By the end of Book I. they have been wakened by a conscious desire to seek out this meaning, and if necessary to express it on paper, though that reason for discussion has not yet become essential. The point they have now arrived at in their inquiry may be briefly enunciated thus: *the Universe is only explicable through, and as part of, Man.*

BOOK II

MAN

"What, then is man! What, then is man! He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith, from the beginning, gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of Time; that triumphs over Time, and *is*, and will be, when Time shall be no more."

CARLYLE.

"Perhaps, indeed, in this complex of interpenetrating spirits our own effort is no individual, no transitory thing. That which lies at the root of each of us lies at the root of the Cosmos too. Our struggle is the struggle of the Universe itself; and the very Godhead finds fulfilment through our upward striving souls."

MYERS (*Human Personality*, ii. p. 277).

"The true tragedy is a conflict of right with right, not of right with wrong."

HEGEL (*The Theory of Tragedy*).

"Truly a Thinking Man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the Nether Empire."

CARLYLE (*Sartor Resartus*, Book II. Chap. 4).

PART FIRST[26]

CHAPTER I

THE HIDDEN ANARCHY

"THESE are Cambridge sausages, aren't they?" said the padre, sticking his fork into the fattest he could find; they are delicious. How my heart pants for pig. There must be something terribly wrong somewhere with the Mohammedan religion. I have never before my captivity thanked the Almighty so heartily for giving me birth in a Christian country. Fancy living on patlijams and pilaf and peckmez all the days of your pilgrimage!"

"Still, I suppose one gets used to it," said Jack; "these Turkish soldiers seem to thrive for weeks on a biscuit and an onion or two."

"I want to go home," said Grimshaw. "Peace at any price, say I."

"You don't really mean that, padre?"

"No, not at all; but I do want to get back to my work and hobbies."

[26] With an older and more experienced combatant the inquisitors find greater difficulty in getting to grips, and make the youthful mistake of forcing a sudden onslaught with little attention to their guards. Eventually, neither party being seriously wounded, it is discovered that the fight has been at cross-purposes, and a patch peace is formed.

"What are your hobbies?"

"Fossils, and the writing of books that never sell."

"About fossils?" asked Jack ingenuously.

"No, no, about the lives of the saints; Simeon Stylites in particular."

"Don't think I've heard of him," said Peter; "was he the fellow that was devoured by lice?"

"He probably made friends with them," answered Grimshaw good-naturedly, "like Prometheus, you know, or as St. Francis made friends with the birds, but I think you are mixing him up with Catherine of Sienna. I'll tell you all about these people sometime, but to-day you want to discuss a more important matter than hagiology, eh?"

"Yes; we want to discuss anthropology, a subject which includes hagiology and most of the other -ologies as well."

"Except theology."

"We shall see," said Jack; "but first let us explain to you what we are trying to do. Yesterday we had a very entertaining talk with Captain Cleeve—"

"Very interesting man," put in Grimshaw—

"About nature and man's attitude towards her. We found we disagreed with him on essentials. He made nature something external to man, her necessary laws determining man's action, yet at the same time something to be subdued to man's use; and he said that life could only be understood by an analytical study of evolution; and he was unable to see how beliefs about it could alter the material universe. Now, from our point of view, this scientific attitude is inevitable when one avoids first principles and becomes enamoured of utility. The scientist, bound by the immediate require-

ments of his logic, is totally oblivious to the one grand marching order of the universe: *Thou shalt be free!* To the scientist, you see, the natural man is the man who is determined by external laws. But this is to deprive man of his birthright. Man is by nature an anarchist."

"What did you say?" asked the padre. "I am afraid my thoughts were with Origen, who, when a boy, longed so intensely to be a martyr. You were speaking about first principles? That must have set me on his track."

"We were saying," said Peter, "that man cannot be natural till he knows that he is free. He is an anarchist, you see."

"No, I don't see," said the padre, biting a bit of shortbread. "What lovely parcels you people get!"

"Why don't you see?" said Jack.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Why don't you see that the only real law is that of freedom, and that we must obey this law to be our true selves?"

"Well, it's a difficult thing to say what our true selves are. St. Augustine—"

"Oh, don't padre!" put in Peter hurriedly; "we don't want to know what St. Augustine said about it, we want to know what you think. History lays her problems, but no solutions are ever adequate to us save our own. The best men are they who are dissatisfied with the answers, no matter how good, that history has given, and who write in heart's blood their vision of a new world where the old answers would be vanity and foolishness."

"I don't agree with you a bit," said Grimshaw.

"Man is a social animal, and must subject his will to the will of the community. He is *bound* by history and tradition. The laws that tie him are the conventions of society, and it is well that he should so be tied, for these laws have been found to be the means by which individuals can be compelled to sacrifice their private and selfish ambitions to the common good. Man can only be free by willingly surrendering himself to the rules of the community and by cheerfully abiding by them."

"But does not the common good depend upon the personal achievements of individuals? Is history, with all its order and sequence of events, not the struggles of separate men with circumstances and the story of the lives of the greatest who were stung by unquenchable desires? There is no history—"

"Eh!—"

"There is only biography, as Carlyle and Emerson taught."

"My dear boy, whatever you call It, you cannot alter the fact that the individual is bound by It to the responsibilities of the society in which he finds himself. If we had had in Britain fewer of you University young men with free-thinking propensities, we might have been better prepared to meet Germany. It is this submission of the will of the people to the demands of the State which made Germany so united and strong."

"Yet if there had been more possibility in Germany of free-thinking and the expression of individual desire, her people would have learned to love Tolstoy as deeply as they admired the passionate eloquence of Neitzsche, and to look to Justice as eagerly as they awaited the latest death-engine from Essen."

"But Obedience seems to me to be as great as Justice, and Duty far-and-away nobler than Free-thinking. Not by Free-thinking but by Sacrifice is history made." [27]

[27] We come in Book IV. to agree with Grimshaw on a higher level of thought, but our tenet here we believe is sound. The relation between free individual expression and selfishness is interesting: we hold that they are incompatible. Mr. R. F. Sharp has pointed out how it is "one of Ibsen's haunting principles—that an action is only valuable and reasonable if it be the spontaneous outcome of the individual will." We are, of course, directly opposed to Kant, who, fighting the Utilitarians tooth and nail, maintained that an act can be good only if completely disinterested.

CHAPTER II

THE PASSING OF THE OLD

"WE define free-thinking, padre, as seeing things without the coloured glasses of prejudice and having the courage to think things out anew for yourself. Faith in the Logos which God has given us is the highest faith."

"Yes; because this Logos enables you to believe in certain immutable principles which exist from all eternity."

"No, padre, but because it guides you to the choice of principles which you long to make immutable. Every moment the human is helping the divine to create order out of chaos. Man is nothing if he be not God's helpmeet in these things. Free-thinking is our noblest duty; and where can you point to a case of *pure* self-sacrifice which is not inspired by the independent ideals of the individual who puts himself in conflict with popular tradition and convention?"

"But look at this War. Men are fighting and laying down their lives for ideals which are certainly not individual and for a cause which is intensely popular."

"But there is a difference, padre, between a national and an individual mind; and again there is a difference between individual minds, one type associating itself

with and being moulded by the ideals of its nation, the other breaking with these ideals and bestowing upon its country new ones. A man who dies only for his country is a man whose sacrifice keeps the old ideals alive; but a man who lays down his life for a world to be, of which his own free-thinking has enabled him to catch a vision, is making a sacrifice of imperishable value to that unseen world where all things are becoming new."

"Ah! you are talking of a spiritual matter, while I am thinking merely of history. History is not so much the record of spiritual wars as an account of the growth of civilisation through the ambition and self-aggrandisement of strong nations. But the more civilised we become the more unjust it is to make war, unless it be to *defend* those principles which through past wars we have received as our heritage."

"All true defence," replied Peter, "is aggression, for to defend a thing is to desire a continuance of life for it, and to desire thus is to fight not for present but for future possession. Not only so, but all desires which are not actually physical must be spiritual, and it is of these desires that real history is made, and it is through the fight between them that history passes into something new at every instant. Life because it is free is Spiritual Anarchy: the spirit of life is the spirit of aggression." [28]

"This is appalling," cried the padre; "you are a living contradiction in terms: you fight for Britain with your bodies and wrestle on the side of Neitzsche with your minds; in your impetuous desire to make old things new you would, it seems, preach that *defensive*

[28] In our effort to rouse Grimshaw we repeat Neitzsche's one-sided but inestimably splendid assertion.

war is an immoral sort of thing, even when it is to protect beautiful standards which are the children of much past suffering. Upon my soul, I cannot see it!"

"We grant you that we possess a heritage, but we feel that no one should stop to enjoy that heritage for its own sake, but should pass rapidly on into the creation of a greater one."

"Leaving the old one behind, I presume, or even destroying it, as Cromwell attempted to destroy the power of the king?"

"No, but by uplifting it into something nobler. Cromwell put a new meaning into the conception of kinghood: his free-thinking questioned the Divine Right of Kings. When the old régime came back the memory of Cromwell lived with it: a free-thinker never attempts to annihilate the old order if he can possibly help it, but carries it along with him and reshapes it into something finer; and it is this desire not to hurt the old which makes the struggle to reshape it so terrible."[29]

"Yes, but I do not see yet why you call him a 'free-thinker.' Is not such a man only a little more zealous than his fellows to realise some ideal which history has already given, and, by developing some law that has already been formulated, to help men approach a little nearer to a perfect order of society? There is

> '. . . one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.'"

"But hasn't everybody who thinks a different conception of what such a millennium should be?"

[29] Cf. Book III. Chap. 11, near the beginning.

"There are right ideas and wrong ideas about it; and I say that a perfect understanding of the history of man would show which are the right ones. All that free-thinking does is to lead you astray from the path which others have so clearly marked out for you."

"Then the idea of the perfect state exists already in the dusty folios of history on our book-shelves?"

"Yes; and if we were only so wise as St. Colman, we should have a cock, a mouse and a fly as our constant companions."

"What did they do?" asked Jack.

"You will find it recorded that 'the cock announced the hour of devotion, the mouse bit the ear of the drowsy saint till he got up, and if in the course of his studies he was afflicted by any wandering thought, or called away to other business, the fly alighted on the line where he had left off, and kept the place.'"

"I like the idea of animals assisting man in his work," Peter announced.

"The point is," Grimshaw retorted, "man must be wakened from his slumbers, and his volatile thoughts pinned down to those studies which reveal his failings and virtues, his origin and destiny."

"But your idea of groping for a millennium in the past is abhorrent to us," said Jack. "Man's ideas are nurtured by the successes and tempered by the mistakes of the past, that is true; but they go further than the ideas of his forefathers, and heap ideal upon ideal until the old is lost in the new. To talk of a millennium is to talk of a limited purpose for humanity, to talk of an idea which cramps the power of creation within our souls. Results are horrible; facts are horrible. It is the passing through results into results ever beyond, it is the

slaying if need be and the cutting away of facts that others may perpetually arise, that is at the basis of our joy in life, and which constitutes the invincible guarantee that life is worth living."

CHAPTER III

HISTORIA IN HISTORIA

GRIMSHAW crossed his legs on the divan, Turkish fashion. "I don't want to be rude," he said, "but if you had read more history, you would know you were talking nonsense. History is important above all for its results. What should we be to-day but for the solid *facts* of history? It is these hard facts—such as a genius like Gibbon can put together—which have built up our world. Let us study them and learn what happened, so that we may the better direct what is happening now."

"It seems to me," said Peter, "that the more one reads of history the less one understands it. We don't want to know what happened, we want to know *why* it happened."

"But history gives reasons for events!"

"Not sufficient reasons; it only explains facts by previous ones; it fails to show how before each fact there must be a thought, how every reform must first be a private opinion; it does not see that facts are the symbols of the living thought and desire of countless individuals in every age; these individuals are treated in history as swarming masses, bending and swaying before the inexorable dominion of an environment which

past 'facts' have determined. History by concentrating its attention on what was, prevents us from seeing what might be, which holds the fuller truth for man. What you conceive history to be appears to us merely a succession of dead ends, so to speak. You are no better than Cleeve, who is full of the idea that he can explain life by dissecting dead matter."

"Surely not: the facts of history are living things; and by studiously putting them in order the historian can interpret their meaning and find in them good principles which he can apply to modern conditions or bad ones with which he can warn and guide modern essays at progress. In the rush of these latter days we are apt to pay too little heed to the lessons which the ancient dramas of life have taught us. We should make time for paying homage to the statues of the great ones of the earth and for setting up altars to noble ideals. How we rush blindly ahead, pursuing we know not what, irreverently ignoring all that has been left behind of our own soul, all that has been found by us already and treasured in the archives of the past! Can you not admire with me the beautiful picture of the hounds and stag which, though in full cry, desisted from the fury of the chase to kneel down and worship the relics of St. Fingar?"

"Man can only love the past, Grimshaw, for what it means for him; his admiration of the old is his admiration of what he has made his own and which lives with him: our delight in the story of Regulus is made *real* to us by the splendid heroism of Captain Oates. Man is the product of *all* history, and is therefore greater than his antecedents; his antecedents are dead, except in so far as they live in him."

"But, my dear young friends, why have you so abruptly changed your line of attack after committing yourselves? Whereas you started with the idea that all history is vital, you are now taking up the attitude of Napoleon when he said, 'What is history but a fable agreed upon?'"

"Your obstacle, padre, sifts out our thought into two streams, as a rock may often direct the waters of a river into two channels.[30] We were in danger of too arrogantly flinging aside as worthless and entirely misleading your conception of history, just as we did at the outset with Cleeve's scientific attitude. It is apparent that history can be treated in two different ways. There is a natural history of Events and there is a spiritual history of Will; life may be considered as an evolution of consequences or as a struggle of personality against circumstance. This struggle is at bottom a desire for creation, as we have held from the first, but now we see that it is something more: it is a desire also to be free from the thraldom of Necessity."

"And where does this Necessity come from? Is it something which life meets in its path of creation?"

"No," said Peter; "it is a product of a part of life itself, that part which we name intelligence—as we were trying to explain to Cleeve, Jack," he added.

"I don't quite see that," said Grimshaw.

"It is difficult, but it seems to us fundamental. The power of our intelligence is to get a picture of as large a portion of life as possible in the shortest time possible.[31] Having obtained this picture, it can deal with a vast expanse of life's results at any given moment;—

[30] At last the inquisitors see their way clearly to a reconciliation.

[31] See Note 5.

otherwise, each of us would devote himself to that strand in the *gerbe* of human life which constitutes his own personality; in other words, there would be no material co-operation and no social intercourse and enterprise. Now, under existing conditions, such material co-operation is good, but it is, we believe, unnatural to the inner spirit; for men, by concentrating on results of life and not on life itself, come to imagine that they must bind themselves to, and that they are bound by, the laws which have produced one series of results and no other. But life is a stream, and cannot be held up in results except *ideally* by intelligence. Intelligence, because it cannot see that there are no results but only tendencies, builds up a history which attempts to explain what is by stringing together a series of static pictures obtained from the past, a history, that is, which offers a unity of life which is superficial."

"Then history as we know it is quite an unreal thing, and does nobody any good? You think those that draw their sustenance from it are like St. Sabinus, who would only eat corn that had become rotten from soaking in water?"

"Jack," said Peter, "you remember how Cleeve tumbled to a like conclusion when we told him that his science dealt with an ideal world created by the intelligence? Grimshaw, this world of the intellect is the world we live in, because we have made it so; and simply because we have wrongly given intellect the supreme place, it would be folly from any philosophical outlook to give her no place at all. Yet, as we pointed out to the scientist, it would be well for those who deal exclusively with this ideal world to remember that lying behind it there is ever the greater world of the spirit.

All that the intellect does is to freeze into rigid seracs the truly elusive avalanche of life."

"But," objected the padre, "it seems to me that it is these very seracs which enable you to travel about in life and to climb its mountains and to obtain glorious panoramas from their summits: an avalanche sweeps you away."

"That is exactly Peter's point," answered Jack; "that is precisely what intelligence enables us to do. But we must beware of thinking that these magnificent panoramas give us anything but an ideal conception of life or that they give us anything more than a mere hint as to what the true social unity of life is. The unity is in the avalanche itself, and will never be found in no matter how complete a panorama of it. All that the panorama can accomplish is to give each of us a proper valuation of the magnitude of that avalanche." [32]

[32] We are getting clearer with regard to the proper value of intelligence, but still maintain our original attitude that intelligence will never pass a true verdict on the meaning of life.

CHAPTER IV

IMMORTAL MORTALITY

THE padre stared vacantly out of the window, playing absent-mindedly with the tip of his greyish beard. Suddenly he plunged his hand into a breast pocket and extracted a battered envelope. Out of this he pulled a letter in florid but vigorous handwriting. "I got this the other day," said he, "from a friend of mine, a 'greats' don at Oxford." He handed it to Jack. "It is interesting; read it out."

Jack read:

"My dear Grimshaw,

I have sent you a Sonnet, a large life of St. Chrysostom and a small case of Caviare. Acquired tastes are more to your liking, I know, than the darling sins of our congeniture. Hence the selection. Personally I am convinced that Civilisation is sinking under seas of Savagery, even as the ocean swallowed Atlantis. (Hence I am learning to look on life as a little simple child. You approve, eh? I picture myself continually in my nurse's arms, and yesterday I actually found myself muling.) But talking of swallowing: which is more artificial, think you, tickling the imagination with Lives of the Mediterranean Saints, or the palate with the Roes of Little Fishes from the Baltic? Both are wicked, my dear fellow. Tell me which you like better, the book I send you, or the hors d'oeuvres. I won't ask you to mention the Sonnet, because—there! I am called away

again. It is the insistent, idiotic voice of Duty. I am not allowed to worship the Devil in my quiet way. I must needs go to hoe my patch of Swedes. It is the beginning of the end. I am driven to be more pastoral than *pastor Corydon.* When lady-April comes, no shaggy goat-skin or rustic reed shall be my lot; my feet shall not tread featly to the flutes of Pan. Ah, no! I have my bunions to nurse instead of some simple lamb, and that accursed patch of vegetables in the College gardens to tend instead of the flocks of Tityrus.

Thus, my friend, has the world exchanged Virgilian sweetness for a Hunnish horror. Wait a few years, my friend. Do not be discouraged. One day, some year, England will have settled to her war-routine. My beard will be matted then, and I shall be gibbering over my Swedes instead of scribbling sonnets. Never say die. Peace will not come in your time, O Grimshaw; but there is no harm in praying for it. I shall continue to send you Caviare. Do not kick against the pricks: it is a poor form of mental Müller. Read my poetry instead.

"Wishing you all sorts of nice things,

Ever yours,

RUPERT T. ANSTRUTHER.

P.S.—Belike there are some undergraduates nestling with you beside those far waters of Babylon. Inspire them, my friend, with salutary admiration for the Old World and for the old Masters whose spirits haunt the Ionian shores. History is the important thing. Let them make friends with Pericles and his democracy. So will they learn what to do with our purblind world when the days of their Exile are accomplished."

"That's some letter, padre," said Peter.

"Isn't it superbly egotistic?" replied Grimshaw. "And I never got the Caviare! Still, what old Anstruther says is always worth listening to, and if you took his advice instead of worrying your heads about the metaphysical significance of history, you might be

employing your time in reading Gibbon, Motley, Sigismondi, Macaulay, Carlyle and Green. You are both members of the library, aren't you? It is a cheap ten piastres a month."

"We do not believe that if we were to read all the books you mention, and as many times over as you are supposed to have read Gibbon, such study of itself would enable us to solve modern problems. The more we study history the more liable we are to become bound by precedent, the more liable are we to assume that present cures can be effected by past remedies. Our classical learning and legal atmosphere too often prevents man from finding who he really is and what he really wants, now and here. These are the splendid questions. The answers to them are in the making. This is history."

"What do you mean by the answers being in the making? It appears to me that all history, be it 'a natural history of Events' or 'a spiritual history of Will,' is the story of man's search for answers which are hidden in the heart of God. And what I maintain is that some of these answers have already been revealed. But now you are driving me from the secular on to the religious ground of history, and that I especially wished to avoid, because I thought you wanted to discuss human nature as revealed in man's actions, and not in those beliefs of his which appear ultra-human or divine."

"We have been driving you on to that ground, padre, not because we were in any way aware from the outset that the highest anthropology is theology, but simply because we have been feeling our way gradually on to this surer ground. We

have come to see to our own satisfaction—and perhaps to your relief—that the history of man's actions cannot be abstracted, except ideally, from the history of his beliefs; that the material world, save from the point of view of Intelligence, is nothing less than the spiritual world. So far as men are made to believe that they belong primarily to a material world of nature and can only become inhabitants of a higher world by putting their faith in certain revelations which are supposed to have been given once and for all, so far your history of natural Events will limit and cramp man's whole being. What we feel, rather, is that man must break once and for all with the artificial restriction on his spiritual freedom: not in this sort of history will we ever find a true meaning for man, but rather in that inner history which carries forward from age to age the growing passion of man for Truth, Truth which he himself must fan and shape into life." [33]

[33] The idea of immortality existing within mortality is developed. See, *e.g.* Chap. 12, § 5. Cf., however, the attitude adopted in Volume II.

CHAPTER V

RECULER POUR MIEUX SAUTER

"YES," said Grimshaw thoughtfully, "certainly the History of Spirit can be nothing less than life itself, and as for the other sort, it may be, as you say, only a convenient method of tabulating results which may be regarded as the material symbols of the living spirit behind and beneath. As an abstraction from this spiritual life it is, of course, worthless.... In a way, then, I agree with you that there is a hidden anarchy in life. But it seems to me that you forget that the anarchy in man, inspired simply by faith in himself, may lead him nowhere, or even directly away from that haven of peace to which he should be shaping his course.[34] . . . Then again, while your idea of free-thinking and of passing for ever away from the old order into a new one is certainly courageous, I am convinced that it is too dangerous a one to be altogether wise; it is one-sided: surely it is truer, in the light of human psychology, that men long for one solution to their many problems and abhor the thought of a future composed of an incoherent chaos of shouting philosophers.[35] I should think that

[34] We meet this objection much later. See Book IV.

[35] This criticism of Grimshaw's we find to be rational, but after much discussion (Book III. *Easter Sunday*, C. 2).

sort of thing would make even the angels despair. . . . As for the idea of the intellect constructing an ideal world of static pictures, and thereby blinding our minds to the real world of spiritual movement, it is good. But I am inclined to disagree with you about faith having a cramping effect on man's progress; it is the only power we possess of laying hold of those unchanging principles of nature and all creation which God reveals to us the more we become worthy of perfect knowledge. Such questions, however, are for those who would deal with a theory of Religion: shall we go on to that?"

"Well, padre," said Jack, "suppose you come to tea again to-morrow, if it doesn't bore you?"

"I should be delighted," replied Grimshaw, rising; "especially," he added, "if there are any more sausages going!" . . .

The evening was calm and peaceful. It was now past the hour when cattle on the plain would be herded together and driven to their night's rest in the mud-roofed houses of the sleepy old town. Uncomfortable were these dwelling places, which goats and buffalo would share alike with their respective owners, till once again rounded up in the early morning.

The light was beginning to fail. Two officers who had been boxing vigorously in one corner of the yard had just pulled off the gloves: it was too dark for another round. Immediately opposite lay the badminton court, bare and deserted, a certain proof that the day's 'work' was done. Near the far wall of the garden the long-dog puppies, now seven months old, were trying to jump a plank some five feet off the ground, and one

had just cleared to the admiration of a few officers who had taken part in the training.

Peter and Jack joined up with three others who were evidently discussing the latest bazaar rumour.

"We want to hear the latest buzz. Have the Russians arrived yet?"

"Not quite," replied another, who had won fame as a news expert: "but the Prussians have. They say Constant's full of them. Somebody must be getting nervous."

Said the third, "You know the sale of all newspapers is stopped. And the town's people are saying 'bom-bom tamam: war finish, war finish!' Of course it will only last for a week. And there are a hundred and fifty sacks of parcels in the town; an Indian sepoy heard the French interpreter tell the Kolassi."

"Shiver-my-timbers! Shiver-my-jolly-old-timbers!" cried a young naval officer who had just strolled up. "Perhaps I shall get some 'Capstan' at last. This contraband stuff we get is pure hay. By the way," he added, turning to Jack, "what's the shortest time a parcel of yours has taken to come through?"

"About four months."

"And the longest?"

"I don't know. It hasn't come yet." . . .

Jack and Peter quickened their pace.

"It seems rather disgraceful, Peter, that we've been captives so long and can hardly talk a word of Turkish. I should like to be able to talk to some of these old patriarchs one sees marshalling a train of donkeys loaded with charcoal or driving slowly along in their primitive bullock wagons. I should feel I was talking to Abraham. I'm sure he didn't look more dignified.

Do you know, I think they'd have looked down on him rather and thought him a horrible *nouveau riche*, with one of those impossibly pretty wives who are for so long nothing better than an incumbrance to their lord and master."

"I think," said Peter irrelevantly, "I think I'd like to be a dervish for a bit, and see if by howling I can grow red with heavenly inspiration, or whether by turning round and round in a circle I can realise that spiritual ecstasy which takes possession of true devotees, making them reel to and fro till in utter bewilderment they fall prostrate."

"Did you notice the peasant driving his horse round that stone over there yesterday? The sentry says it's an old grave. The man was expelling some evil influence from his horse."

"Yes, Jack, and did you notice the rapid recovery? After walking round three times, the horse, which before looked so sick and sorry, galloped off the ground as if it had received new strength."

"Perhaps you saw the goad he applied?" Jack suggested. "It was down hill too."

"Don't spoil it, Jack: let's believe in the mystic rite; and let us believe that by walking round and round this dull, dead garden we shall be able to gallop into action all the better to-morrow, when the padre comes again."

"We've been round it far more than three times, Peter; let's go in and have a game of chess."

PART SECOND

CHAPTER VI

THE YEA OF PERSONALITY

WHEN M'Gregor had cleared away the tea things on the following afternoon, the padre said, "Let us try to be clear what we want to talk about. For instance, it is certain you don't want to discuss the *Hyaena brevirostris* or the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus* or the *Elephas primigenius* or any other kind of fossil; nor do we wish to talk of the Turk, for he belongs, I think, to that order. Nor again do we wish to launch upon another inquiry into the relative merits of natural and spiritual history. Rather let us be agreed that spiritual history gives us the finest clue to the meaning of life, earthly as well as heavenly; and let us hope that by frank conversation about religion we shall see our way to a solution of those problems which affect our being and our destiny in relation to all thought and feeling and action."

"That's right, padre; neither science nor history has satisfied us in our search. Our study of them has only helped us in so far as it has led us to look elsewhere, discontented still but expectant. Where, then, padre, in the first place, do you imagine we shall find religion

in her natural loveliness, stripped of all those fantastic robes, often so cumbrous and so unbecoming, with which men think to adorn her?"

Grimshaw replied: "The very form of your question is evidence that you already know the answer. Search for religion unalloyed by man's vain imaginations, his own ideas of what *ought* to be best, and you will find only one that will satisfy man's heart. Sweep away everything of the existence of which there can be any doubt, and you are left, as Descartes showed, with the indissoluble touchstone of your own personality. Now no religion except our own is a religion of personality. Christianity is not a philosophy, nor a collection of doctrines, nor a ritual, nor a system of ethics, nor a splendid dream: it is a Person."

"Well then, padre," cried Peter and Jack together—

"You go on, Jack," said Peter; "I wonder if we've thought of the same thing?"

"What I was going to say," went on Jack, "was that what puzzles me is why, if Christianity is a Person, a living Spirit, should those who expound it so often lay so little stress on personality. Why do they try to win your affection for it by riveting your attention on the richness of its apparel? Are they afraid at all of that which this apparel clothes? Why are these veils necessary? Are they there to hide some imperfection? —must we then be deceived! Or are they there to shade too dazzling a glory?—must we then forget the glory!"

"Yes; and if Christianity be the spirit of a Person," Peter continued, "how can one fashion of adorning be for ever appropriate? Of any religion which refused to grow, and from time to time to clothe herself anew with

garments in harmony with the deepest needs and aspirations of man, at each stage of his development, I should be ashamed: how much more, then, should I be ashamed of a religion of spiritual Personality which did likewise! Yet how Christianity is being more and more obscured by external problems which demand negative teaching! We are being continually told what not to do; we are ceaselessly reminded of the unpleasant fact that we are 'born in sin' and 'the children of wrath.' No wonder that we are such miserable sinners! No wonder that we cannot understand the blessings bestowed on human nature in the Sermon on the Mount! 'Ye are the salt of the earth! Ye are the light of the world!' How little is this sort of praise preached nowadays."

"But," interjected Grimshaw, "it is only by seeing how far we come short of the glory of God, and by a true penitence for our failures, that we can attain to that state of blessedness which is the reward of those who are faithful."

"Yet how seldom, padre," said Peter, "did Christ dwell upon man's weakness and sin. 'Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more' is His judgment on the outcasts of society. May it not be that our very condemnation of man makes him a sinner?"

"But surely the sins must be condemned?"

"Padre, I believe Christ looked incessantly for faith, and when He met sin He was surprised; we, on the contrary, looking incessantly for sin, are astonished when we find faith. No amount of condemnation of sin in any individual will produce a fraction of good life; but if we glory passionately in the nobility of Man as Christ did, sin will have no more meaning by and bye. How human He was! More human than we are, for

he trusted so deeply in man as Man. He couldn't *understand* how His disciples failed to heal the sick, thus showing that they had no idea of the positive power of life in man himself.[36] It is this positive spirit that runs through the whole Gospel. It is this positive spirit which makes Christianity shine out among all the negative thinking of the world. Why, then, should we not be loyal to the truth as we see it, so long as it be a positive truth? And, Grimshaw, why then should there be so much difficulty in recognising the direct appeal of the Gospel of Christ? I will tell you: it is because of our pulpits." [37]

[36] *E.g.* see St. Matt. Chap. 17, v. 14 ff.

[37] The inquisitors are more at home in this discussion, probably because before discussing with Grimshaw they had made a careful study of the gospels and had formed definite ideas regarding the person and teaching of Jesus. Some of these ideas may appear bold, but we are trying to be perfectly sincere with the padre, a theologian of the old School.

CHAPTER VII

THE SEEKERS

"Don't you think, padre," asked Jack, as he hung over the mongul, "that sermons of to-day are too much like essays on moral conduct, with here and there a scholastic treatise on some obscure passage of Scripture?"

"There is some truth in that," Grimshaw answered; "but I don't think it's a fair statement of the general teaching of the Church. The Church's message is first of all to the despairing, and in a world of misery and strife she holds up the Person of Christ, the Comforter and the Peacemaker. Everywhere is proclaimed the surety of salvation vindicated in the Garden and on the Cross. 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.'"

"Yes," said Jack; "but I don't think we are meant to ponder too long at the foot of the Cross. The Cross is not an end in itself."

"What I believe," said Peter, "is that these words, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth,' receive their full significance only in the light of the Resurrection. 'If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain.'[38]

[38] A belief (as we try to show in Book III. perfectly rational and simple) generally denied by historical criticism of a kind contained, for example, in Renan's beautiful *Life of Jesus*. But we have dealt with that sort of intellectual deception in Part I.

Many men have been crucified: no man save Christ has risen from the dead. Many men have tried to say, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden,' and I will show you the way and the truth: who save One has ever said with such authority, '*I am* the Way, the Truth and the Life'? *This* is Christianity."

"Certainly; yet it is through Christ's Sacrifice that men are drawn to Him. It is the Church's duty to point to those treasures in the Gospel Story, so precious and so radiant in their simplicity, which men, struggling with the daily cares and round of duties, can best appreciate. It is the very simplicity of Christ's teaching which makes it so universal."

"Yet," Peter went on, "where in the teaching is there anything which was perfectly apprehended by those whom He taught?"

"Look at the parables! how simple they are!"

"And how amazed Christ was that not even the disciples could understand their meaning! The other week Jack and I read through the Gospels, and we were struck again and again by the fact that so few seemed able to understand what Jesus was saying.[39] What does that mean, padre, but this, that it is the difficult things that matter? Give men easy teaching, and your only reward will be that men will cease from wishing to know: on the contrary, give them something which is too hard for them, and they will find the simple, direct truths for themselves.[40] Our Lord's teaching was a

[39] *E.g.* see Matt. xv. 16; Luke ix. 45; John iii. 4, 5; vi. 42, 52; viii. 52; x. 6. Also Luke xvii. 37; John ii. 20; iv. 11, 15, 33.

[40] In *Sesame and Lilies*, Ruskin, when talking of authors and books, puts forward in his inimitable way, the like idea: "Be sure, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once;—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time

ceaseless attempt to persuade every man to make his Religion his own, instead of leaving it to the Pharisees. For what is religion but the faith within individual minds?"

"I do not think that it is either necessary or possible," asserted the padre, "for each man to 'think Christianity out' for himself, although each man can have faith in that which is expounded by those who have had time to study the historical evidence and become familiar with theological criticism. This is what the clergy are for among other things. The people must trust them, and must believe that the doctrines submitted by them are the truest interpretation of God's Word that man has yet attained to. This metaphysical basis of Christianity must be left to men of genius, to thinkers. But what is of real value to us as men is the moral life; and 'how to be good' is taught not by thinkers, but primarily by those who, though in touch with the thinkers, influence people by pressing home the moral lessons of the Gospel rather than abstruse intellectual theories."

"It is not only possible, we believe, but also absolutely essential for every man and woman who considers himself or herself a Christian, to think out what he or she believes to be the meaning of the word. So long as theologians only tell people what they've got to believe, and so long as preachers only tell them what they've got to want, men and women will never really learn to believe or want that which is best. The truest theology and preaching are those which put us in the way of finding

arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it."

Christian doctrines for ourselves. Everybody, we believe, ought to be a theologian in some sort, and everybody a bold teacher of that which he sees for himself to be true. We do not advocate," continued Jack, by way of explanation, "that the greengrocer should study the higher criticism, but we do say that he ought to be encouraged to think Christianity out for himself and to help the butcher across the road to do the same."

"Yes," reflected Peter; "why is it, I wonder, that so many seem afraid of saying that they do not understand who Christ is and what His Gospel means? It appears to me that a Society of Christians, a Church, should not be a society in which the members remain in passive and therefore vain contemplation of certain glimpses into Beauty that the professed teachers of Christianity allow them to procure: at heart the Church ought to be a Society of Seekers; bent on searching out the Beauty of the Gospel teaching as it separately makes its appeal in all sorts and varieties of religious experience." [41]

[41] The inquisitors are here entering upon a line of thought which leads them somewhat boisterously into a demand that all men should follow their particular evolution into truth. But such teaching is greatly modified in Volume II., where our universal philosophy condemns any too individualised method of culture laid down in Volume I. Volume I. must be regarded as the evolution of two seekers and not as the only possible route for all seekers. Cf., however, Book III. Chap. 12.

CHAPTER VIII

A HARMLESS THUNDERBOLT

"ALL very nice," said Grimshaw, "but not practical. You young men talk about Beauty with a capital B in a vague way, as if it was too delicate to handle. What is beautiful about Christianity is its universal value to men who deal with practical affairs. It is like the coin of the realm, which to be of any worth must be within reach of all men, both high and low. Religion is the possession of all, not the private property of a few who are rich enough in intellect to buy it. It is the ordinary man that counts in this world, and the ordinary man cannot afford to be an armchair philosopher: he has got work to do. He doesn't think about life, but lives it. To the 'average' man, I say, Christianity isn't a theory; it's a living principle; and no amount of discussion about it will make that principle stronger. I do not mean that men should not meditate upon the profound mysteries of Religion from time to time, but we do not want to cheapen Religion by turning the Church into a debating society. The man of action is not called upon to employ his intelligence, so necessary for practical affairs, in those regions where faith is more than sufficient. It is the acceptance of dogma, not the intellectual reasons for accepting it, which makes a difference

to his life: and it seems to me that so far as a man's faith in dogma is concerned, the teaching of the Church is quite definite and sufficient. Faith, not Intelligence, is required of a true Christian."

Peter nibbled his pipe stem. "There's no such thing as the ordinary man," he began—

"Wait a minute, Peter," Jack interrupted.

"Well, what is it?"

"The padre and I, Peter, are really so closely in sympathy with regard to our views on religion, that it will be more profitable, I think, if you let me show where our philosophy dares to question his theology. Peter knows, padre, how my heart rejoices at the sight of episcopal aprons, the gaiters of gloomy deans and the tall hats of austere canons. He often laughs at me for being a revolutionary who would set out by white-washing every existing institution."

"Yes, Jack," said Peter. "You set out valiantly to make battle with the enemy, but when you get up to his trenches you throw away your sword and offer him a cigarette. However, in this attack I am behind you, remember—"

"I should like the padre to see it this way, Peter. Our attitude is this. Religion must be a personal thing. Personality receives nowhere such great emphasis as in the teaching of Christ. Religion, therefore, is most absolute in Christianity. But Personality is essentially an anarchy of thought. Christ Himself was the Supreme Anarchist. He condemned all religion which was thoughtless, a merely passive acquiescence in the teaching of the Scribes and Pharisees, an increasing submission to law. 'I (the Person) am the Truth,' and 'If ye continue in my word,... ye

shall know the Truth (the Person), and the Truth shall make you free.'[42] In the Person of Christ we have an example of a perfect moral attitude towards life; but we can only know this truth by first continuing in His word. Now, Christ's word, His teaching, His conception of God and of man's relation to God, is difficult, and requires all man's reasoning self to appreciate it. Jesus was not satisfied with love for Himself, He continually demanded belief in Himself, and taught that such belief springs primarily from a thirst for God and the meaning of God.[43] This thirst is not an intellectual thing. There I agree. But it is essentially a rational, reasoning thing. Intelligence is necessarily a-moral: it simply formulates and puts into static dogmas the mobile and really progressive teaching of the spirit. If it tries to do more than this, if it attempts to explain Spirit by dogma, it becomes an evil. Reason, on the other hand, is nothing if it be not the moral insight, without which all faith is impossible. Faith cannot be an unreasoning trust in doctrine, for that would be knowledge, as it were, by description only. It is something more intimate. It is first-hand acquaintance with truth. It is Understanding. 'O ye of little faith' means nothing but this, 'O ye of little understanding of your own greatness.' To have a blind faith in God was never taught by Christ.[44] Abstract faith from

[42] St. John, Chap. 8, verses 31, 32.

[43] See Matt. v. 6; viii. 11, 12; xvi. 23; xxii. 37, 38: Mark ix. 38-40: Luke xi. 27, 28; xii. 31; xiv. 26: John iii. 18-21; v. 37, 38, 43; vi. 44, 45; viii. 47; xii. 44, 45; xiv. 1. Peter would add also Matt. ix. 37: Luke xii. 40, 49-51.

[44] See on the contrary Matt. v. 8; xi. 4, 5; xiii. 19; 51, 52; xvi. 17: Mark xii. 32-34: Luke viii. 16-18; ix. 54, 55; xi. 52; xv. 17, 18 with 32: John i. 50, 51; ii. 23-25; v. 46, 47; vii. 16, 17, 28; viii. 42, 43; x. 37.

reason and you get one of three types of religious life, none of which Christ, I think, could countenance: a hard Ritualism which would bind all men to an iron authority, like that which condemned Galileo; or a nervous Obscurantism which, unlike true mysticism, cannot bear any enlightenment whatever; or an exotic Emotionalism which would win converts by mesmerising men into an unhealthy dread of consequences."[45]

"This is not clear," said Grimshaw; "you make reason responsible for faith, and yet you make faith understanding. How then do you distinguish reason from understanding?"

"In a way," replied Peter, "I think Jack is quite right in saying that reason is that insight without which faith is impossible. But it seems to me equally true that reason is impossible without faith. Let me see. We shall need to find proper words. Have you got any paper, Jack? Thank you. Now—"

Scientific Reality.	Reality in terms of Feeling = REALITY.	Reality in terms of Thought.	Reality in terms of Personality.
ENERGY	Desire or Love	Wisdom or Reason	GOD
ENERGY DIRECTED	The Good Will in Life	Creative Understanding or Intuition or Faith	CHRIST
ENERGY EXPRESSED	Beauty & Worship	Knowledge	HOLY SPIRIT

[45] *Ritualism*: Matt. v. 20; x. 19, 20; xv. 8, 11 ff.; xxiii. 13 ff.: Luke ix. 3-6, 60: John iv. 23-24. *Obscurantism*: Matt. vii. 7; xxv. 11-13: Luke viii. 17: John ix. 4, 5, with 37; xii. 36; xvi. 13. *Emotionalism*: Matt. vi. 5, 16; vii. 21-23; xii. 39; xiii. 20, 21: Luke xvii. 20-24: John iv. 48; ix. 41.

With much biting of the end of his pencil Peter put down words in columns, and stroked them out again, and put others in till he seemed to be satisfied. He then handed the paper to the padre, who looked at it in amazement.

Grimshaw took a deep breath. "I am afraid I am rather shocked," he said, and handed the paper to Jack.

Then they all burst out laughing.

CHAPTER IX

CREATIVE UNDERSTANDING

PETER was about to tear the paper up when the padre stopped him. "Let me have another look at it," said he, "before you do that.... This, you see, is a fine illustration of what I've been saying. Who on earth would understand it, save a very few like yourselves who have the time and the impudence to attempt an explanation of the Cosmos? What we want is the dogma which expresses Life in terms of personality: your other columns are not essential."

"Yet to be quite frank with you, padre," Peter interposed, "I never saw what a definite relation exists between the Three Persons of the Trinity till a moment ago when I made out that table." [46]

"But, if you had rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, you would never have found your way back to it by a table of that sort. What's wrong with you is that you are not grateful enough to the Church for the dogmas she gives you, dogmas which it is necessary for you to believe in before you understand them. There was a great deal in what St. Cyprian maintained when he

[46] A typical example of the way in which we suddenly see an old truth in a new light. How many of these visions are full of deceit! How many better ones may we not have missed!

wrote that 'it is no more possible to be saved beyond the limits of the Church than it was during the deluge beyond the limits of the ark.' The Church teaches that Faith transcends understanding: if it did not, there would be no virtue in it."

"On the other hand," said Peter, "I maintain that faith is virtueless when it becomes something quite distinct from understanding. I am trying to give faith a meaning that *is* a meaning, and not a jargon of words like this, which I found in a C.E.S. pamphlet the other day."—Peter pulled a yellow pamphlet[47] from his pocket and read: "'Faith is based essentially on a partial knowledge, the source of which is from without, which mixture of knowledge and agnosticism is turned into a complete inner certainty of hope by an act of trust on the part of the believer.... It is on the distinction of faith from knowledge that the assurance of faith depends: in other words, faith in revelation on its intellectual side is only expressed in terms of dogma.' Now, that seems to me to be an exceptionally clever upholstering of an opinion which is radically unsound, the cunning effort of a conservative parson to save theology from the sweep of modern philosophic criticism. Let us throw theology over if it can supply us only with this sort of food. Men want sense; they don't want logic."

"But, Peter!" began Jack—

"Let me finish, Jack. This sort of thinking leads nowhere. It says Christ is the Person we should have faith in, but when I ask what this 'faith in' means, they give me this: 'A mixture of knowledge and agnosti-

[47] *Modern Philosophy and the Incarnation*, by the Rev. O. C. Quick, M.A. (S.P.C.K.).

cism'! It may be true, but I am not satisfied. I have faith in many things, and I *know* that my faith is neither knowledge nor agnosticism nor a mixture of both, and that it has nothing whatever to do with trust. Faith is not wisdom, nor is it knowledge; it is that in the heart of man which guides into actual being the hidden mysteries of God. It is the Good Will if you like to think of it as life."

"Well, Peter," began Jack again.

But Peter went on unheeding. "Now, there is so much beauty, padre, so much knowledge to create, that every man must be different from his neighbour. There is no ordinary man. Christ's philosophy is a philosophy of individuality. He gave thought to the world at large, it is true, but much more thought to his little company of disciples. 'I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me'[48] Jesus seemed to see eventually how difficult it is for men to believe. I think he was disappointed terribly, and realised that His teaching was for very few.[49] Not all men seem to possess the Creative Understanding. There are Judas Iscariots who are not of the body of Christ, for they have not Christ in their souls."

"But surely," cried Grimshaw, "surely man is separated from God by his own wickedness, and can only be saved by faith in a redeemer acting as mediator between God and man. You would be going against the whole New Testament teaching to maintain that some men cannot believe, and are therefore barred from

[48] St. John, Chap. 17, v. 9.

[49] *E.g.* see Matt. xiii. 15, 16; xv. 16; xxi. 43; xxiii. 37: Mark x. 39, 40: Luke xiii. 24: John vi. 64, 65; viii. 21; x. 26. Thus see the attitude taken up in Volume II. where this is asserted again, but on a higher level of thought.

salvation. Has Sin no meaning for you, and the way of salvation from Sin—faith in Jesus Christ? Doesn't all history show the search of man for a higher and more spiritual life from which he has fallen? And hasn't God 'so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life'?"

The padre turned to Jack in exasperation.

"Peter is a little wild sometimes," said Jack.[50]

[50] Our cry to the theologians, 'What do you *mean*, what do you *mean*?' will, we are afraid, be echoed by them and return upon us. What we are saying is that there is no such thing as thoughtless belief and that what a man believes in that the world does surely give him.

CHAPTER X

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

"YES, padre," Jack went on, "of course Christianity reveals a Christ Who is the 'Way' for every man who believes. But what Peter has been trying to say—only you did get a little excited, Peter—is that the history of fallen man searching for a higher life does not really explain man. What Peter is striving after is a meaning for man. Now what man is depends largely on how he thinks. A child is educated in order that he may think and judge for himself, and as he learns to do this he grows into a person. If, then, we try to explain man, we cannot disregard his thinking self. Of course men hate thinking; the process is painful. But they sometimes feel that they are spiritual beings, and ought to know a little more of their spiritual nature. Therefore they go to the Church. But the Church, with such words as 'redemption,' 'justification' and 'sanctification,' used so glibly and so frequently by preachers, only affords him an excuse for doing less thinking than ever. This is Peter's point, and I can see what he means. Popular theology does not allow enough for the *becoming* of God and man, nor does it give true value to man's thought in the creation of this becoming. The ordinary preachers, padre, leave one too much with the idea that

God's Kingdom is bound to come, that it is only a matter of time. But surely the Kingdom has to be fought for. The Church must be alive and militant. Men will begin to find themselves only when they realise that every one of their personal beliefs counts."

"Yes, yes," said Grimshaw; "our Church must be militant, but how can She conquer if She be not united? Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, said at the time of the Arian controversy, 'It is a thing equally deplorable and dangerous, that there are as many creeds as opinions among men.... We condemn either the doctrine of others in ourselves, or our own in that of others; and, reciprocally tearing one another to pieces, we have been the cause of each other's ruin.' This," he added, turning towards Peter, "is still true. You must beware of setting up new creeds, my boy, or of trying to do without any at all. If you dispense with the doctrine of the Christian Church, you may slip into agnosticism before you know where you are. Nor will you ever convince me that Christianity is for the few, for the 'intellectuals.'[51] Many of the early Christian Church were criminals: she opened her arms to those who were rejected anywhere else. This was not her shame; it was her glory. Christ came to seek that which was lost, to save sinners, to redeem a fallen humanity. If there had been no 'fall,' there would have been no need for Christ. But there was the 'fall,' and all men came under its curse."

"I think, padre," Peter said calmly, "that the 'fall,' that eating of the tree of the Knowledge of Good and

[51] The padre is heated and has a little misunderstood Peter's point of view, which was merely that to appreciate Christianity perfectly a great deal more philosophy is required than is usually bestowed upon it.

Evil, was something which had to do with thought. I believe that the personality, lost and regained, of man, is explained only and entirely by the way in which man has employed thought. Would you care to look at a few notes I made on the 'fall' about a month ago?"

"*I* would like to," said Jack at once; "why haven't you shown them to me before?"

"Well," replied the padre, getting up from the divan, "I think my dinner gong will be going soon. May I have them another time?"

"All right, padre." And Peter opened the door....

"Peter, you must read these notes to me after dinner," said Jack.

"I would like you to see them," returned Peter, "but I am sorry the padre won't be here. Do you think he's angry with me?"

"I'm just a little angry with you myself, Peter, but I can't explain why.

"I think I know why," said Peter.[52]

[52] Peter's wild outburst has not only disgusted Grimshaw but has actually to some extent alienated the two inquisitors. This alienation has been deepening, for Jack has found it difficult not to sympathise with the conventional outlook which condemns thought-anarchy. They are not reconciled till the end of Book III.

CHAPTER XI

THE ADVENTURE GOD MADE

"I AM not sure that you will like this scrap of philosophy, Jack. To begin with, it's vague and, I am afraid, badly 'rounded-off.' Also, when one is trying to express something one feels very deeply about, one is apt to be dogmatic and forgetful of other people's opinions. For instance, I was rather inconsiderate about the padre's point of view, wasn't I?"

"Why have you never shown me this essay before, Peter?"

"Because I was afraid—"

"That I wouldn't understand it?"

"Not exactly. That you wouldn't like it, rather."

"I have a feeling that I will like it immensely, so go on."

Peter read:

"*Where the blue waters of the Euphrates meet and mingle with the turgid river of the Tigris, in the triangular patch of greenland, dotted with palm trees, which is formed by these two streams, the Father and Mother of the human race are said to have lived as in an earthly paradise until Sin came to them.*

"*It was on a warm January's evening that I leaned*

over the taffrail of Transport boat S5 *and gazed at this little pleasant corner of the world and tried to think of what it really meant for men, this Christian myth, written so beautifully and so long ago. It is a myth most surely, but what of that? The best of life is mythical, elusive, half-born-half-unborn. It is for us to put strength into her tender tissues and meaning into those dreams of hers that are not yet perfectly true.*

"*In the midst of the garden of Eden were two trees, the Tree of Life and the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, but of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil was Adam prohibited to eat. When, however, Adam, persuaded by his helpmeet Eve to disobey the commandment of God, had eaten of the forbidden fruit, immediately God expelled him from the earthly paradise so that he might not partake of the fruit of the Tree of Life* (Genesis, Chap. 3, verses 22 and 23). *As God had warned him, Adam, by tasting of the accursed Tree, had surely met Death. But what does this Death signify? What sort of life had Adam forfeited?*

"*The answer must be looked for by comparing Adam's life after the Fall with that before. What do we find? Instead of living as one with Nature, enjoying her simple fruits and the shade of her great trees, happy and free and wholly unconscious of self, we find Eve becoming a real woman and bearing Adam children, and Adam toiling in the barren fields without the garden in order to keep himself and his family alive. He covered over 'the Image of God' with fig leaves and coats of skins, and hunger overcame him, and he killed for food animals that had once been brought before him as possible companions. He had alienated himself*

from Nature, and in so doing, sorrow had seized hold upon him, and the fair brow wrinkled, and the sinews of the body waxed old, and the end of him was decay and the dust from which he sprang. There was now no peace for his soul, for Nature did not work for him unless he first tilled and planted. And for this he had to make tools: he had become a constructive being. He grappled with the forces of Nature, and his Intellect became powerful and ever more powerful. By eating of that forbidden fruit he had, it would seem, learned to think; *and in learning to think he had alienated himself from a full life in harmony with the rest of God's Creation.*

"*Now, to a creature 'made in the Image of God' the Sin that may reap the ruin of him must be a very profound Sin. A God must be able to work more wickedness than a brute; but his wickedness will differ in kind as well as in degree: it will correspond to a negation of his whole being, not to a negation of some one power which constitutes the being of the brute.* For Sin is surely the negation of a being's 'raison d'être,' and Evil the ignorance which springs from that negation. *If I am an engine-driver, then I do sin if I write poetry in my cab when I ought to be watching the signals, and evil has leapt into my life and into the lives of others when, not watching the signals, I become totally ignorant of the danger ahead. If we would know the real Virtue of man, then, let us examine a little more closely the nature of that Negation which has almost been his destruction.*

"*As the serpent is plainly the symbol of the inherent temptation to Sin within Nature, so to me is the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the symbol of the*

fact that lying somewhere at the heart of things is the Wisdom which explains all. It was with this Wisdom, with this knowledge of the past and the future, somewhere written in the heart of the present, that Eve, prompted by the Spirit of Denial, tampered. Adam sinned because by partaking of that fruit he had learned once and for all how to choose between good and evil; indeed he had found that he was *fashioned in the Image of the God Who made him, and that he was different from all other creatures: this accursed Tree is* Self-consciousness. *It is an everlasting symbol of what takes place in children's hearts when, dissatisfied with living merely and receiving of the good things of the earth, they begin to wonder what it can all mean, when they begin to ask why this is good and why that is bad. It is at that moment that they 'put away childish things' —and are thrust forth from the gardens of paradise to fight with the briars and thorns of the intellectual world.*

"*What I argue, therefore, is that the 'raison d'être' of Adam was to take and eat of the Tree of Life in all the glory of his likeness to the God that made him,* but with no knowledge of this likeness, *for knowledge of this likeness to his Creator would make Adam proud, thinking himself equal with God, and thus alienating himself from God's help. Such alienation would spell Death to the first Adam; he could never be allowed to eat more from the Tree of Life, the symbol surely of that reward which remains for creatures that are sinless. Self-consciousness separates men from Nature and God, and the danger of it lies in this, that it may separate them for ever. Self-consciousness is the knowledge of self-power, and must inevitably display itself—indeed it has displayed itself for centuries, and will display*

itself for many more—in all sorts of human pride and folly.

"*But straight from the Fall, straight from man's negation of his essential first self, Adam, sprang a greater self, a more perfect 'raison d'être.' The sin of Adam was the central sin of the Universe; it was in a certain sense the Sin of God. Adam blamed God for giving him Eve, who tempted him, and I say that in a certain sense Adam was right. Yet out of this Sin has Christ arisen, the Bright and Morning Star, Who came not to destroy the law of man's nature but to fulfil that law. If Adam, the symbol of Negation, has, through pride, made man ignorant of everything which binds men to God and Nature, yet Christ, the express symbol of a Negation of all Negation, the Adam who condemned nothing save condemnation, is making man ignorant of his Ignorance itself, and so winning him back into paradise with an added meaning and purpose as Man. In Christ man is no longer alienated from God: the Christ in every heart overcomes Pride and conquers Death. The original Sin of man's nature has become the actual Salvation of man. The danger of Self-consciousness has become a glory. The Fall has become a Rise. Good has sprung from Evil.*

"*What, then, does this Christ mean? And how has man's Sin, which in a sense is the Sin of God, become a glory and not a curse, a supreme Knowledge because an Ignorance of Ignorance? I can but say that God sinned intentionally, that after producing man in His Image, He forced Self-consciousness upon him* that by man in God's Image alienating himself from God, God might learn to know Himself. *The 'raison d'être' of the first Adam was to live with and enjoy the fruits of his*

labour. But a further joy was to be found if one great risk were taken; the joy which springs from a conscious *enjoyment of Creation could be won if only God could become ignorant of Himself so that in the end he might know Himself perfectly, know Himself, so to speak, from the outside. The 'raison d'être' of the last Adam, then, is to take of the Tree of Life consciously, to return and live again in an Eden upon earth where the duty of man is to know God. When a man learns to know God, God is in that man learning to know Himself.*

"*The symbol of this new 'raison d'être' is Christ, and at least once in the History of this World has the symbol become a living fact. There is at least One Who has conquered Death for ever and Who sees God face to face. The only Sin that remains unforgiveable, then, the only Death that Christ cannot meet, is that Sin which is called the Sin against the Holy Ghost, the Negation or Denial in men's hearts of their new 'raison d'être,' of their new value to God, of their new place in the Universe*—Man the Way to God's Knowledge of God."[53]

[53] This conception of Self-consciousness and the radical importance of man as a *thinking* being, is greatly developed throughout the remainder of the work.

CHAPTER XII

THE NEW EDEN ARISES

(1) SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

PETER lit a cigarette and went to the window. It was not too dark to make out a company of Turkish recruits coming down the road, evidently on their way to the station. The silence was broken by the shouting of that chant of Islam, now so familiar to British prisoners, a chant which seemed to suggest alike the hope of fighting men and the despair of the desert.

"Poor devils!" muttered Peter. "More cannon-fodder, I suppose."

Peter turned and looked at his friend. "Now," said he, "what do *you* make of the garden of Eden, and of the tasting of the forbidden fruit?"

"Well," returned Jack, "there are certain things in this philosophy of ours that trouble me. For instance, I am not quite clear what you mean by Self-consciousness. What is the difference between it and consciousness in general? Did consciousness exist in the universe before the Fall?"

"Most certainly. Consciousness is mind, and mind is the universe regarded as Idea or Thought as opposed to the universe regarded as Feeling or Activity. Wherever there is Feeling there is also consciousness; but

this consciousness is of no value to the universe, save in so far as it is the earnest of Self-consciousness, that is, the harbinger of a universe which will become aware of itself. *Consciousness is only latent Self-consciousness.* In a subtle way Self-consciousness adds to the power of creation within the Good Will. 'Without intelligence,' as Bergson says, 'intuition would remain in the form of instinct.' We might add to that thought and say that without Sin the Good Will would remain in the form of Will merely. Self-consciousness has made the universe moral: it has, as it were, opened the eyes of God. Until God knew Sin Himself it was possible that the creatures He had made might negate the whole of His work without His knowing it. Hugo gives a fine picture of the incarnate wickedness which lies in the hideous forms of the ocean hydras. Hand down Hugo, will you." . . .

"'Eternal perplexity of the thinker. These creatures disturb his ideas of the Creator. They are hideous surprises. They are the death's-head at the feast of contemplation. The philosopher determines their characteristics in dread. They are the concrete forms of evil. . . . It is as if night itself assumed the forms of animals. But for what good? with what object? . . . Their unreality makes their existence puzzling. They touch the frontier of man's domain and people the region of chimeras. We deny the possibility of the vampires and the cephaloptera appears. Their swarming is a certainty which disconcerts our confidence. Optimism, which is nevertheless in the right, becomes silenced in their presence. . . . The cephaloptera at one extremity proves Satan at the other. It is certain that the wrongdoer at one end proves the existence of wrong

at the other. Every malignant creature, like every perverted intelligence, is a sphinx. A terrible sphinx propounding a terrible riddle; the riddle of the existence of Evil.'" [54]

"Yet, Peter, I don't like the idea of there being ever a possibility of the universe going wrong. In fact, that Evil should exist before the Fall of man seems to me to contradict the story of Creation in Genesis on which you are trying to base your theories. 'God saw every thing that He had made, and behold it was very good.' It was only after the Fall that animals became 'clean' or 'unclean.' [55] In some sense man's Sin appears to have upset the whole of Creation. Victor Hugo is right to draw an analogy between every malignant creature and every perverted intelligence, but are we not beginning to see that perverted intelligence did not exist in the universe before the Fall?"

"You must remember, Jack, that the myth we are dealing with was written by someone after the Fall, and he expressed his intuition of Truth in terms of a certain type of enlightenment consequent upon it. From his view-point he not only made God the Creator of everything, but he gave God a full joy in this Creation, which, I think, really was not possible till after the Fall, which, indeed, could not be perfectly true about God until Christ came." [56]

"Well, there's yet another difficulty. Why did we say to Cleeve that Self-consciousness is speech? You remember we said that the opening of the Fourth Door

[54] Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*, Book IV. § 2.

[55] Genesis, Chap. 7, verse 2.

[56] The real nature of God's joy in Creation before the Fall is expounded in Book IV., where 'happiness' is claimed for prefect *activity*. But see St. John, Chap. 17, verse 13, in reference to the view here adopted.

followed upon the Boy's realisation in speech that he was a living spirit, and that this door is closed to animals."

"Our definition was too narrow, Jack.[57] God gave Adam speech before ever he tasted of the Tree, asking him to name things. This was the *first* step on the road to the Fall, nothing more. It pointed a way to that intellectual discrimination which resulted in the final grand discrimination between Good and Evil."

"I am getting horribly muddled, Peter. We seem to have put our ideas of the whole Creation into a vast melting pot, and there doesn't seem to be any fork handy with which to pull them out for eating."

"Try a pencil, Jack; and here's a nice clean sheet of paper for a plate. I'll take a stroll in the yard."

. . . . . .

When Peter returned he found Jack writing with a rapidity and zeal which amazed him. He noticed also that a large tin of dried peas had been upset over the floor.

"What a horrid mess you've made, Jack."

"Gather them up," said that individual, and pounced on another sheet of paper.

Five minutes elapsed before Jack, with a final flourish of his pencil, announced that the last morsel of meat had been fished up.

"I hope it's digestible," said Peter.

"There are three courses, Peter; for entrée, a note on the meaning of Speech; for pièce de résistance, a dissertation on Intelligence; for sweets, sundry remarks on Speech-perfected.

[57] See Note 22.

(2) SPEECH

"That Adam was created in the Image of God would show not only that man is divine but also that God is human. And if God is human, then He is not only an Artist Who created the worlds, but a Being Who must have the sympathy of a friend who can appreciate His Art. It is this power of sympathy which differentiates man from animals, and the power is given to him by Speech. Speech breaks down the barriers between the three ways of expression, feeling, seeing and hearing: it links up these three distinct universes into one. In plants, the faculty of feeling exists as a world by itself in no relation to the other worlds. This is torpor. Plants cannot constitute their own 'raison d'être'; they must exist for life that is more awake, more nearly conscious with a total consciousness, for animals and for man. In animals the faculties of seeing and hearing are rudimentary, sacrificed to the faculty of feeling, or one or other of them is intensely specialised, so that action is as limited in the brutes as it is perfected. Neither, then, are they their own 'raison d'être,' but are servants to men.

"But man is his own end, for he has Speech which links up the faculties, so that no one of them exists for itself or is sacrificed to the benefit of another. In man there are no longer three universes which overlap, but one complete universe. Through Speech he gathers up the three languages of God into one language: the three colours become one picture. Speech is surely the most direct expression of God; a certain proof of Mind or Reason. It is Speech in its original purity which makes it impossible to think of the universe as a conglomera-

tion of purely physical elements. It gives a purpose to Creation. It could not be dissociated at first either from Mind or from Mind's expression in the worlds of feelings, lights and sounds; nor could these things be dissociated from each other, though by Speech they could be discriminated.

"Creatures who have no speech are, as it were, in bits; God is expressed through them in fragments. But in Adam this was changed. Adam was a person. Speech made him *natural*, that is, free to develop the faculties in harmony with each other, and so to utter the actual Word of God.[58]

(3) INTELLIGENCE

"And then came the Great Adventure. There is more required of a friend than sympathy: there is praise needed and knowledge and the love that springs from knowledge—aye, and criticism as well. And these things cannot come save from a friend who has tried to do the things that you have done, and failed perhaps, and wept, and seen through his tears the efforts that you have made. So 'the Pilot of the universe lets go, so to speak, the tiller of His vessel, and returns to His watch-tower.'[59] He refuses to help his friend for a time; till

[58] That is, *expression in language* is in some way the key to the work of God. The same idea is to be found in many philosophers, such as Berkeley and Augustine. The difference is to be carefully noted between intellect employed (as we think, wrongly) in a further splitting up of the faculties when used scientifically, and intellect employed (rightly) in gathering these faculties together when used in Literature and all Art generally. (See Book VI.) The diagrams in Book III. Chap. 1, may help the reader at this point.

[59] From Plato's *Politicus*, quoted by Bishop Westcott in his essay "The Myths of Plato." This 'interpretive' myth teaches, says Westcott, how man's "highest strength lies in the right exercise of the freedom of his will, and not in the circumstances of his condition."

man has toiled to accomplish by himself what has been accomplished already. And there is the hope that this toil will bring a splendid new thing into the universe: a perfected Speech that will explain to God how good His work really has been, a Speech that will lead to the knowledge that springs from Joy, God worshipping God, the Universe loving the Universe!

"The eating of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil meant nothing less than the birth of a new God, a new Artist aiming not at creation so much as at the Knowledge of the rightness of creation by attempting another. What came was the *power of Speech dissociated from life.* The old God stood away from this and watched.[60] The static intellectual world, dissociated from the primary world of Movement-indivisible, was raised, as it were, on the ruins of the past. The old God trembled but was silent. Before the Fall God and man were one; after it, man could think thoughts unrelated to Nature and God; after it, it became possible for man's idea of the best expression of the life that was in him to be different from God's idea of that expression. Creation groaned in deathly fear. Would the Great Adventure fail? Would God be defeated by God's Ambition? Would the first beauty of His labours be destroyed for ever and the truth of it forgotten?

"The Speech which before the Fall could do nothing but perfect a harmony between the three faculties, could after it erect ever-growing barriers between them. It brought the fear and dread of man upon animals, and it brought the fear and dread of God upon man. It brought the subtle expression of a restraint as between

[60] Questioned in Book III. Chap. 9.

two friends, one of whom is struggling to fulfil the duty imposed upon him by the other—and failing. Oh, the bitter agony of the searching souls of the philosopher and the poet and the saint! What tragedy entered into the heart of language! *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?* It is the cry of a man who sees the danger. Thought in man can fully identify itself with thought in God only by trying to become self-sufficient, cut off from all the power in Nature, and recognising its failure to do this. Man cannot know Beauty till he has experienced the Desert. But man is so great that his self-sufficiency is almost perfect: he can almost make the Desert to blossom. Thus man, who can only become reconciled to God anew by acknowledging something other than himself to be Supreme Creator, can set *himself* up as a God, and in doing so can become a devil instead, a real devil, whose will is law just as much as is the Will of God.[61]

"Indeed there is but one God, but there are many men, so that if man's self-consciousness continues to create for itself, God's total personality will be in danger of disintegration. Through the Fall the one Individuality of the universe has been broken into myriad separate selves. Speech is abstracted from the expression of Nature, which is ever charged with the invisible movement of life, and thereby creates intellectual systems and laws, which, because they are fixed, deny the very spirit which first gave utterance in Speech. True Speech is mobile. Man by making it static[62] becomes a traitor to the spirit of life. But he reaps his reward. He becomes *unnatural*; he becomes a slave to the deter-

[61] The power of man in this respect is brought out in Book V.

[62] *I.e.* 'logical.' See Book III. Chap. 8.

mined laws of his own making; and in losing his freedom he loses the joy of the first Adam, and has got nothing in exchange.

"To such a man the world has become purely material, full of pain and misunderstanding. He can only see results, he cannot feel the Life-spirit behind. Well then, in such a world give him results. Perhaps even these will afford him a glimpse of the invisible movement which is held up, as it were, and actually negated by results. In a world that is material, Science and History and, above all, the Dogma of Religion are essential to attract the attention of man, who has 'gone to sleep with his eyes open.' Certain men must look at the universe from the outside, even if, like the Countess Cathleen, they have to sell their own souls to do it. But they will not lose them altogether if they remember Matter to be but the Veil of Spirit, whose brightness is as yet more than the eye of man can bear. If they forget this, they are lost.[63]

(4) SPEECH PERFECTED

"In the Garden of Gethsemane the final choice was made between sacrificing the Spiritual to the Material or the Material to the Spiritual; between making all Heaven like earth or all earth like Heaven. That was the problem before Jesus throughout the whole of His life. Was God's personality to be scattered broadcast among Humanity or Humanity gathered up into the one God? Jesus had the power to decide, and what He chose must be considered the wiser choice. The die has been cast on the side of Humanity lost in God, not on God lost in Humanity. If the new Christ is defeated

[63] Developed in Book V.

by an unbelieving world, then we may look for our Shekinah among the pantheists. Till our very soul is destroyed, however, the only faith that will avail us is Jesus.[64]

"In one man, Jesus, the Self-conscious intelligence of man has been perfectly united with the Life-spirit and become perfectly articulate through it. In one Person the dissociated Speech of man has become the perfect Expression of God. To the meaning of Christ as the Logos, Who created the worlds, has been added the meaning of Christ as the Intuition, Who can now direct the universe with a perfect knowledge and an unfailing purpose. Through Jesus man has won the power of directing the Desire or Love which lies behind all creation. The Will has become the Good Will. In Jesus God has seen Himself. For man now there is a fuller 'raison d'être.' He can be *Natural as a God* as well as natural as a man. Because all his faculties are in harmony with each other and with the like faculties of the primary Expressionist, God, man can perfect the expression of Nature. By the perfect Intuition, Who is the new Christ, man can guide Nature's language, and by rearranging her symbols can work what those who have not this Intuition would call miracles. But to the man in whom Christ dwells there are no miracles, for everything is miraculous. Freedom has

[64] This is abrupt, but is developed in Peter's three missives in Book III., where it is maintained that Jesus actually concentrated in Himself the whole soul of Man; His choice, therefore, not that for a God Whose Spirit is split up into a plurality of independent, equal and Self-sustaining entities, is Man's choice. What exactly the choice involves is made plainer in Volume II., where, moreover, it is held that at the winning of God's unity in the final victory over Death, the world will be swallowed up by Heaven (see Book VI.) rather than transformed into it (as put forward at the end of this Book).

become a law. The veil of the Temple has been rent in twain.

"The new Adam sees and guides the Spirit of Life, expressing itself in ever more resplendent beauty. Where he looks, God looks; when he speaks, God speaks. The old Adam was wise perhaps, but the new Adam knows his wisdom. The old God knew wisdom perhaps, but the Wisdom of the God Whom the Fall has made possible has been turned into Joy."[65]

. . . . . .

"Let me read your notes myself, Jack, I think something could be added."

Jack gave them to him, and Peter, after re-reading them, wrote on a separate sheet another paragraph, which he handed to Jack in silence.

(5) BREAD AND WINE

"The old, sweet Eden was lost that through pain and suffering and death the new Eden might arise. The talisman of Speech which meant so much of divinity to the old Adam, and which still means so much of it to the old Adams among us, has opened the Door of doors, the Door into the very presence of God. The creative Faith that framed the earth and the heavens, through which 'man, thereby divine, can create as by a *Fiat*,'

[65] A fellow-captive, Captain F. Yeats-Brown, of mature judgment and literary abilities, who unfailingly showered encouragement and highly treasured criticism upon the inquisitors' work, complained sorely that their theology perplexed and irritated him. "You are writing about Someone you do not know," he said. "You will see that it is so someday. But leave it as it is, for it shows in a striking way how dead the intellect can make living realities. Your Book II. is a proof of the tenet you hold." We agreed with the last statement when we came to look back on Volume I. from the table-lands of Volume II.; and we found what he meant by the first when we received from home T. R. Glover's *The Jesus of History*, which is a masterpiece of insight and sanity and tenderness.

has turned trembling, dipped into the abyss of ages and has risen in a glory that will not be surpassed. Christ, the author of our faith, has become the finisher of our faith as well; He is not only the Alpha but also the Omega of our being. Man, originally free because living in harmony with the universal flood of Creation, has, by renouncing that freedom, at last found the Freedom which is liberty indeed, the freedom of a beloved co-worker whose opinions are sought after. What magnificent meaning now lies in the Tree of Life! That fruit is no longer eaten as a matter of course, but for the healing of wounds and as food that will make mortality immortal to those who have faced Death and have not been conquered. Truly have those new Adams who dwell in our midst 'right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the city' of the New Jerusalem. 'Behold, I make all things new; . . . whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.'

"Now and here exist the living bread and the living wine. Earth is all about us. But to some it is the Old Eden, still, where the Lord God walks in the cool of the day and where His voice can be heard calling His friends by name. And to others it is nothing but Matter or Energy in pictures; a struggle with powers, if you will; an intellectual playground; in another word—but they know it not—Satan! But again to others it is the New Eden or Heaven itself, nothing less than Heaven, where every mountain and vale is a fold in the garment of God and every star a jewel in His crown. Three men eat of the same loaf of bread: the first eats and is thankful, the second eats and falls cursing the baker who made it, the third eats—and lo! he eats

of the Body of Christ. Three men drink of the same river: the thirst of the one is quenched for a time, to another his draught is so much 'hydrogen and oxygen,' to the third the water is as wine and the river a vein in the Being of God.

"To eat of Christ's flesh and to drink of His blood, does it not mean to eat of the produce of the earth, aye, even to take of her mineral wealth, in the faith that bread is not mere chemical but actually the Manna of Paradise, and that wine is actually a living stream of immortal energy? We, thinking that Heaven is separated in a real way from earth, and forgetting that this separation is an ideal and intellectual matter, can only see in the broken bread and the poured out wine a symbol of salvation we hardly understand. But it means that in Christ's passion He prevented once and for all the possibility of earth becoming alienated for ever from the inner spirit of earth, which is Heaven. The universe is far from being a great gaunt infinitude of space. It is a homely and very beautiful garden. The stars are nearer to us than we dream. God is in our eyes and with our hands and at our lips." [66]

[66] Having dispensed with the conception (in Book I.) of man as a bit of Nature and that (in Book II. Part 1) of man being determined by external, that is, intellectual, laws, the inquisitors are yet returning, on a higher level may be, to the statement made by Cleeve, that man is Nature's lord, and to Grimshaw's sane view that surrender to worthy precedent does itself liberate. They cling tenaciously, however, to the view, insisted upon throughout Book II. that man cannot be understood save as a rational reasoning creature: at this stage they see little in God save the 'divine reason' or 'logos.' Thus the point they have now reached in their inquiry may be thus expressed. *Man (and therefore the Universe) is only explicable through, and as part of, Mind.*

BOOK III

TRUTH

"Thus has the bewildered Wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting question after question into the Sibyl-cave of destiny, and receive no Answer but an Echo. It is all a grim Desert, this once-fair world of his; wherein is heard only the howling of wild-beasts, or the shrieks of despairing, hate-filled men; and no Pillar of Cloud by day, and no Pillar of Fire by night, any longer guides the Pilgrim. To such length has the spirit of Inquiry carried him. . . .

"Thus had the EVERLASTING NO pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my ME; and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No had said: 'Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's)'; to which my whole Me now made answer: '*I* am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee!'

"It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man."

CARLYLE (*Sartor Resartus*, Book II. Chap. 7).

CHAPTER I

A PAUSE BY THE WELL

THE following afternoon the authorities granted the prisoners a special walk to the hills behind the town. Accordingly at about two o'clock a motley crowd of officers assembled outside the door of the compound, attired in garments which, had they been uniform, must have represented a cosmopolitan army. All sizes and shapes and colours were there, and all on the wrong people. Here's a fallen flying man—black felt hat, brown swallow-tails, white ducks. Here's a submarine officer brought from the depths—baggy flannel trousers tied up with a rag round the middle ; red knotted handkerchief round neck, battered navy cap, shaggy beard. Here's Sir Robert, looking like nothing on earth—white socks, shorts, brown jersey, pirate's cap saved from the wreck of the Christmas pantomime. Here's a monocled mystic—gloves, riding whip, forage cap, all complete—voluminously discussing the merits and demerits of the Russian Revolution with a dark and frivolous gentleman of shaven head, who in a former existence must surely have been a wandering friar.

"Haidi! haidi!" cried the postas, and, all unconscious of the extraordinary spectacle they presented, the party moved off up the hill. In a little hollow above

the level of the minarets there is an old well, where camels are watered, and a stately poplar tree. Here the Turkish women are wont to gossip of an afternoon when the weather is warm. Above this well Jack and Peter sat down on a sandy hillock overlooking the plain, and from which they had a fine view of the Sultandagh, snow-capped and sparkling in the spring sunshine.

"Well," said Peter, "what do you think of our inquisition? It's going along all right, isn't it?"

"I'm glad it's over, Peter, and that we have accomplished what we set out to do."

Peter started. "Over!" said he, "over! Why, we've scarcely begun, Jack! What do you think we've accomplished?"

"It seems to me that we have accomplished much more than ever we expected. We've explained Nature and Man and God as well as we could. What more do you want?"

"Much more. We've only been scouting problems."

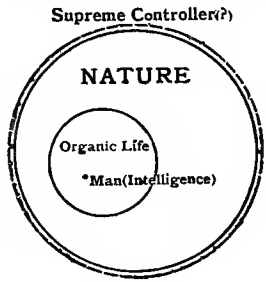
"I don't know," returned Jack. "The inquisition has dusted my mind of a lot of its cobwebs. This morning I drew some diagrams to sort of fix what we have found. I think—no, I've left them in my room. But perhaps, if you give me your stick, I could reproduce them on the sand here."

"Carry on," said Peter.

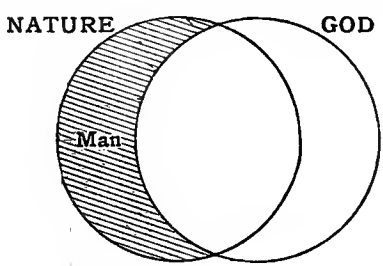
"You see, Peter, the problem for us has been, What should our conception be like of the Cosmos and the relations between the parts of it? Well—"

And Jack drew these strange figures:

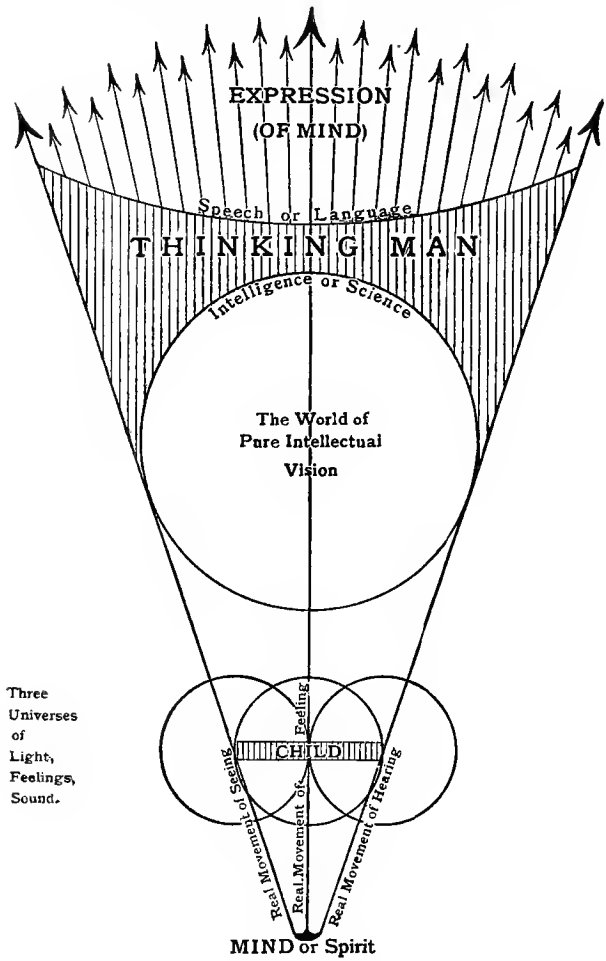
I. SCIENTIST'S CONCEPTION



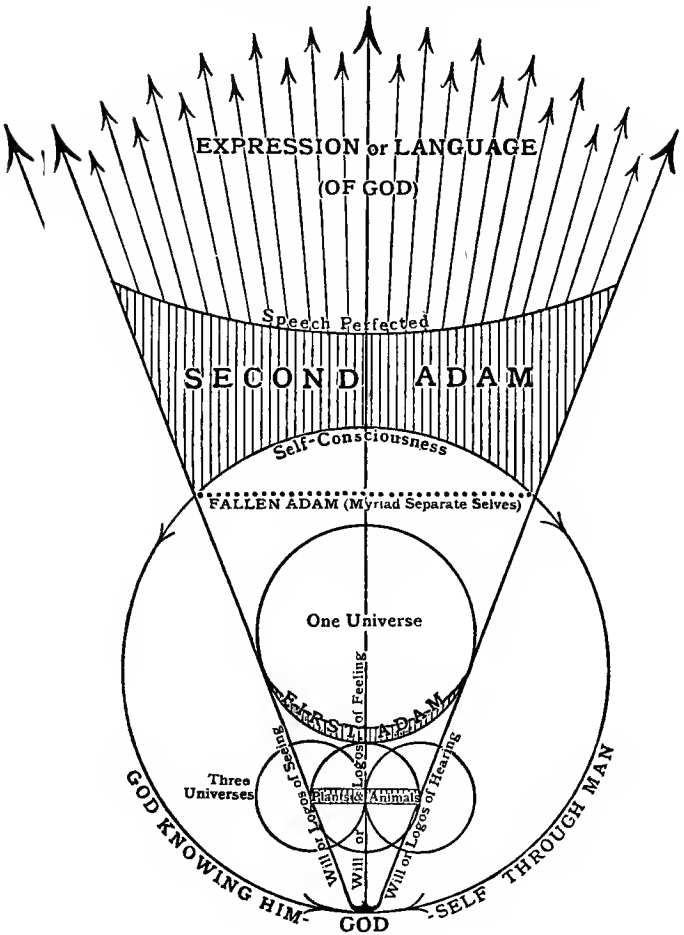
II. THEOLOGIAN'S CONCEPTION



III. OUR ANSWER TO THE SCIENTIST



IV. OUR ANSWER TO THE THEOLOGIAN



CHAPTER II

INTO THE DESERT

"YES, Jack, that is interesting. But surely what we have been trying to do is to find a meaning for Life. Have we found *that* yet? Have we found the key that will unlock the secret of all problems directly? I have an idea that it must be some simple thing."

"I think we have. It's Christ."

For a moment Peter was silent. "We have found," said he, "that the best interpretation of nature lies in the interpretation of man, and that the best interpretation of man lies in the interpretation of his thinking self. To my point of view, therefore, we must add to our discussions on science, history and religion a discussion on philosophy. We have seen, I think, that God comes to love Himself through man's highest nature, and that highest nature is thought. Into the best thought of man, where truth lies sleeping, must we then adventure, which means that we have to think harder than we have ever thought before. In science, history and religion others can think for you, and you may accept, without going far wrong, the results they achieve ; but in Philosophy you must abandon the world and retire into yourself."

"I don't agree with you, Peter, that thought is man's

highest nature, though the idea as we broached it to Grimshaw wasn't so bad. That sort of person gives too little consideration to thought. But your next step in the inquisition, although it might be justified logically, would be liable, if we took it seriously, not only to supply us with a false meaning to Life, but would necessarily alienate us from the whole spirit of Life—action, not contemplation. If we want to go on with our inquiry in order to pass the time, let us consider man from the point of view of an active being. It seems to me that man's highest nature is not thought but love,[67] and I think that probably his thought springs directly from his relations with his fellowmen."

"That may be, Jack, but you seem to have missed the whole trend of our philosophic tendency. You speak to Grimshaw about the necessity for anarchy in thought and of the fact that Self-consciousness is the road to God's knowledge of Himself, and yet you do not seem to mean these things. My next step is not a logical one entirely: surely you must see that we are bound to examine the nature of that circle in your last diagram, which leads back to God—look at it!—before advancing further."

"Indeed, Peter! So I don't understand my own drawings?"

"No."

"Perhaps it's because I don't take them seriously. I'm not in the lest interested in that confounded circle." Jack scratched the figures out and sent the sand flying with his feet.

[67] This is the point over which the inquisitors are ultimately reconciled after traversing the extraordinary realm of philosophical despair. While reading Book III. the frontispiece to the work should be carefully studied.

"I wish you would get interested in this circle."

"I won't," answered Jack.

"You must. It will be your salvation. You can only understand the Beauty of life by cutting yourself off from it. You can only reap true happiness and you can only be successful in the work that lies for you in the world by first wandering in desert places where only sorrow unveils her face and where the soul watches in silence. That is what God has done, and that is what we must do. The struggle for immortality is individual. You must suffer alone."

"No, Peter. One can suffer without retiring from the world's activity. Suffering comes when you feel that the expression of your personality is checked through your own fault or that of others. To cut yourself off from the world for this reason or because of your failure to understand any beauty there may be in it seems to me nothing but an act of despair, or else the attitude of a man who is too proud to consort with those of an inferior intellect. That's the impression philosophers so often give us, Peter ; and I loathe it. This kind of pride has nothing to do with real suffering."

"It has everything to do with it. We agree, apparently, that real suffering springs from Sin, that is, it springs from the negation of a being's 'raison d'être.' But have you forgotten so soon that we said that Self-consciousness is the outstanding negation of man's first 'raison d'être'? or do you imagine that most of us have passed through that stage into the glorious liberty of the Gospel of Christ? For my part I feel certain that the greater portion of mankind are the children of the fallen Adam, and that amongst these the philosophers are they who have fallen lowest. Philosophers are the

supreme anarchists. Though they depose God from His throne temporarily, they do it completely. They deny everything that they may see a few things clearly and know these things for truth."

"But haven't we agreed, Peter, that the spirit of denial stands self-condemned?[68] If philosophers are the lowest of the low, why do you ask me to go with them into the Desert of Rejection?"

"My dear fellow, you don't seem to have digested that 'pièce de résistance' in our dinner last night.—"

"It was rather tough.—"

"Surely you were trying to show there that man can only receive his new and perfect 'raison d'être' through Sin itself, or, if you like to look at it intellectually, through the pride which comes from Self-consciousness. This pride and the sorrow which follows upon it is made not only acceptable to God through the passion of our Saviour, but actually is the road to man's salvation. The forgiveness of sins cannot mean the washing of sins out, but the making of Sin into a blessing. Though farthest from God through conscious self-alienation from Him, the philosophic soul is for that very reason nearer to him than any other: it is the outstanding paradox of the universe."

"That's very dangerous, Peter. You are saying that man can only find God through Sin. You are actually urging men to be wicked. I cannot see how such a point of view can be reconciled with the teaching of Christianity. When I said that 'man cannot know Beauty till he has experienced the Desert,' I was speaking of the world before the second Adam came, before Speech dissociated from life was, by the miracle of Jesus'

[68] See Book I. Chap. 11, and Book II. Chap. 6.

Resurrection, translated into Speech-perfected. The Great Adventure of God has been made once, and it has not failed. There is no fear for the future of the universe *now*."

"No, but there is still left the fear for each individual soul. God makes the Adventure anew in every heart. The universe may have been saved ; but the souls in it, the souls who have been wandering up and down ever since the Fall, ever since the personality of God was split into myriad separate selves, may not be saved. For these do not belong to the universe ; they constitute their own universes. The old Adams among us, those who have no experience of what it means to be alienated from life, along with the souls of all animals and plants (for they have souls), belong to the universe, and as parts of the One Soul of God will reap the benefit of that which has been accomplished by the new Adams.[69] But there are few of the old Adams, and it is well, for it is a coward's part to refuse, when becoming a man, to put away childish things. Indeed most of us are surprised into the state of Sin by a wise providence. God will sacrifice Himself with an unutterable sacrifice till man has completely worked out his terrible but necessary destiny. Don't be a coward, Jack. The desert of pride and denial was experienced by Jesus Himself alone upon the mountain-top, alone in the awful tomb. In Him it must have been agony unspeakable. But we in our turn have to go through it all, or we cannot be without Sin as He was. To be without Sin is to be never defeated by the pride that *must* be endured. The enduring of it is the Contemplation, is the Prayer, which culminated in the Passion

[69] Greatly enlarged upon in Book IV.

and the final mystery of the three days in Hell. Come, Jack ; it is the only way." . . .

There was a long silence between them. Jack turned his back on his friend and gazed across the great undulating plain to the glory of the Sultandagh. "I can't see it, Peter," he said at last. "The deserts of the world terrify me ; but there doesn't seem to be anything so dreadful as the desert of one's own soul. I—I can't come!"

Peter got up. "I am sorry," he said. And turning, he raced down the hillside.[70]

[70] Peter is trying to be true to the individual thought-evolution of two seekers who are (due to exceptional circumstances) alienated from life ; Jack, on the other hand, has grown tired of the separation and perhaps a little frightened at the tragedy of it. *Both* are right, however, as is appreciated when the more universal attitude adopted at the close of Volume I. is arrived at.

CHAPTER III

LETTERS

"No. 3 House.

"Dear Peter,

"I have been thinking things out, and I have come to the conclusion that you are the incarnation of the devil. You've made me doubt myself. I don't sufficiently know—and I was twenty-four a few days ago—what I like and dislike. I somehow feel you are to blame for this, but it may be due to an almost instinctive desire to give pleasure to those I like and to those I think I ought to like; also to a training, especially hammered in at a private school, which taught me to sacrifice my private likes and dislikes to those of others. I remember at school a married couple offering me one of two pictures as a present. When the wife shewed them to me I asked her which she liked best. She said *x*, so I said I would like to be given *x*. But when later on the house-master said he thought that *y* was the best, I said I would like to have *y*. *I did not consider myself at all.* In so far, then, as I did not trust my own taste, or at any rate try to like one picture better than the other and stick to that one, I was not true to myself. I give you this incident because it haunts my memory, as if in some way it really did

represent my life. Now I see that this sort of thing is due to a self-sacrifice carried too far, a self-sacrifice which may at times relieve me from an awkward decision or an undesired responsibility: then it is no longer self-sacrifice.

"But what I am really maintaining is that my primary instinct is a desire to please people and to like them, because we are all 'His offspring.' That is why I have always been prepared to let people's opinions go by the board to a certain extent. They don't matter much. Some of ——'s opinions, for instance (which he doesn't probably believe in himself), I hold to be quite untrue and immoral. Yet, because I listen to them without breaking with him over them, I can be there to appreciate him for something much more real. When you came here, Peter, after I had been a prisoner for nearly a year, it was your *affection* I wanted far more than any truths you might have to give me, and which might be at variance with my way of thinking. I was quite certain that only religion could give the true answer to the meaning of life, and that religion could do so because it transcended all philosophy. But when you asserted that philosophy was the all-important thing, I deliberately refused to fight with you. I did this because I valued sympathy far more than any intellectual virtue. I hate intellectual virtues; I hate this philosophic pride you speak of. At the 'Varsity it was just the same; the philosopher I found cold and unenthusiastic; he seemed to me to be the man with the brain every time, but always hopelessly out of touch with real life. The man of religion, on the other hand, had a heart; he would receive me with open arms; he could forgive; he was a man, not a superman.

"I did my best, however, to understand your point of view. You found me a willing listener. And by degrees I have found that your philosophy *does* appeal to me. It is a philosophy of faith and not of logic, a philosophy which tries to understand Spirit and Matter, a philosophy passionate rather than disinterested, a philosophy which makes me believe in myself and *not only in God*, a philosophy that has explained Christ to me in a new way and made me feel more certain of the Fact of Christ than I had ever been before. It is for these reasons that it appeals to me as *Religion*, not as a philosophy or a theology.

"I am still certain that the Love of God as a Person is the fundamental thing in life. It seems to have existed before ever Truth as distinguished from Reason came into existence. Yet your philosophy has taught me to value Truth as highly as Love. As highly because it explains the Love which came first, and which is now made more real by it. Christ is 'the Way, the Truth,' because His life explains that God is Love and that the true life of the Spirit wins its way through the Love of God and Man. And simply because you have made Truth a far more important thing to me now than it was a year ago, I could not—even if I were clever enough—follow the example of Synesius, who was made bishop against his will but consented to 'preach fables' to the people on condition that he might be allowed to 'philosophise' at home. Curiously enough, *you* condone this attitude. I consider it to be highly immoral, unless it simply means that one cannot explain the full truth to the crowd: it would be casting pearls before swine.

"Nor can I see that the negation of Truth is con-

sistent with the life of a philosopher who is the lover of all truth and reality. I wrote my notes on the Fall to fit in with your theory; now I think your idea is quite off the lines. It assumes that only through the negation of his own 'raison d'être,' through evil or vice, can a man know truth and virtue. I believe that evil never can know virtue. That is why it is so evil. You remember how Plato shows that the good judge's knowledge of injustice is acquired not by personal experience but by observing it *outside* himself in the souls of others? You seem not to have thought *through* this, nor do you realise sufficiently that truth is the heritage of all. Everyone has something of the Spirit of Christ in his heart, something of Christ the Intuition. But the tragedy is that the world is as yet so material, so full of prejudice and necessity, that this Intuition cannot be developed: only in this sense may you say that as a matter of fact only the few can have the Intuition, only the few can have Religion. But these few will change the world; and if they are not Theologians, they are certainly not Philosophers who deny.[71]

"Yours,

"JACK."

. . . . . .

"No. 1 House.

"DEAR OLD JACK,

"When you made your notes on Speech, Intelligence and Speech-perfected, you were agreeing with me *unthinkingly*. It was purely an intellectual

[71] But (as will be seen in Volume II.) if they are not philosophers, they are at least artists!

exercise for you. You didn't see where it was leading us. You wrote things, *but you didn't believe them.* When I showed you where they led you were shocked. You hadn't guessed that philosophy could be so vital or so bold. You still thought that we were playing with thought, not using it. Then you examined it all over again, and at the end of a fortnight's meditation you (*a*) find that you disapprove heartily, (*b*) think that I am the devil, (*c*) go to the trouble of explaining yourself and your own particular point of view. We are in earnest then, after all! Peter must be shown where he is wrong! The eternal questionings of the soul must be faced!

"I am ready to go on. I have been ready ever since that day on the hill. I am ready and I am waiting. Go on thinking, Jack, and you will understand and agree, not superficially this time, but profoundly. You will find that you must come with me, or rather that you must travel likewise into a hard and cruel desert of the soul, where nothing can exist but a faint glimmer of hope that somewhere, somewhen the desert will be crossed. I can give you no assurance of this, however. There are many who are lost in the desert. The vultures know, and the Devil who is their Keeper.

"A day or two ago I saw you seize upon your letters from home with a look in your eyes that made me almost despair. Love is the hardest thing to resist, as it is the hardest thing to be worthy of. But it too must be thrown over. It is *hard* to be proud, to fast and pray in the desert alone—worse than alone, for the devil is lurking there with his angels. It is fearful to give up home and friends and affection for Truth's sake. It is misery absolute to seek self-sufficiency; but it

must be sought if you are ever going to learn how impossible it is, if you are ever to be other than miserable. A man who will not face his soul is keeping God from facing His. It is man's privilege to criticise and condemn. I say, let him then criticise and condemn to the uttermost, so that he may find the solid realities that are his proper food. We are all puny men till we have known what loneliness is, that is, till we have found ourselves. And some in finding themselves, find God; and others, I am afraid, lose themselves for ever in the wilderness. But this I allow, before the vultures come, the prayers of our High Advocate may avail at the throne of God.

"I am speaking of a spiritual matter only. Do not confuse Sin with vice[72] or Suffering with pain. Vice and pain are the physical concomitants of deeper diseases, the ignominious and, to my mind, the petty surface-results of underlying Tragedy. From Paul downwards, preachers have irritated humanity by condemning sins, thrusting Sin into the background as an unmeaning philosophical abstraction. But it was with this 'unmeaning philosophical abstraction' that Jesus dealt, it was the Sin of Pride that He condemned: the Sin of alienating yourself from God and from your fellow-creatures for selfish ends, the absolute Tragedy of God's Great Adventure.[73] But, Jack, few philosophers have selfish aims. What aims can they have? —I mean the real philosophers, easily recognised, for

[72] As the philosophy of the East has so often done; witness the Black Yoga.

[73] This attitude may appear paradoxical. But compare Luke xv. 11-32 with Ephesians iv. 17-32. Which is greater? Which dives straightest to the centre? Surely the direct, concrete parable which makes clear for ever the whole secret of the power of wrong.

they have the wistful, almost tender, passion for truth stamped clear on their brows. Their ends are the reverse of selfish; they will sacrifice themselves utterly that Truth may find a dwelling-place in the hearts of men. When I say 'embrace Sin,' I do not mean become vicious. A vicious man has no will. I mean make your will proud that it may become the Good Will. I mean deny that you may know; suffer that you may be happy; die in yourself, indeed, that you may live—yes, perhaps to God, perhaps to your fellow-men, but first, always first, to Truth.

"It is only for a short space at a time. We are told that with Jesus it was three days. But much can happen in three days. The Universe was reborn in those three days. Be undecided no longer. Take one last look at the sunset, and believe that when next you look that sunset will have become the Dawn.

"PETER."

"*P.S.*—Atherton, you know, took philosophy at Cambridge. I have decided to continue the inquisition with him by myself, if you won't come. For a reason of my own and in my own mind I have planned out the discussion for three afternoons at least, starting from to-morrow, Good Friday. Good-night!"

GOOD FRIDAY[74]

Before breakfast next day Jack received this missive from Peter:

Do you think that because Jesus spoke of the rebuilding of the Temple in three days, He was therefore certain of His own Resurrection and of His own power to conquer Death?

Do you think that there could ever have been Victory over Death if from the very first there had been no possibility of Defeat?

Or do you imagine that Jesus was blindly optimistic in order to comfort His friends?

Or do you believe that His confidence in the ultimate issue actually did create the only possibility of Victory?

Do you see that Jesus on the verge of Defeat, by expressing His disbelief in Defeat, when as yet He could not be certain of the power of that disbelief, created the Truth that fought for Him and brought Him alive out of the Kingdom of Death?

HISTORY OF THE THREE DAYS: first day, Death of the Body; second day, Death of the Spirit; third day, Resurrection of the Spiritual Body.

FIRST DAY. DEATH OF THE BODY.

The soldiers did not break Jesus' legs because he was dead (John xix. 33). The spirit had left his body.

(1) *Jesus died; and in dying perfected the Fall of Man.* His death was the perfect negation of the first Adam. It meant that Jesus had severed man's connection with the old Eden for ever. There could now be only one way back to God for the fallen race, forward into the New Eden which had been

[74] This may be studied *after* the three following chapters. So with *Saturday* and *Easter Sunday*.

the original purpose of God's Great Adventure. Jesus' bodily death was the death of highest honour and bravery that the world has witnessed, for He consciously chose the path the most dangerous and difficult so that men might be saved in the proper direction, no matter how much suffering it meant.

(2) *Jesus died; and in dying showed to men what real Death is.* There are three kinds of Death: (*a*) *Life-seeking Death.* The spirit leaves one body with the purpose of finding another. The will to live is supreme even after the mortal decay of one 'vessel.' A new body is prepared somewhere to supply the demand. Hence passion or physical love. Such a spirit, however, not realising that full life can only be gained through Victory over Death, only receives fragmentary *lives* instead. (*b*) *Death-seeking Death.* The Spirit leaves the body with the purpose of finding out what Death means, what there is in Death to conquer. But this sort of will, though stronger than the will to live, is not strong enough to overcome the power of Death. Such a spirit loses itself in the outer darkness where all purpose fades. Many spirits lost themselves in this way before Jesus died; many are still losing themselves in this way. (*c*) *Death-conquering Death.* The spirit leaves the body with the definite purpose of returning to it again having conquered mortality. This sort of will is bound to overcome for it has sufficient creative confidence to carry the spirit through. Not only did Jesus' spirit do this, but it was powerful enough to reclaim spirits who were lost in Hell. Because this real Death has been died completely day by day in the life of Jesus and symbolised perfectly in His final Death in the Tomb, the way to the New Eden on Earth by dying daily to the old body has been made definite.

(3) *Jesus died; and in dying made the first step on the road to the New Eden definite—bodily or physical Death.* The more one thinks the more one will feel certain that the Death of Jesus was the central Death of the universe, or that it is rather the symbol of the real Death of *Christ* which did not take place only once two thousand years ago, but is taking place always. Without this symbol men's eyes would have remained closed to the meaning that Death ought to have, not the final separa-

tion of a life-seeking spirit from a body, but the temporary separation of a Death-conquering spirit. It is the symbol of the real Death, not although, but *because* Jesus' spirit was separated from His body for three days only. And these three days is not a symbol of time but a symbol of three distinct stages in that Death of Christ which has as its purpose Victory over Death. The first stage, bodily death, is dying to the old body that the old body may become the new.

CHAPTER IV

THE DIVING PLATFORM

"OLD BILL's some baby on the mandoline, isn't he?"

Basil Atherton sat swinging his legs on the rail of the new balcony at No. 1 House. The cynical smile which quivered incessantly about the corners of his mouth denoted one who, even in captivity, could detect the comedy of life. He was a thinker, and the unthinking efforts on the part of the captives in the garden below to amuse themselves amused no one so intensely as him.

"This reminds me, Peter," he went on, "of some snug little corner of a boulevard café. Bill's the band; you can hear the rattle of tea-cups and the murmur of conversation in the mess behind; and look at all these promenaders—that young gentleman with his new parasol getting a light from the other with that appalling apology for a straw hat—just like Paris."

"Of course," began Peter—but—"

"Yes, I know," said Atherton, "but what are they after all? Dolls, my dear sir, most of them."

"Only a few of them, thank God!" objected Peter. "Have a cheroot, Basil?"

"Thank you." Atherton slipped into a deck chair and tilted his cap forwards to protect his eyes from the

sun. "Do you think we'll be able to discuss philosophy with this racket going on?"

"What racket?" asked Peter.

"Bill."

Peter laughed. "It doesn't bother me a bit; so long as the dogs don't join in the chorus. That Melody, you know. She's an awful bitch."

"Is Jack coming?"

"I don't know," Peter answered; "but I rather think he's tired of philosophy."

"Grimshaw told me you were discussing religion with him; but from what he says, I gather you and Jack did most of the talking. I hope you gave it him. A man so grimly sure about things ought to be taken in hand. Do you think he really imagines that Christianity can be taken seriously now-a-days?"

"There are more than Grimshaw, Basil, who really imagine it."

"Isn't it pitiful?" He blew a great cloud of blue smoke into the sunshine.

"Don't you think it serves a purpose?" asked Peter.

"Oh, undoubtedly. Religion regenerates people who have fallen so low that they can do nothing to help themselves. Religion is the philosophy of the multitude. But it is passing away."

"What is taking its place?"

"Common-sense."

"Do you think that's why the women of Paris flock to Bergson's lectures?"

Atherton evaded. "Of course you can never tell what dolls will do next. You're a Bergsonian, are you?"

"In a way. Have you read anything of his?"

"I've struggled through *Creative Evolution.* I

would say what William James said of another, 'as for Hegel, I cannot understand him.'"

"My dear Basil, Bergson's a master. He's putting philosophy on its right legs. His main teaching is that philosophy ought to be a definite science, its students filling out each other's work just like the students of physical science, with a distinctive subject matter and a distinctive method."

"Which?"

"Life the subject matter as opposed to Matter dealt with by Science; intuition the method as opposed to intelligence used by science."

"You mean that he is giving to metaphysics as opposed to physics its separate area of activity, and maintains that nothing save metaphysics can deal with that area; physics cannot explain life."

"Exactly; you see—hallo! here's Jack."

"Do you mind if I come and listen to you two talking?" demanded Jack. "I like listening to people cagging for cagging's sake. I'll promise not to butt in."

"Why shouldn't you butt in?" drawled Atherton. "You can't stay and enjoy the fun unless you take part yourself." He turned to Peter. "There's really nothing like a flippant intellectual contest, is there? Why shouldn't it be a three-cornered one?"

Peter looked at Jack inquiringly. "You'll join in all right, Jack, won't you?" he said. "Bring another chair out if you can find one."

"It would be rather appropriate," continued Atherton, when Jack had settled down, "since we are enduring captivity, to discuss Bergson's theory of duration. No doubt you'll be able to teach me all about it."

"I want to leave Bergson out of it, and all other philosophers as well," Peter declared. "Jack and I have been trying to find a meaning for Life. Cleeve and his science started us off, and then we went to Grimshaw, but neither in Cleeve's theory of nature nor in Grimshaw's theory of man did we find complete satisfaction. Personally I was led to inquire next into the meaning of Truth, and so I came to the philosopher."

Atherton smiled his cynical smile. "You couldn't have done better," said he, "but I fail to understand why you want to leave the other philosophers out."

"Damn the other philosophers!" said Peter—"except perhaps Descartes: on the verge of a purely philosophical inquiry one must wash one's mind clear of every preconceived notion. We must believe that all our study of the philosophers will help us in a subconscious way; but don't let us mention them lest we build up our theories on their premises." [75]

"Start anywhere you like, Peter; I'll follow you. But I can't promise to keep certain philosophers out of my mind, because my thought has been practically determined by their views."

"Which philosophers?"

"Mainly Hume, John Stuart Mill, Schopenhauer, Spencer and Bertrand Russell."

"These philosophers won't trouble you much, Basil."

"You'll do the same, Jack, I suppose," asked Atherton.

"I don't understand how it's done," said Jack, "unless it's an intellectual trick, and that I don't feel capable of performing."

[75] A Supplementary Note comparing our attitude with traditional philosophy will be found at the end of the work.

"It's quite easy, really," replied Atherton, "so long as you are not too serious about it."

"That's what I don't like about it," returned Jack. "It seems to me that Truth is the one thing one ought to be serious about."

"You must try to understand, Jack," said Peter, "that every philosopher has a dual personality. While one person eats and drinks and gossips like the rest of humanity, the other takes speculative flights into the world of reality which lies behind eating and drinking and gossiping. The flights are very short ones, and at first they attain very little; but by degrees, when one becomes accustomed to the habit, the intellect can travel over much ground in the fraction of a second."

"And of course," put in Atherton, "when you take these flights you separate yourself for the time from all the vanities of existence. That is why they are so refreshing."

"That separation," said Jack, "seems to me quite artificial and unreal. It is a negation of one's personality. It's a surrendering to death."

"It is in a way," agreed Peter; "that's perhaps why it is so dangerous as well as so difficult. I don't agree with Basil that it is easy, except for those who are accustomed to it; but I believe that the greater number of men you get to do it the easier it will be for all men to become philosophers. Yet in the initial stages of its history, Basil, it is decidedly painful to those who practise it, and cannot be considered exactly in the light of a joke."

Atherton flicked the ash off his cigar. "Though it is slightly painful," said he, "it really affords intense pleasure in the end; and I think that most philosophers

would agree with Aristotle that speculation is the highest pleasure."

"But Aristotle's judgment is a retrospective one," said Peter. "An electric shock, though painful at the time, is exhilarating when one looks back on it: one almost longs for the next twitch of pain."

"Yes, I understand that," Jack admitted, "but you are arguing, Peter, that all men should become philosophers. Now, why? If all men were philosophers the world would be completely upset."

"Whether philosophy is going to upset the world or set it up, I don't know; but I know this, that philosophy is coming. Long ago men used to treat philosophers as gods, now-a-days they are treated as bores. What does that prove but that men are now philosophical enough to criticise and disagree with them, or else to ignore them completely in favour of their own particular points of view?"

"Yes," said Atherton, "and look at the way some of the modern writers, like Wells, are crying out for less classical learning and more and more metaphysics. It says much for humanity, because to acquire an appetite for metaphysics one must cultivate a delicate palate."

"If this were true," Jack answered, "it would seem to be a safe thing to acquire an appetite for philosophy: one doesn't want to be left behind in evolution."

"Mark you, it's a *creative* evolution," Peter reminded him; "and the aspirations of men are a tremendous factor in it. To refuse to take your part in this newest enterprise, the philosophic, is to refuse to become a Man in the profoundest sense of the word at this particular moment of the world's history."

CHAPTER V

THE THREE DIVERS

JACK lay back in his chair and shut his eyes. Atherton watched the smoke of his cigar as it curled upwards and drummed nervously with his fingers in a vain effort to keep time with the mandoline. Peter's gaze rested on a low ridge of hills far away on the plain.

"When I try to think like this," Jack said at last, "I am left with nothing. Then when I open my eyes the world seems to be only a confused assemblage of outlines which have no meaning—like a map without intelligible names, a skeleton or framework with no body. Things hang together indeed, but why they should in that particular way is a mystery. You, for instance—there's no you, there's only a bundle of clothes with a thing called a face, a pipe stuck in the middle of it, and with two things called wrists about half-way down: nothing more."

Peter took one of his hands out of his trousers pocket to conceal a yawn.

"Now there's a change," cried Jack. "The bundle's altering in an inexplicable manner. How the devil does a bundle of outlines and surfaces suddenly, without any reason, assume another shape just as fantastic as the first? Perhaps it depends on me and my thoughts. But if

that's right I should be able to control the bundle. But I can't. I command it to assume one shape, and it becomes another altogether different. You see how hopelessly muddled I am? What is the good of thinking?"

"Cheer up, Jack," remarked Atherton. "You're only passing through a stage which all philosophers must experience. Many of them write voluminous tomes about nothing else."

"But," objected Jack, "let me stop thinking in this artificial way, and life will at once become self-explanatory and sensible."

"If you don't go on," replied Atherton, "you will never see the shallowness of ordinary ideas and conventions, and until you do this you can't expect us to pay much attention to your opinions. We might as well have Bill up here. Now, what happens next, when you find that the bundles of outlines, as you call them, are outside your control?"

Jack considered. "Since so much of the map is changing without any apparent reference to my desires, I come to see that all the map, except those bits of it which I can lift up and change by myself, are, so to speak, outside me and do not belong to me in any way. I thought at first the map belonged to me, but it seems rather as if I belonged to it. The bundles of things often affect me personally when they alter from one shape to another; not only do they affect my body but also my desires. Then I begin to wonder what it's all about and whether there is someone else who is invisible but who controls all the movements of the ever-shifting frameworks, my own desires among them—ghastly attempts at willing! But then I am not altogether like a bundle of clothes or a stone or even a tree; these

ghastly attempts sometimes succeed. The sun beats down on my head and stuns me; but I say 'I will *not* be stunned,' and I go and make myself a hat. The rain beats down on me as if it meant to drown me; but I say 'I will *not* be drowned,' and I go and build myself a house."

"So you have free-will, have you?" said Atherton.

"I can't make up my mind. One minute I think I have, the next it seems to me that I haven't. Even when I think that I am doing what I want and am not being driven by any other will, it is quite possible that I am being deceived by some capricious fiend."

"But you must think it out, Jack."

"In the last analysis, Basil, I cannot be held responsible for anything I do, for either everything that happens is a direct result of what's gone before or else everything works by chance."

'You're coming along," said Atherton encouragingly.

"I'm just thinking of going back, as a matter of fact. All I've found is that in order to discover whether this universe is enchained by cause and effect or completely ungoverned by anything at all, one must resort to the scientific method of analysis which Peter and I long ago found to explain only the surface of things. That's the miserable conclusion to the business."

"Jack," said Peter, "you are like a man who has attempted to dive but has never got his head under water and flounders about on the surface. You've been thinking all right, but only with your brain. If you'd gone on you'd have found that the next step was to think without your brain. Of course no one save those who have philosophic minds can do this; therefore, except by those, this idea can't be understood."

"It sounds pretty good nonsense, Peter."

"You're right: it is non sense, though you have to start from the sense of science to get there. But the trouble is that most people are so absorbed with the sense of science that their minds are tied down by their brains. Now this attitude is only the first stage in philosophy—the Analytical Philosophy of a Darwin. Don't you agree with me, Basil?"

"I do, but don't give Jack the idea that he's a scientist. I consider that he has been doing more than a scientist. A scientist is rarely called upon to give the psychology of his own mental processes. He supplies the method of dealing with experience without realising that it is experience. But Jack has tried to show the way in which all such experience springs up in the mind. Jack has not taken the external world for granted, and therefore his thought has not been scientific but philosophic. Now the next step, Jack, will be to examine the nature of that experience in order to see whether there is anything solid about it."

"*I* give it up," said Jack sulkily.

"You argued, Jack, that because many happenings seemed to be outside your control the world is largely external to you. Let us start there. You went on to show that because you were part of the world and not the world a part of you, you couldn't really have any control over any of it. Now that argument did not allow for the possibility of your being at one and the same time an organism which is part of the world and a mind which is part of the control. That is to say, when you found that a large part of matter was external to your own personal control you rushed to the unwarranted conclusion that your will was itself a part of the

organism. But is it? Is it fair to say that because certain things are outside your mind they are therefore outside Mind in general of which your mind is a part?"

"But is there any proof that there is such a general Mind?" asked Jack.

"No, there isn't, as a matter of fact. I'm coming to that. But you mustn't argue as if you knew positively that there is no general Mind. Now, at the outset, Jack, you denied everything but 'a confused assemblage of outlines'; would it not have been wiser to deny every experience except that of which you could be absolutely certain?"

"You mean?"

"I mean the fact of one's own existence. That is where Descartes began; that is where every philosopher must begin. What more can you have than this experience, except merely that it is always an experience of yourself as perceiving, and as making judgments on these perceptions? There is really no proof that anything can exist independently of your perception of it, not even another mind. Reality to you consists of nothing but your individual perceptions; and the only possible glimpses of order in an otherwise chaotic universe are those afforded by the habits you have of associating various perceptions, and thereby constructing for yourself rules that seem to save you from unnecessary pain."

"So you are as sceptical as Hume," put in Peter, "about ever getting any knowledge other than that of your own perceptions?"

"Much more so, I'm afraid," said Atherton. "You see, one is left eventually with only one reality, the reality of one's desire to make the most of one's per-

ceptions. I am sceptical about this desire itself. I agree with Schopenhauer that, looked at philosophically, all existence is essentially evil. When you examine what the desire is, you find that it is something which produces a tyranny of insatiable craving. Life lusts for satisfaction, but is never filled; lusts for a happiness which living can never yield. Desire argues an emptiness; but the more life the more desire, therefore the more life the more pain. Let us hand in our checks and seek the perfect peace of nothingness; let us cultivate a lust for utter extinction. That is where true philosophy leads us."

"I thought it would," interrupted Jack.

"Jack, I'm only carrying out my ideas to their logical conclusion; and if you had dared to go on reasoning you would have come to the same. The truth is that we know nothing because we can prove nothing; and all that I feel to be real, that is myself, seems to be on the whole a mistake: the universe, which is nothing to me but the perceptions of my mind, is a mistake also."

"If you believe this," said Jack, "why don't you commit suicide?"

"Simply because, not knowing anything, I cannot be sure that my theory with regard to the universe is a true one. There is always the possibility that I am wrong."

"I fail to see, Basil, what satisfaction you can get out of philosophy in that case."

"I get none out of a purely speculative philosophy; for the kernel of all such philosophy is scepticism. But I find in life that it is more convenient not to be sceptical than it is to be sceptical, and therefore even as a philosopher I treat certain things as if they were true, without question."

"I thought," Jack replied, "that philosophers had no right to take anything for granted; and besides, you are coming back to the position I was in when you told me to go on!"

"I am coming back to it," said Atherton, "because I have found an adequate reason for doing so. I have a right to take things for granted so long as I remember that my acceptance of them has nothing to do with Absolute Truth. Scientists, it appears, must take things for granted, believing that they are bound up with truth. They and their analysis are both very useful; so far they make for happiness; but they are not to be relied upon for any other reason, for although the knowledge gained by science is as absolute a knowledge as any, scientists will never succeed in proving that it is the most profound knowledge."

"So you accept the facts of science simply because you think it is more convenient in life to accept them than to believe in nothing?"

"Precisely. It is even possible that scientists in their study of what they call evolution may eventually discover some truth which is self-evident. Reality may after all be Persistence of Force, and perhaps we may only hope to get at truth through a patient scientific history of 'events.' The intellect is our only available means of getting into touch with objective existence; therefore let us use our intellect where it is making most progress."

"Now, that is the point I cannot see," said Peter; "it is colouring, I think, the whole of your thought. You agreed with Schopenhauer that Will is the great reality. But if it is so, then it is surely evident that what it desires is truer than what intellect, a lesser

reality, imagines that it ought to desire. If intellect has been produced by life, surely wherever intellect tries to strike at life there exists a proof that there is something wrong not with life but with intellect."

"But I do not admit," replied Atherton, "that intellect was produced by life; it seems to me more probable that life was produced by Intellect and according to intellectual laws. That is—I do not *know* of course; but if you ask me to think of it—I could not imagine any Life or Mind existing where two and two did not make four; but I can easily imagine a universe devoid both of Life and Mind where that relation still held good, potentially capable of being perceived by Mind."

"Well, do you know, Basil," replied Peter, after a pause, "I consider your attempt to educate Jack in philosophy a serious fiasco. To my mind you have only reached the second stage, the stage of Doubt, where you have lost yourself. You are like a man who has dived and never come up to the surface again. You know how to think with your mind, it is true, but your thought is not related in any way to life; and when you return to life you cease to be a philosopher, you cease to think with your mind; you think with your brain, as Jack did, with the difference that, unlike Jack, who thought he had found Truth in scientific analysis, you think you will find it in a scientific history of evolution."

"I never said for certain. But where do you think you'll find it? You seem very certain about it."

"I don't expect to find it; I expect to make it. Basil, do you know what you've done?"

"What?"

"You've left out all the big philosophers."

CHAPTER VI

THE LAST DIVER

ATHERTON's cynical smile seemed for an instant to fill the landscape. "What annoys me is that I've forgotten my pipe."

"Oh, never mind that: have another cheroot, Basil. I'm glad you smoke. No man can be a philosopher who doesn't. I've hopes that Jack will blossom into one, now that Lent is over."

Peter refilled his pipe slowly. "I think," he declared, "that in philosophy the more you deny the clearer becomes your vision of what really exists. I think a point can be reached in denial, too, which is absolute, that is to say, a point where the power is given to you of reconstructing perfect truth for yourself. Neither Jack nor you, Basil, have quite got through to that point. Jack denied everything save himself and 'a confused assemblage of outlines.' That eventually left him with an object external to himself to be scrutinised for possible traces of order. He therefore concluded that for him in that stage scientific analysis was the only road to Truth. You, Basil, on the other hand, denied everything save yourself as a bundle of perceptions; and that conclusion led you nowhere at all. For a moment you were lost, denying all Truth. Then you suddenly

jumped out of your husk of scepticism and announced that Truth to you was some sort of relation between a knowing intelligence, which is yourself, and an object known, which is the universe. You apparently did this, not because you felt confident that such a relation would finally establish the most profound Truth, but simply because you considered that intelligence is making more progress in this direction than in any other. This trust in intelligence ultimately brought you to declare that you not only agreed with Jack that scientific analysis is a real means of obtaining Truth, but also that Truth is to be gained by an historical account of cause and effect. Thus, by denying more than Jack, you have added to the meaning of Truth."

"I thought you said," interrupted Atherton, "that when I broke through scepticism and gave you Spencer and Russell instead of Hume and Schopenhauer, I ceased to be a philosopher. How then can you maintain that the second stage of philosophical denial, Sceptical Philosophy, adds more to the meaning of Truth than the first stage?"

"I meant you to see that, although Truth comes through philosophical negation, Truth is not for that reason a philosophical affair. You were separated from Life in a deeper sense than Jack was; therefore when you returned to Life Truth had for you a wider application."

"But when I went back I stopped thinking with my mind and thought with my brain, as Jack had done?"

"Yes, but better, Basil. I consider you cerebrally less imperfect than he, because you know what it means to think non-cerebrally. There is nothing distinctive about cerebral thinking, for it is common to all of us;

and the truths reached by it are the truths inherent in Matter, which is the form into which cerebral thinking throws Spirit. On the other hand, pure psychic thinking, of the kind that brought you to scepticism, is more distinctive; but it is common to all philosophic minds; and the truths reached by it are the truths inherent in Mind, which is the form into which psychic thinking throws Spirit."

"But then," said Atherton, "if psychic thinking is only a road to a more perfect cerebral thinking, you are showing that Truth is in the long run a material thing."

"Yes, that is my argument. But that conviction, instead of taking away from the value of Truth, is, from my point of view, the road to a perfect realisation of the astounding reality of Matter. Now let me go back to the beginning and see if I can dive to the absolute point."

"When I dived, Peter," remarked Atherton, "you were kind enough to say that I very nearly lost myself. I should think, then, that the chances are that if you attempt to dive deeper you will lose yourself for ever."

"There are two things, Basil, that give me confidence. First, by your diving deeper than Jack you got more Truth than he did: I don't see why I shouldn't get to absolute Truth by diving to an absolute depth. Secondly, I have a curious faith that when I have reached that absolute depth the creative will-power with which I start out will overcome the temptation that must exist there to abandon all attempts to rise triumphant; that is, I have an idea that that point is the point from which all Truth springs, simply because it is the point where all Truth is in danger of being lost. If there was no

possibility of Truth being lost there would be no possibility of Creative Truth at all."

"It is this conception of Creative Truth that I cannot for the life of me grasp," said Atherton.

"When I dive," Peter proceeded, "I find that I plunge to such a depth that the point to which Descartes dived appears to me shallow in comparison. At my depth I am not left with any definition of the pronoun 'I' whatever; in fact, this 'I' itself seems very nearly exterminated. Like Descartes, I try to force even this 'I' out of existence and find that I cannot, but for a totally different reason—not because 'I think,' but because 'I make thought'; not *Cogito, ergo sum*, but *Fiam, ergo fio* ('Let me become, therefore I become'). At this point, if I expect to find Truth, I am lost, for it is the point where all Truth for me dies in order to be conceived anew. Unless I *make* it, there is no Truth either for me or for the universe about me. Mystics have tried to express this experience and they have failed; it is inexpressible. In the very act of putting it into words so that you may hear I slay the meaning of it for ever. The words I use are the products of past thinking, of past creative thought; but at this point I am speaking of all the past loses itself. There only remains to me a curious 'somewhat' which has to do with what is to come, is the germ, indeed, from which all the future must rise. I cannot agree with those mystics who say that it is the point where my own individuality or consciousness is lost in the consciousness of the All; it is rather the point of Absolute Individuality. In such a state, my thinking, if it can be called thinking, is neither 'cerebral' nor 'psychic,' it is what Bergson might call 'intuitive.' It is thinking in a perfectly indi-

vidualised way, common to no other way of thinking. Truths reached by it are absolute, because they do not throw Spirit into any form at all, but actually create Spirit."

"Some dive!" ejaculated Atherton, "But, Peter, how, if this state of philosophy separates you so entirely from everything but yourself, can you ever hope to appeal to other minds like ours? Your purely philosophical separation from them does not deny their existence."

"I cannot hope to appeal to you," said Peter, "if you have not had in your own individual way a like experience, and even then I see eye to eye with Leibnitz that every real individual soul or monad can never communicate with others."

"The universe to you, then," said Dick, " is nothing but an assemblage of individuals? There are as many universes as there are souls, and there are as many Truths?"

"You are forgetting," returned Peter, "where I believe Truth really to exist. Perfectly individualised souls, that is, perfect philosophers, are only the points where Truth is conceived. Without philosophers Truth would not exist. But that doesn't mean that pure philosophy *is* Truth; it means that without pure philosophy, that is, without some of us becoming pure 'pronouns,' there would never be the birth of Truth in pure Movement or History. Hence, in the first place, there would be no pure 'verbs.' Now, without these there would be no expression of Movement, no pure Science, no pure Matter. Hence, in the second place, there would be no pure 'nouns.' And it is when the universe becomes one pure Noun that the barriers between individuals will be broken down. We are not, as the

mystics say, made one in Spirit, we are made one in expression of Spirit or in Pure Matter." [76]

Atherton heaved a sigh. "I have often dived," said he, "but I haven't ever got such a rick in the back as you are giving me, Peter."

Peter didn't seem to hear him. "To a spirit who has passed through the third stage of philosophy, the Personal, as I would call it, the universe has an inside and an outside. The inside is composed of his individual spirit, and contains everything which may become Truth by being expressed, but contains them secretly, all unknown as yet, unknowable even. The outside is composed of everything which has been expressed either by his own or other spirits, and is common property to all spirits. But it is common property only in so far as it is recognised as such, that is, in so far as the expression of all spirits coincide in a self-conscious knowledge that the truths expressed are the best truths. This perfect union of spirits, this perfect Truth, may take a long time to be evolved; and, moreover, there may be two or three different ways of the universe becoming self-conscious, there may be two or three kinds of Truth which are equally adequate to unite individuals. The destiny of the universe, therefore, if it is considered a creative universe, as it must be, depends upon what sort of philosophic tendency eventually wins. Each great philosopher bestows upon the universe his own special type of self-consciousness. Eventually all these types may combine to form one, or one of them may be sufficiently adequate to prevail over them all."

[76] Individuals being one in Spirit from the outset, though separated by Space and Time. The conception of 'Pure Matter' is made clearer in Book VI.

SATURDAY

Before breakfast next day Jack received a second missive from Peter:

SECOND DAY. DEATH OF THE SPIRIT.

We are not told what happened to the Spirit of Jesus when His body was in the tomb. But I believe that the history of this day is suggested by St. Luke's account of the temptations in the wilderness. Jesus' Spirit there met the Devil and was tempted.

(1) *Jesus was tempted, and by being tempted perfected the Death of Man.* Though the first step on the road to the New Eden had been made definite through the death of the body, there yet remained the necessity of severing man's connection with the spirit which had arisen in him in consequence of his fall. The kind of spirit determines the kind of body, therefore, unless the spirit too was changed, it could but return to the old body, or rather, to the body of the fallen Adam. That would mean that the first Death had been died in vain. Hence a second Death, or a Death to the spirit, was needed as well.

(2) *Jesus was tempted, and by being tempted showed to man what real temptation is.* There are three kinds of Temptation. (*a*) *Matter-conquering Temptation.* When the spirit leaves the body in the right way it finds that it is powerful, for it is not tied by the necessity of the body and of material things. This new freedom is intoxicating, and there at once arises the desire to employ it in mastering the material powers on which the body is dependent. "Turn these stones into bread," cries the Devil; "you have the power." Those whom the Devil tempts in this way and who fall become magicians and miracle workers, among whom are none more powerful than the scientific magicians of the present century. (*b*) *Life-conquering Temp-*

tation. But to stronger spirits the first offer of the Devil is insufficient. Their newly awakened freedom cries aloud for a completer mastery, a mastery not only over Matter but over all Life, Matter included. "If you but worship the Spirit that denies the power of Life and Matter," whispers the Devil, "all the world will be yours." To those who listen to this voice everything in Heaven and Earth seems to become dependent on their will. They set themselves up on thrones built by their own personal passions. Among such were the German Emperor, Napoleon and the Popes of the middle centuries. (*c*) *Spirit-conquering Temptation.* But to the strongest will of all both offers of the Devil are insufficient. The Devil is now non-plussed, for he has nothing more to offer. One temptation, however, that he can still hold out is the temptation to self-destruction, the ultimate and self-contradictory conception of the power of freedom. Being self-contradictory, the voice of the Devil becomes the voice of God, and in a perfect presentation of the depths of Wrong announces the absolute deliverance from all Wrong for ever. Scarcely have the words been uttered "Cast thyself down into Night and Nothingness," than the Spirit awakes with a great cry: "Now, O God, I know that I am free indeed and have power of the right sort over all things in Life and Matter."

(3) *Jesus was tempted, and in being tempted made the second step on the road to the New Eden definite—Spiritual Death.* The more one thinks the more one will feel certain that the final temptation of Jesus was the realisation for the first time in man's history of the shallowness of Hell, and that the Spirit of Denial when pushed to its utmost limits becomes self-contradictory; that when one denies all that there is in Wrong to deny one perceives all Truth or Right perfectly, and that the Devil himself is an emissary of God. Not only did Jesus vanquish the Spirit of Darkness by the mere fact of His presence in Hell, not only did He spread His sweet influence abroad to help those of us who follow to vanquish Wrong in our turn, but He preached to the spirits of those who had attempted the journey before Him, but who had failed and were lost (1 Pet. iv. 6). Probably many of such, if not all, accompanied Him

back into the New Eden. Were not the graves opened and many of the saints that had died seen walking in the streets of Jerusalem (Matt. xxvii. 52, 53)? But how few guess that to these spirits the city was the city of the New Jerusalem "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband" (Rev. xxi. 2)!

CHAPTER VII

PEARL-FISHING

THE next day being cloudy, the three philosophers retired to the old owl-room to continue the discussion of the previous day.

"I have been thinking over your neo-Descartes attitude," said Atherton, "and it seems to me full of possibilities; but it boils down to the old tenet that the will to live is the supreme reality. Now, this will to you is creative. But why? Because it is absolutely free, you think. Yet you know as well as I do that no matter what I will to do, that desire has been fostered by past desire, and must be dependent in some way on the manner in which Creation came into being at the first. We are not free at all, though it may be convenient for us outside philosophy to suppose that we are."

"Exactly," agreed Jack. "I can't help feeling that I'm free, but at the same time I can't help knowing that it is useless to ask philosophy to corroborate the feeling. The deeper you go in philosophy the further away you get from what you know in life to be the fact, namely, that you are free. If you could show me, however, that your philosophical attitude, by being deeper than Basil's, leads one back to the fact of Freedom *and explains it*,

you'd almost persuade me to become a philosopher myself."

"Both of you," returned Peter, "appear to me to be fishing for deep-sea treasures of which you don't know the appearance: how, then, will you ever be able to find them?"

"But do *you* know the appearance of Truth, Peter?"

"That is the point. I don't. That is why I know I will never *find* it. The fishing that I am engaged in is creative fishing. Until you see that there is nothing contradictory in that phrase you will never get much beauty out of philosophy. A philosopher is not like a scientist who procures facts by learning what to expect in the way of facts; he is more like a poet who creates new self-made treasures in every sentence he utters. In your search for Truth neither of you are purely scientific nor purely philosophic. What I would like you to see is that creation of Truth is greater than discovery of facts, and that I long for you to accompany me in the former."

"But, Peter, you're going round in a circle. You are trying to make us swallow Creative Truth without proving it," said Atherton.

"Don't you see that my theory refuses to admit that philosophy is logic. Logic is philosophy used scientifically. To logic Life is spatialised, marked off in dates and places. But Life has neither place nor date. It is now and here, always. Logic is retrospective; it attempts to show what this Now and Here looked like before beginning anew at this instant, at the instant before, at the instant before that, and so on indefinitely, so far as our retrospection can take us. But these 'instants' are not in time; they *are* Time. Time swells

continuously, but it never becomes the future, it merely becomes a more emphatic Now. It is only our logical expectancy which maps out the next instants along a spatialised line similar to that of the past."

"Yet without logic, Peter, we could never have order in the universe."

"On the contrary, the less logical our minds become the more real will the order of the world appear to us, because the fewer words will be required to express the Absolute Truth of what exists. Life become perfectly self-conscious will be explained completely in one Noun. I think likely that the word will be FREE-EXPRESSION."

"You cannot prove a thing in a word," objected Atherton.

"It is not proof we require, it is Knowledge. Proof is scientific; its duty is to show not what Life is, but what Life is not. Philosophy should be beyond proof; it should state, not argue. As Carlyle might have said, argument is of Time, statement is of Eternity. You are like bad fishers. When you fish you fish for everything; when I do so, I want one thing, and one thing only. Argument gives you a multitude of words without Life; what I would like to do is to give you Life without words. I maintain that the Will-to-live is the centre of the universe and that the centre of the universe is the beginning of the universe—always. To say that my will is determined, therefore, is to say that the beginning is determined, which is ridiculous, for what can it be determined by? My will is not determined; therefore my will is creative, or it is no will at all. There is one necessity, however, in every *new* beginning made at each point of Absolute Individuality: each *fiam ergo fio* is coloured, as it were, by the creative tendency

of every other. Although philosophy is the creative centre of new Truth, it is as well the intuitive perception of the sum-total of Truth already prevailing, and must be consistent with that."

"But that consistency," said Atherton; "what is it but a subtle form of determination?"

"If you like," replied Peter; "but real life-determinism as opposed to the false scientific sort, a determinism, indeed, which lies at the root of all Freedom. Freedom cannot mean inconsistency. If you are free to create inconsistently, you are not free at all, for you belong to a piecemeal, spasmodic, unevolving universe."

"You are now putting more meaning into *fiam ergo fio*," said Atherton, "than is implied by the idea of the Will-to-live."

"Of course I am: it is the Will-to-be-born. I thought I had made that clear. *Fiam ergo fio* is a rebirth of the individual, a starting again, unhampered by the old claims of the cerebral logic, to rebuild a new individual, a new centre of pure creative energy. The more completely the old ideas and philosophical prejudices have been destroyed, the purer will that creative energy be, the more perfect and all-comprehensive the Truth that springs from it. Pure individuality is complete certainty of the power of creating Truth, and this certainty can only be won by the man who endeavours to reach the centre of all Creation, pure Will. Till this point has actually been reached, freedom is never perfect."

"Yet it seems to me," Atherton observed, "that the more one renounces the old truths to start over again to create new ones, the more impossible it must be to be able to grasp 'intuitively' truths that are prevailing—

you renounce *everything* except the desire to be born again, to get straight to the centre of the universe and reshape it from there. How you start again is a mystery to me ; and why, when you do start out with nothing to go upon, you don't get born anyhow, God only knows."

"I think Basil's right," said Jack. "It seems to me quite impossible entirely to divest oneself of the appliances for fishing which the past has given us. If one was to do so one would be lost indeed."

"In any case," said Peter, "let us discard as much of the tackle of the ancient fishermen as possible, let us attempt to make as absolute an escape as possible, that is to say, from the thraldom of every other type of thinking, only bringing in other philosophers when their views seem to throw light on ours. I think we shall find two things. First, that an attempt to think clearly for ourselves will constitute a new birth for each of us, and that this new birth will be more and more productive of Truth in proportion to the extent to which we employ the power of freedom which will ensue. Second, that *fiam ergo fio* is not quite the absolute depth until the 'I' who says 'fiam,' but who has been lost for a long while in old creative activity, realises completely the way to a new beginning. And this new beginning, Basil, I think must be as definite and precise as the 'I' who conceives it is one and separate."

CHAPTER VIII

THE THREE PEARL-FISHERS

"PETER," said Jack, "I don't for the life of me understand this idea of Creative Truth, but if you like, I'll pretend that I do. It rather appeals to me, because I see that if it were true it would give men tremendous power. Not only so, but if it is true, possibly the mere fact of my pretending to believe it will *ipso-facto* create a real belief in it."

"I shouldn't be surprised," replied Peter; "but it will require a good deal of imagination. You will need to put both Analytical and Sceptical Philosophy out of your mind, and try to determine what Pearl of Truth remains for you when you dive into the Ocean of Denial with only what I call Personal Philosophy as your lamp and guide. What, for instance, is the first thing you notice about such a state of mind?"

"As I said," Peter, "it gives me a feeling of extraordinary freedom and power. I feel that whatever I think now is right, or, if it isn't, I can quite easily make it appear so by wrapping it up in logical argument and by making it absolutely consistent with itself. Then when other opinions are bruited, I can, by cunning reasoning, undermine their validity."

"You mean," said Peter, "that you can set up a

validity of your own which can afford to dispense with like creative attempts at such by other philosophers?"

"Yes; that's the beauty of it. Being a purely personal philosophy, there is no criterion of the truth of any idea save that of my own desire. Before I can be persuaded to consider the views of anyone else, these views must tally with mine."

"But then," objected Atherton, "every other personal philosopher would be in a similar condition. You would never be able to approach one another at all."

"Unless," Jack responded, "I go to war with them and eradicate their conceptions of the universe and even, if necessary, their desire, so that *my* conception and *my* desire may prevail."

Peter puffed at his pipe. "The pearl you have found, Jack," said he, "is the Pearl of Sophistry, and I am afraid a great many philosophers never find a purer jewel. In the heyday of their youth they create a 'system' and spend the rest of their days refuting the 'systems' of others. If this is where Personal Philosophy leads us, let us give it up for ever. What is the good of imitation pearls?"

"Well," observed Atherton, "if I were to take up this attitude I should be convinced that Jack had not gone nearly far enough. He has used the philosophical power that it gave him in a limited way. It comes back to what you said, Peter, about logic. I see that in the personal stage of philosophy one must dispense with logic except as a means to expression in words. The power that comes to you is not merely argumentative power but a high type of conceptual power. One sees perfectly that *magna est veritas et prae valebit.* The Truth created is absolute, and *all* philosophers contribute

to it. Each creates a system, indeed, but each spends his time afterwards in eradicating mistakes and amplifying conclusions. Hence we see that philosophy is not only self-made and self-sustaining, but it is eternally self-complacent. The world depends upon Truth, and Truth depends upon philosophy. Therefore if you are a pure philosopher you are what men call God. That would be my pearl if I could start out with Peter's assumption of Creative Truth." [77]

. . . . . .

Peter looked out of the window and drew in a long breath. "Hurrah!" he said, "there's the sun at last: let's go up to the balcony. It's a shame to sit in this dingy owl-room when there's Spring in the air."

"Yes, let's," said Jack; "I'm nearly suffocated in here." . . .

"Your pearl, Basil," said Peter, when they had settled themselves, "is certainly a more valuable one than Jack's. I would call it the Pearl of Philosophical Speculation. It is the pearl which has been found by every great philosopher who has breathed, by Plato and Aristotle and Descartes and Kant and Bergson. But it is a pearl discovered and not a pearl created."

"Peter," said Atherton, "you are as ridiculous as an old oyster."

"Yet, Basil, don't you see that if we are to believe in Creative Truth at all we must carry creative philosophy to the profoundest limit? If there is one Truth which

[77] The lowest point in 'Hell' has been reached; where, as the Inquisitors expected (Book II. Chap. 12, § 3), man becomes equal with God. The next step, though an attempt to get lower still, Peter finds to be the first step up towards the glorious sunlight of perfect Truth, and is thus the turning point of the inquisition, which becomes almost entirely positive. This then is the central point of the work. (Examine frontispiece.)

cannot be created, namely, the Truth that Creative Truth is the fact, such a fact will condemn the whole theory. Now, mark what we have done in our search after the deepest philosophy. First of all we denied the extended or the universe we see. We found that Personal Philosophy, as I expressed it, or the philosophy of *fiam ergo fio*, was the only philosophy that separated us from that universe completely, from Space. We next attempted to deny even that which extends, or, as I expressed it, the inside of the universe to the personal philosopher, namely, one's own personality. But it is apparent that neither Sophistical nor Speculative Philosophy can separate us completely from *fiam ergo fio* itself, that is, from Time."

"You mean by Time," asked Atherton, "the swelling of Creative Evolution in the Bergsonian sense?"

"Yes; and Time equally with Space must be denied if you are to see clearly what you are left with."[78]

"I should think you are left with absolutely nothing."

"You are right," replied Peter; "I am. But do you guess what that Nothing gives me?"

"No."

"It gives me Everything."

[78] The Cosmic import of this denial brought out in Volume II.

CHAPTER IX

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE

"I'D call your type of philosophy paradoxical, Peter," said Atherton, getting up and leaning over the rail of the balcony, "and it is far the most dangerous type. To say that you know everything simply because you know nothing is, of course, absurd. I've never heard more unmitigated nonsense in my life."

"It is paradoxical, Basil, simply because it is inarticullate. Language, especially logical language, is moulded on Space; but Space for the present we have denied: song, and especially music, is moulded on Time; but Time we have also for the present denied. What vehicle of expression, then, remains to us? Nothing is left but Silence. We have been seeking deeper and deeper for a perfect individual Self-consciousness; neither language nor song, however, can give us anything but the content of Self-consciousness; that of which Self-consciousness is self-conscious about. Both language and song belong to the outside of the universe, or to Expression, not to the inside, which is Silence. Therefore when I denied Time as well as Space I gave up for ever being able either to explain, or even to make poetry about, the point at which I found myself. That is why I agreed with you when you said that I must be left with Nothing."

"But how are you left at the same time with Everything?" asked Atherton with impatience.

"How could I ever express it? Do you not see that I am left with no power of expression? I only know that it is so. I find myself in a condition of pure Self-consciousness, which has no content other than that which is supplied out of itself, that is, it is a condition of being self-conscious of Self-consciousness itself. That's all I can say about it. But if you look up *Job* you will find this somewhere: 'Oh that God . . . would shew thee the secrets of wisdom, that they are double to that which is!'" [79]

"Peter," said Jack, "I don't quite see what pearl you have found. Is it that all true philosophy must be inarticulate?"

"It is. The mere fact that we have been discussing Self-consciousness or Philosophy in so many words is proof positive that our philosophy is not pure. It is only pure in our Lord and men like Him who are silent about it.[80] The pearl I have found is the Pearl of Silence, which I think is the one word which gives us the absolute Truth about the centres or beginnings of the universe, just as Expression is the one word which gives us the Truth about the periphery or the ends of the universe, and just as Freedom is the one word which gives us the Truth about the way in which Silence creates Expression. Thus, an individual spirit who can pass through all the stages of philosophy, sucking them dry of all their value for him, and who reaches at last

[79] Job xi. 5, 6.

[80] The Zen or Dhyâna sect of Buddhism holds the view that any thought once narrowed into verbal expression loses all its original purity.

absolute Self-consciousness, even if he can stay at that point for an infinitesimal moment only, can, at that moment, be said to be in possession of perfect Wisdom. The monads or individual spirits who reach this point of absolute separation are separated from each other not by Space nor by Time but by Silence. But each becoming fully aware through that Silence of the splendid freedom that is its reward, each is ceaselessly breaking forth again from it, first of all into Time, which is Truth-in-the-making, and then into Space, which is Truth-made or Fact. An individual, then, need only be a philosopher until he reaches that point where all philosophy dies in silence and where the making of Truth assumes not a philosophical but a vital importance. To those who have reached this depth contemplation becomes for ever purposeless, but because it does so action becomes fraught with magnificent new meaning; it becomes not work merely, but Art."

"But don't you think, Peter," suggested Jack, "that men can become artists in their activity without having gone through this laborious process of self-examination, almost of self-defeat?"

"They may," returned Peter, "but without going through it they will never realise what they themselves or their art mean."

"What *do* they mean?" said Atherton, kicking his toe on the boarding. "What *does* their art mean?"

"I can hardly explain to you, Basil, without going through the discussion we had after talking with Grimshaw. We upheld the point of view that the Fall of Man was the risk God took in His attempt to become Self-conscious of His own Creation. Now, I think, Jack, that we made a mistake in our endeavour to explain

what happened. We said that when God left the salvation of the universe to the struggle of humanity towards Self-consciousness, He stood off from the universe and watched.[81] Would it not be truer to say that when humanity was split up into myriad separate selves, God's Personality itself was split up in them? That is, should we not be atheists, believing that God is for the present lost to His Creation in a terrible attempt to comprehend it, and that He will not be found again till every separate monad reaches the point of pure philosophy or Silence? God is not yet, save partly in the spirits of those who have dipped into the abyss and found the Pearl of Great Price. Wherever that pearl is found the absolute understanding of the universe is found with it, for to discover Silence is to create Truth. There the understanding comes of the way in which the universe is limited. The more and more this pearl is discovered the clearer does God know that His Creation is limited to Expression and that anything which is not Expression cannot be Truth."

"But all this," said Jack, "seems more like Mysticism than anything else, Peter."

"Yes, the mystics are the true philosophers. 'When all is said and done,' as Emerson says, 'the rapt Saint is found the only logician.' As a matter of fact, I have a quotation in my note-book here from the *Mystic Theology* of Dionysius the Areopagite which gives, I think, the attitude of the true mystic. He is 'released from the objects and the powers of sight, and penetrates into the darkness of unknowledge (ἀγνωσία), which is truly mystic, and lays aside all conceptions of knowledge and is absorbed in the intangible and invisible, wholly

[81] See Note 60.

given up to that which is beyond all things, and belonging no longer to himself nor to any other finite being, but in virtue of some nobler faculty is united with that which is wholly unknowable by the absolute inoperation of all limited knowledge, and knows in a manner beyond mind by knowing nothing.' Yet, Jack, I am convinced that so long as mystics try to find in Silence, as so many do, a pre-existing God or Consciousness apart from their own, and with whom they believe that they hold communion, just so long will their Silence never be perfect, and until it is perfect they will always imagine that it is the true resting-place of their souls."

"But, Peter, what state of soul can possibly be higher than that?"

"It is not properly a state of soul at all, Jack. It is the point where the spirit dies that a new spirit may be born. What will rise out of that dread Silence, how the all-powerful Freedom that is given to the spirit will be employed—who can tell? Every time that the Spirit of Man dips into this gulf, black with the hideousness of despair, a little more of the Night is dispelled, a little more of the Morning Light appears in the East. We have reached a curious point in the History of our Inquisition." [82]

[82] We are beginning to see, namely, that an explanation to Life must be created, not discovered; that Life awaits a meaning, supplied by Self-consciousness in man, in order to be full.

EASTER SUNDAY

Before breakfast next day Jack received a third missive from Peter:

THIRD DAY. RESURRECTION OF THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

A.

Jesus died perfectly both to the body and to the spirit during His isolation in the desert. When He returned to life, therefore, He came back to a Body that mortality could not destroy and with a Spirit which was totally free. He was Jesus no longer; He was Jesus resurrected, the New Adam or the Second Christ, to whom the world had become the New Eden. With the Body He wrought 'miracles,' with the Spirit He taught with 'authority.'

(1) *Jesus rose from the dead, and in rising perfected the Soul of Man.* In the personality of one man, Jesus, the *raison d'être* of the Fall of Man was for the first time fulfilled. In Jesus one individual of the fallen race had won through bodily Death and spiritual Temptation successfully. To Him the secret of the universe was laid bare and in Him God once more began to realise Himself. God's joyful comprehension in His own Creation had begun. It only remained for the other individuals to become perfected in a like manner as Jesus. For this reason Jesus, who knew that He had become the Son of God, set out to teach the peoples of the world how every individual could also become the Son of God and the importance to the universe of each becoming such.

(2) *Jesus rose from the dead, and in rising showed to Man what Resurrection means.* It means Christ, and Christ is the symbol of three successive stages in the struggle of humanity towards Self-consciousness: (*a*) *The Way*, or the perfect renunciation of the physical body or the body of the fallen Adam and its needs. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter

into the Kingdom of God!" (*b*) *The Truth*, or the perfect renunciation of the spirit which had arisen in Man in consequence of his fall. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." (*c*) *The Life*, or the complete regeneration both of the body and of the spirit, which is the natural consequence of passing victoriously through the first two stages. "Ye are the salt of the earth. Ye are the light of the world."

(3) *Jesus rose from the dead, and in rising began the Life of Man in the New Eden.* The more one thinks the more one will feel certain that the final triumph of Jesus was the complete realisation for the first time in Man's history that the Kingdom of God is nowhere but on this earth in the hearts of perfect individuals. Such perfect individuals attain to perfect life in so far as they attain, as Jesus did, to a perfect knowledge of the meaning of Life. The absolute freedom which Jesus possessed over all Life and Matter is gradually permeating humanity. We cannot all make out of a few loaves and fishes a feast for five thousand, but one man can, out of identical materials, produce more nourishment than another. We cannot all teach as if we knew, but one man can interpret a thought with greater insight and inspiration than another.

B.

Christ taught in symbols, for the risen Jesus was a perfect symbol of the Self-meaning which lies dormant in the heart of every man. Christ's teaching was an attempt to show the points of contact between each personality and the universal Soul of Humanity portrayed in Himself. He failed. Even in the transfiguration, when He tried to show to His inner circle of friends what was common to Himself and to the personalities of all men, like Moses and Elias, who were fit to stand with Him in the presence of God, He was not understood. The only teaching that could avail, then, Christ realised would be that which would make His symbolism itself a reality. Jesus' spiritual history had to be repeated over again in the spiritual history of the whole Soul of Man concentrated in the Second Christ. In the Death on the Cross, the three days in the Tomb

and the Resurrection from Hell, the symbols of the Way to, the Truth about and the Life of the New Eden became a living reality for all humanity, as before they had been a reality for Jesus only. It was not Jesus but Christ or Man's own Soul that died on the Cross and rose out of Hell. Death to the Body of humanity is the Way, Death to its Spirit is the Truth, Resurrection of its Spiritual Body is the Life. This is continually going on, more so to-day in this war than ever.

C.

On the morning of the third day the tomb was empty, and for many days afterwards Christ appeared among His friends, evidently with the express purpose of showing that He was alive, not only in a spiritual state but in a bodily state as well. Christ had returned from the Kingdom of Death.

(1) *Christ rose from the dead, and in rising perfected the Resurrection of Man.* The Resurrection of Christ was the resurrection of the perfected Soul of Man, and not simply of one man, Jesus. What had been a symbol for man in the resurrection of one man had become a reality by that man concentrating in Himself the whole Spirit of Man at a particular stage in its evolution. But the Death and Resurrection of Our Lord may still be considered as a symbol in so far as it was only the *first* example of the reality of the Resurrection of Christ, which since then has been going on continually. Every man who tries to die to the body and to the spirit has now a new confidence that he will win through to the New Eden, for he knows that at one period of his personal history he died on the Cross with Christ and rose again with Him. Until every individual, however, has gathered into himself, as Jesus did, the whole Soul of Humanity, and died as Christ died, the New Eden on earth can never be perfect.[83]

(2) *Christ rose from the dead, and in rising created an absolute type of Self-consciousness or Salvation for men.* Since Christ or the Spirit of Man has died once and once risen from Death triumphantly, it may be taken that God found in it a satisfactory explanation of Himself and of His Creation, not necessarily the

[83] A severe and premature judgment. See the attitude of Volume II.

only possible explanation, but sufficiently adequate. Every individual spirit who dies and rises now ought, then, to be satisfied to do so in a manner harmonious with the first. Every perfect individual spirit should be able to say, " I also am the Way, the Truth and the Life." But it would be well for that ' I ' not to hold within it a meaning different from the meaning which Our Lord put into it. The Self-conscious self-realisation of the universe has been made *absolute* in Our Lord. The evolution of Christ should mean the fixing of that absolute meaning and that limitation for ever.

(3) *Christ rose from the dead, and in rising created the New Eden on earth or the Kingdom of God.* Men have but to open their eyes now to see that they are no longer members of the race of the Fallen Adam. Two disciples whom the risen Christ met on the road to Emmaus recognised Him in the breaking of bread. (St. Luke xxiv.) The New Eden, or the power of recognising their perfect selves, had been born in their hearts when Christ had risen. Each individual soul is a potential Christ with a potential perfect body and spirit and with the germ of a power that is infinite. Each of us, in so far as he has become self-conscious, is Christ, and can and will say to His fellow-men, " I am the Way to Life, I am the Truth about Life, I, even I, am the Life of Life, the actual creative spirit of God."

CHAPTER X

THE LAST CAMPAIGN

"WHY isn't Atherton coming to-day?"

"He didn't seem very convinced, Peter. I had a long talk with him last night after dinner. He thinks you are 'flighty' and philosophically unsound. I told him I thanked God that you were, but he only grunted at that. You've upset him."

"Have I upset you?"

"On the contrary, Peter, I'm beginning to see what you mean by the desert and the pearl you say you find at the heart of it. By the way, why did you say that you were going to *create* the pearl? You only found it, you know."

"Silence was the state I found myself in, Jack, when I attempted to create Creative Truth itself, but I found to my surprise that the state was more important than any pearl which might be a result. I therefore called Silence the pearl. It was one of the biggest discoveries of my life, for it came without my looking for it."

"Weren't you saying that this Silence could be realised more quickly by mystics than by philosophers and just as profoundly? Have we to become mystics?"

"Though mysticism, Jack, is a more rapid means of

getting through to a Self-conscious understanding of life, it often fails to do so for the same reasons as philosophy. Philosophers, forgetting that their thought is only a means to an end, perfected action, get tied up in endless abstractions; they become either over-assumptive and dissociated from nature and men, or else proudly humble and pessimistic. Every new philosophy, too, is hampered in its evolution towards Silence by a crowd of superfluous tomes, purporting to be Truth, the nightmare ebullitions of past thinkers. But the mystic when he fails is in an even worse condition than the philosopher, for mysticism cannot be a quicker method of piercing to the core of reality, save by dragging the whole personality along with it."

"But it is just for that reason, Peter, that I should never expect the mystic to get lost. He would get to the centre every time."

"The mystic would never get lost, Jack, if he did not cling to some particular mystical method which another individual proclaims to be the Way. Each individual is different both in body and spirit from others, and must find his own peculiar way of emancipation from that body and spirit. Each rebirth is a novel one. Each rebirth produces in retrospect a new type of mysticism. It is unoriginal mysticism with its symbolic paraphernalia which is so abhorrent to Ruskin and to everyone like him who wants to see things for himself and not through someone else's spectacles. There have not been enough mystics in the past sufficiently bold to tell us to be mystics too in our own individual ways. And we in our turn have been too prone to treat mysticism almost as a pose, suitable for a few exceptional men, instead of being the most

natural stage that every sincere man must pass through in his fight for perfect life." [84]

"Well then, Peter, it seems to me that before going on with the inquisition I shall have to try to reach perfectly for myself the point of inarticulate Silence."

"You are there already, Jack."

Jack started. "What!"

"It is not that that troubles me," continued Peter; "what troubles me is how we are to proceed with a creation of Truth, mutually appealing, when each of us is reborn in a peculiar way, and must therefore express ourselves and the universe differently. It is almost like the effort of two generals to keep in communication when they are of necessity advancing in different directions. At the moment when we seem once more to be coming together we find ourselves drifting apart as an essential consequence. It is irritating."

Peter rose and paced the balcony.

"We resemble each other in one way," Jack said. "We are both like that fellow Frankenstein in the German legend who created a mechanical man so powerful that it took possession of him."

"That is so," responded Peter. "We have shot up our Reason like a star-rocket into the unfathomable darkness of Night. Once released from the artificial imprisonment which the scientists would have imposed, it cut through the gloom like a flaming scythe, as if it would reap down the clouds behind which the wandering stars of Truth hid their faces. On and on the rocket sped till all those wrappings in which it had been so

[84] But before all lives can be so perfected (Book VI.) many must first sacrifice themselves to action (Book IV.) and to contemplation (Book V.)—*q.v.*

tightly bound were burnt away in the fury of its passion. Suddenly the streaming crescent grew faint, fainter, quivered for a moment, and was gone. But stay! The moment after there is a burst of glorious flame; and high in the Heaven, eclipsing all lesser lights, the true star blazes out like a wild torrent of music among the silent worshippers in a cathedral. It descends to earth in a shower of colours, illuminating the white upturned faces of men, domes, spires and broad thoroughfares; and the gaudy lights of the city shine feebly as if in shame. There is nothing in Heaven but the breaking star, and nothing on Earth but the reflections of its dying beauty. There is nothing for us but that."

"But why dying, Peter? How can a dying beauty take possession of our hearts so?"

Peter shrugged his shoulders. "It does take possession of them . . . always . . . unaccountably. We are all slaves to its charm. It is what passes from us and dies that matters. Jack, we can no longer be philosophers, clutching to our breasts the truths we deem certain. We must learn to give them out to others or they will stifle us and weigh us down. Our thought has been getting tired. The crowding certainties we believed would be our joy have been our sorrow. We are sick with longing for life, for expression. We are weary with the pain of knowing and not being able to get others to know as well."

"Peter stopped in front of his friend. "Isn't it so?" he asked.

Jack's eyes sought the hills. "How can we ever get them to know?" he said slowly. "How can we make a language of Silence? Doesn't this Kingdom of

Silence separate us from each other? How terribly, then, does it separate us from other men!"

"Perhaps we could create a language, Jack, if we tried; a language that would not only bring us together again, but one that would raise us out of this darkness and death that surrounds us. I cannot help feeling that the desert is well-nigh crossed. We must not be thwarted in our last effort to escape from it for ever."

"I think," said Jack, "it must be a language of love we are looking for, a language which will gather up in us the thoughts of other men and make them explicit, a language that will break through thought, transforming Silence into Music, the silence of our hearts into a music that will clutch the hearts of others.... Yet, what *is* this language of love? How does it come? How—ah! I have found a splendid pearl for myself! What fools we have been! The point of philosophical separation from the universe is only a mathematical one after all, isn't it? The instant one reaches it one is a new creature. At the instant itself one can express nothing, but the instant after one's whole spirit cries aloud in a new tongue. Haven't we been doing it? How little we have understood of our new state, of our wonderful new *capacity*. Don't you see? We are struggling up at last. There is a current that is driving us to the surface. Something within us has broken the spell of the old logic, the old poetry even, which have been our languages. We must bid farewell to all that. There is something more beautiful awaiting us among the ocean waves that are dancing overhead. We are becoming free, free—and we didn't know it!"

"You mean—?"

"I mean that logic and poetry only register Space and

Time, but that there is a language which *directs* them. We are being led by some power stronger than ourselves into the inner life of that language. If we can only be strong enough to allow that power to control us, we shall find perfect expression, first in pure Verbs, afterwards in pure Nouns. Scientific logic records what is static, poetry or music records movement, but to a monad who has known Silence a power comes of moulding movement and of worshipping, therefore, what movement becomes." [85]

"But that would be *self*-worship, Jack."

"Yes it would, and it would seem that this love that awaits us is not love of the ordinary kind, but a love which is perfect only when it becomes *self-l*ove in expression."

"That is the sort of love Spinoza talked of—the love of God for God."

"It is. It is not a love which awaits us as individuals, as Peter and Jack; it is a love which awaits that in us which is perfect, that part of each of us which has conquered Death, plunged into Silence and risen in Resurrection. Have you not seen yourself that we appear to be possessed by some power greater than ourselves preparing us for something we scarcely comprehend? Not to the individual does this love come, which I feel we will find to be perfect love, but to what is symbolical in an individual of the whole inner spirit of things, especially of humanity. A little further, and we will know ourselves perfectly for men who have found in Silence the secret of divine love, the open,

[85] This the tremendous ambition of Volume II. Yet it is apparent that we must either speak in the language of others or for ever hold our peace. Besides, in the next Volume Music and Poetry and even Logic itself are accorded a certain power.

everywhere proclaimed secret of the world which so few hear. That will be a dawn for us indeed! Far from being at the end of our Inquisition, we are only at the beginning, Peter."

"That I am sure of, Jack. A perfectly individualised thinker may possess all Truth and yet be nothing. If he does not let himself be guided by the inner spirit of God, which throbs in every vein of his body when at last he finds Silence, he will be lost in Hell for ever. He *must* speak, he *must* struggle up, up through the waters that seem to surround him, more inky, more deathly cold than ever by reason of the approaching dawn. He has scarcely any strength left in him, but he must battle on; his perplexities are increased a hundred-fold, for he is no more himself, but the Spirit of Man, yet he must battle on; he is altogether self-conscious, but he finds that it avails him not; he must gather up and harmonise all the latent Self-consciousness existing in humanity with his Self-consciousness; he must battle on. He has become representative in some curious way of all mankind. He must do his duty. He must steel his heart and strike out as he has never done before. He has to become, no matter how poorly, a Saviour of the people."

"How is that possible?"

"I feel certain, Jack, that what is of deepest importance in our own history is sure to be symbolical of what is deepest in the history of humanity. This last stage in the abyss of Hell is, it seems to me, to be Death and Resurrection repeated, not by us, but by the new personality within us who has taken possession of us. We must go through the desert again, not philosophically, but mystically, believing that this time it is not we who

are doing it, but something greater than ourselves concentrated in us."

"How is it possible? Who are we to teach?"

"Don't you think that everyone of us becomes an excessively important individual, not on account of what he may have done or said, but on account of his Self-conscious realisation of what has been done and said to him? We are not one whit free, I am certain, till we perceive the *significance* of what has happened to us.[86] Once we see ourselves and know ourselves in relation to that, our actions become for ever free. Then we become conquerors, whether we will it or not, for we are no longer ourselves, but something else, men of consequence who understand and can make few mistakes. Ever after becoming a perfect monad, one possesses a tremendous responsibility, for one *creates*, and is created no longer. One *is* the universe, and not *of* the universe."

"You mean that first of all one is lived, then through philosophy or mysticism or both one dies to what has been lived, and ever after that one lives?"

"That's it. And we have reached that point where we must die once more, not as individuals but as something greater. Otherwise the Resurrection we long for can never be perfect, our history can never be perfect. We must—"

"I see. We must die mystically in a search for a meaning in our own hearts to this War that has happened to us and to the spirit which possesses us, the spirit of all men."

"Our reward will be a common ground of activity, Jack. Just as we met and recognised each other as

[86] This is qualified in Book IV.

individuals before travelling into the desert, so it is possible that we shall meet in the perfected love of expression that lies at the far side of the stretching sands. But remember that we will be more than individuals then ; we will be souls born anew, with something added to them out of the secret places of pain and despair through which they have passed, over which, God willing, they have been victorious. It will be Anatolia we meet in, but a new Anatolia, for worse or for better a new Anatolia and a new World! "

CHAPTER XI

THE THREE BATTLES

"It will take us many weeks, if not months, Peter, to gauge the meaning of the War."

"In no matter how small a family, Jack, or collection of men, you have the whole world and a wide world's experience, if you look for it. You have the world summed up within yourself if you only knew it. Men are different only in the way they limit themselves in the expression of their characters. At bottom to 'know thyself' is to know the universe, its sorrows and its joys, its unappeasable hungers and its ever-fulfilled satisfactions. It is a true mystic positivism that supplies the profoundest knowledge, not a nervous analytic thirst for experience, which is futility and a thing for cursing."

"For heaven's sake, don't try to be eloquent. What about our 'inarticulate silence?' Are we going to be noisy and lucid in consequence? Is it some sort of super-paradox that in our search for a language of perfect Verbs and Nouns we have to make a jumble of the old ones?"

"But what can we do? Till the new is made how can the old be destroyed? And if the old be not remoulded, hurt even, how can the new be made at all?[87]

[87] See Note 29.

We must take our materials as we find them. To preach Silence you must use words. To get through to the language of perfect love you must examine the languages of imperfect love that lie in your eyes and lips, in your prayers and waking dreams. Last night—"

"Yes?"

"Last night after I had gone to bed a sudden desire took possession of me to write, to write long and rapidly till the dawn broke and the world was filled with the glory of the morning sun. I felt no weariness. I rose softly and dressed and took my trembling lamp out into the mess-room. It was chilly, I suppose, but the fever of my desire warmed my limbs. The greyhound came and licked my hand and gazed at me wondering. I said, 'Lie down, Gumoush, old girl; I'm going to write a love letter, for I am hungry with love. If you knew St. Augustine's *Confessions*, Gumoush, you would understand my lover: He is the wounded Heart of Man crying aloud in desert places, shrouded in the canopy of Night.' Unafraid, the clear stars looked in upon me as I wrote, and the greyhound curled herself in a circle at my feet. My pencil was sharp, and my brain, and my desire."

Peter sat down in his chair and pulled a few sheets of paper from his breast pocket. Jack saw that he trembled. "This is my love letter, Jack."

A Song in the Night

"*O Thou who hast been my Lover, and I knew not! O Thou who hast been my Friend in my friends, my Happiness in my happinesses, my Priest, my Leader and my Lord, let me whisper of my Love.*

"*Thou hast led me in paths that were not of my*

choosing; but now, since I have wakened to Thy desire, I am to choose for myself and to be unashamed; I am to be the Priest and the Leader and the Lord of my own soul....

"They came to me and said: 'Your people go out to War and they have need of you. They are giving up soft clothes and luxurious comfort and the kisses of affection. They are dying to the delights of physical love; they live deliciously no more. They are packed like fish in a narrow trench and the guns wait for their flesh. The rivers of Flanders are running red with the blood of men. It is shed that the world may live.'

"I took a long time, O my Own, to hear your voice calling out of the stillness of my soul. How dead I was! I had thought to enjoy affection to the uttermost, to seize flesh and blood and the beauty that passes and live on that. To live! The cries of brave men swelled past me in a flood. What would have become of me, O Heart of mine, if Thou hadst not been there to listen?

"When Thou heard'st I set my lips and went to them and said, 'Take me.'

"I was but one, but they took me. And I was glad. I never thought I could be so happy. Rough, glorious life. Poor, beautiful bread. Bread had never tasted so delicious before....

"My Mother, my Sweetheart with her deep brown eyes—it was so much harder for them than for me. Thou had'st come between us. They knew it and were silent. It was best so. Even their tears told me it was best so. As a Mother has to sacrifice, so all Sweethearts have to sacrifice. Thy love is the love that cannot be denied.

"*A thousand unseen forms pressed about me. It might be the last time they had my body to know me by. Was I not going out to find a love they could not supply? of which the body was no part?*

"*I felt the blessing. And in the troop-train my heart became strong....*

"*A beautiful French face filled me for an instant with rage and petulant revolt. I stood leaning on my rifle, my sheep-skin coat hanging across my shoulders. I looked. She looked back, mocking. I thought myself a hero, but all I read in those cruel eyes was 'Fool! fool! to throw away your manhood like this.'*

"*For many days after my heart was sore. O why, my Love, did'st Thou do this thing? Was it to make me more sure of Thee and Thy so great tenderness?...*

"*There was bitterness in the waiting. Why could we not attack and get it over? Night after night trudging those cobbled roads, floundering, cursing in the deep mud: is this what we were sent for? Was this heroic? Stringing barbed-wire in tortuous death for our brothers; digging pits for men's bodies to hide in—long narrow graves stretching, stretching, dividing Europe in two, an ugly gash on the face of God's Earth: is this all?*

"*All!*

"'*Make way for the stretchers, there! Damn! get those stretchers out, you* ——. *It's an officer. Pass down word to Sergeant Thompson to see him to the dressing-station. Forward!*'

"*The pale stars look down upon it all as if they cared not. The ruined villages fling up mangled arms to Heaven; they cry aloud for vengeance. But Heaven*

is proud, disdainful. O my Love, is there to be no vengeance? . . .

"I lie on my back waiting for an attack in the grey dawn—in the grey dawn after the guns have done their work. The pine trees whisper together. What do they see and know of the death that lies in horrible shapes about their twisted roots?—

Speak me, winds soft-moaning through the tree tops, spring-beshadowed,
Whisper through thy music music of the deathless souls of men,
Fill thy voice with sadness of the fields so battle-tortured,
Comfort me with sadness, ease this troubled soul of me with pain:
Weeping, weeping stars that brood disconsolate above me,
Lonely lights rejected by a pride-enlightened, force-beridden world,
Read into mine eyes the meaning of the contest,
Secretly convince my heart again of God! . . .

"So ended the first year of my War, of Thy War, my Own, my Dear, and still I had not found Thee, O my Light and Heart of hearts.

. . . .

"There was more required of me. Thou had'st asked for my body, and I gave it. Now Thou demandest my spirit as well. And oh! how I was slow to understand.

"Comrades that I loved fell at my side, silently embracing the Unknown; without a sigh, without a moan, they dropped like stones at my feet. I passed on, my Beloved, trampling their poor bodies into the reeking clay, crushing with my boots the faces I had known so well.

"*The order given to us was 'Charge!' It meant 'Kill, or be killed!' Those men in the grey uniforms, in whose battle-tortured eyes is reflected the wild red in ours—they might have been our friends. So handsome! so brave! But it cannot be—here. The booming guns have filled us all with madness. The anguish of our hearts, seared as black now as the uprooted fields of corn, cry for blood. Will not crimson blood quench this awful thirst?—anyone's blood, our own if not the enemy's.*

"*The ranks clash together. The bellows of rage blacken the face of the sun. The bayonets sink deep, deep. O God of Heaven, every thrust made is a thrust into one's own heart. There is something broken there. It will never be healed—. Your ear close, Beloved! Closer! Let it be whispered to you only:* I have slain my friends.

"*O my Own, why hast Thou done this thing?...*

"*There is no sleep. For five days and nights there is no sleep. Marching, digging, fighting; fighting, digging, marching. Will it never end? My heart is cold as lead. I march as in a dream. The enemy is crowding in upon us from three sides. Our guns, back to back, are spitting flame in opposite directions. Ypres Cathedral is burning. The engineers on the field telephones are like distracted demons.*

"'*Hallo there! Hallo! What the devil is the matter? Benson! Hallo, I say; can't you get them out? Benson!—*'

"*A bullet ends it.*

"*And Benson was captured an hour ago....*

"*A score of dishevelled men rush past us down the road. Their shirts are torn and their limbs are loosely*

bandaged. One poor fellow is shot in the breast. His bandage cannot staunch the red stream.

"*They are stopped at Brigade Headquarters. The Brigadier falls down upon his knees before them! He has no hat.*

"'*For God's sake, men, go back! Go back to the line!*'

"*One of them turns. They all turn, except the man shot in the breast. Stumbling, with bent shoulders and staring eyes, they retrace their steps. Their spirit is gone, but they face death for the sake of Thee, O Lover of my soul, for the sake of Thy so precious Love. The Brigadier hides his face in his hands.*

"*O Love, Love, what misery is this Thou showest me? Blind my eyes that I see not. Take this memory from me. I am strong enough to die, but I am not strong enough to see others die. This pain Thou imposest upon me is more fearful than any wound. Hide me, crush me, O Thou Beloved of my soul. Guide these flying bullets into my heart. They cannot make it sorer than it is, they will not sear it deeper....*

"*Thou did'st not hear my prayer. Thou gavest no answer to my sorrowful desire. Instead Thou did'st lead me into the deserts of the East and give me responsibility over men....*

"*The burning sun scorched our backs, the burning sands scorched our hands and knees. Parched, we fought from dawn till sunset. We could hear the guns of Kut. Would we win through? Would we win through?*

"*The machine-guns laughed derisively, tauntingly in the tempest of battle. Their ammunition buried itself in long, deep lines in the breast of the desert. The*

nallahs and dry wells were filled with breathless, frightened men.

"*One came to me and said: 'We are to try again. We will assault in ten minutes' time. I will take your men. You gather those — natives together. They have lost their officers. Use your revolver. They understand that.'*

"*O my Dear, I tried to obey. Thou know'st I tried. Again and again I drove them like sheep to the attack; again and again I saw them fall in convulsive heaps, burying their faces in the cruel sand.*

"*Thou know'st I was a body no longer, a spirit no longer. My soul was burnt up in terror and remorse. I staggered like a drunken man—and forced men to their death. In their deaths they gazed at me in hate.*

"*These things should not be whispered, O Beloved. But comfortless, I shout them aloud that I may be comforted.*

"*Thou know'st that I was at last overcome. I flung up my arms and crashed down upon the sand in a paroxysm of despair. I prayed, oh! how I prayed, for Death....*

"*Thou would'st not grant it....*

"*How tender my Colonel! He stroked my hair and soothed my raging fever. He gave me water and said, 'That's all right, boy, I understand.' Men are very near in battle.*

"*O my Love, I think that in this man's face I saw Thee for the first time, dimly, as through a darkened glass.*

"*But War had taken from me all I possessed, not only the love of my body, but the love of all my spirit too.*

. . . .

"*The events of the third year of Thy War came swiftly upon me.*

"*I had given Thee my body, my spirit, my all. I was left cold and proud. I cared not. Love had gone, friendship. All had been left there among the mangled bodies of my comrades and the birds of the air. They held the secret of my sorrow. It was safe with them.*

"*I flung myself into battle recklessly. I neither believed nor wished to believe in life. Death was the only solution—utter extinction. To fling myself down from a height, a great height into the peace of Nothingness—that was my desire....*

"*But it was not Thine. Thou had'st led me by ways not of my own choosing....*

"*Fearless, I stood in the centre of my captors. Their long bayonets glinted in the moonlight. They stripped me of everything, save my love letters and my ring. Why should they leave me these? They were nothing to me.*

"*With uncivilised barbarity and insolence they spat on me and cried 'Engliss; Engliss zabit,' between clenched teeth.*

"*I gazed upon them and laughed. The worst they could do was to kill. And was not that what I most desired? Death had no horror for me: the very thought of it was peace....*

"*Then of a sudden, O Darling of my heart, my eyes were opened, and I knew. I saw Thee battling for me in the moonlight. Thou camest to me in the form of a Turkish artillery officer, limping on one foot, supported by two soldiers.*

"*The bayonets were lowered. I was saved; saved*

from myself. My self-love sprang up in a roaring burst of flame. The moon was dimmed by it. In a moment of time I had learned the whole lesson of life, that Thy most wondrous Love, Dear-heart, had striven through all to set me free from body and spirit, to set me free!

"*Free! And only when I had been surrounded by captors....*

"*The dawn breaks, my Own, my Sweet. The birds are beginning to chirp under the eaves. The sky is silver; but the stratus clouds low-lying in the East are tinged with gold. A new day wakes, the best day that was ever given to Thee and me. I have told Thee of my so great love, of my Death and of my Agony and of my Resurrection.*

"*I am alive! How sweet the green earth and the faces of my friends. How wonderful a joy holds me to these and binds me to them, unseen, distant, but as certain as Thou who art nearer than life.*

Come, little tender sigh, and wake
The spirit of desire
For peat-brown hill and purple lake
And the grey church spire;—
Sit close about the fire,
Comrades, and talk till morning break,
Come, whisper of home and the great green woods for sighing's sake.

All hopes, all fears thy sadness binds
In treasuries of pain,
Go trembling at the rushing winds
And the cold earth's rain,
But those that ye have slain,

Comrades, are friends that sorrow finds
When captives awake in their prison night to draw the blinds.

Unweave, thou glowing charcoal flame,
Thy memory of stars ;—
In this rude world give world no blame
For our prison bars,
And know that nothing mars,
Comrades, a life so limp and lame
As just the forgetting of all that leapt when sunlight came.

"*O Thou who hast been my Lover, and I knew not! O Thou who hast been my Friend in my friends, my Happiness in my happinesses, my Priest, my Leader and my Lord.*"

CHAPTER XII

VICTORY!

THE cries of the badminton players in the garden mingled with the loud croaking of the frogs in the meadows beyond. The evening sun shot long ribands of yellow light up between the mountainous cumuli to the West. All was peaceful yet expectant. Men know little, after all, of the wonder of the Night and the life that springs awake when darkness hushes to silence the blatant and too-daring sun.

"Philosophy, Jack, shows us the way, but does not walk it for us. Philosophy is only necessary so long as men are not philosophers: it does not produce light, but merely turns the soul towards it. And don't you think that it is even possible to become a perfect monad naturally, in the work you are doing in the world, by reflecting on the experiences that have been yours and finding yourself *free*?"

"I hardly think so. The forces of nature are working themselves out, it is certain. But we are here, all conscious life is here, to guide and direct that working. It is incumbent on everybody who would call himself a Man to remember that when he does so he is calling himself God, the Author and Architect of the whole torrent of life's Expression. Life if left alone will run

down *meaningless*! *If left alone it will run down* MEANINGLESS! Stick to your idealism, Peter; it will give us the only true Realism possible: the New Eden on Earth. There is no sliding into Self-consciousness. Self-consciousness must be fought for. Self-love must be *won*. Growing Self-consciousness is the register of the growing Love of God for Himself. A perfect monad loves no other perfect monad. All perfect monads love equally in expression only. The Self-love at the centre, representing a perfected Self-consciousness, must fling itself out ceaselessly into Time, or Verbs, and Space, or Nouns. In the Nouns, as you said yourself, the monads as such disappear, their work having been accomplished, namely, to make the universe aware of itself, or, in other words, to love itself."

"Do you think it will be possible for us, Jack, by a readjusting of the potential between our own individualities, much of which has been done in the course of our inquisition, to become as perfect monads as is possible for us, separated as we are in captivity from the rest of the world? Do you think it will be possible for us to become teachers? We have studied Man, but there is the Happiness of Man to reflect upon: we have discussed Nature; but the Beauty of Nature we have scarcely dwelt upon. Man and Nature must be thought out again—in Silence; the real truths about them must be expressed—freely. We must think pure movement and live or express pure extension."

Peter rose from his chair again, and, leaning his arms on the railing, watched the red disc of the sun creeping to his rest. "The History of our Inquisition, Jack, represents our relations with the whole warring world. We stand here and look, we look right through those

mountains into the face of the setting sun. It is dyed crimson, for it reflects the terror in the West, where the fighting is. We look, and their sorrow becomes our sorrow, their deaths our death, their Victory our Victory. We are one with all the striving and defeat and glory in these magnificent years of new-birth. The History of our Inquisition is surely representative of the history of *every* personality who sets out from the old Adam stage to find his rôle as the new Adam in the new Garden of Eden on Earth."

"I wonder how much of that real History has already been represented by our Inquisition?"

"Don't you see that the first half of our inquiry with Atherton into the nature of Truth corresponds to the discussion we had with the Scientist and the Theologian? Both led up to that central point of Silence in the tomb of Creation, which is the very *womb* of all Creation—the mystery of the Second Christ. Don't you see that the last half of it, which we are just completing, will, in a like manner, correspond to the discussions that are still to come? There will, however, in these be a difference of outlook. Just as the first half in each case seemed to be dragging us lower and lower into the Hell of Despair, so the latter half of our philosophical Inquisition seems to be rising higher and higher into the Heaven of Certainty."

"Not only so, Peter; but just as the first half seemed to be a Search after Truth, so the second seems to be evolving into a Teaching of Truth as we are led to create it. Once a man has found Truth for himself he cannot help trying to get others to find it also. We are actually to try to teach men how to create Truth for themselves; how to find Happiness in their Humanity;

how to worship Beauty in their creations. But it is monstrous! Teachers of Knowledge!"

"Not perfect Knowledge, Jack, not perfect Knowledge by any means. We can only hope to produce Morning Knowledge. Noonday or perfect knowledge can come only when *every* individual has found for himself that Silence and that Freedom which make him God in Expression. Till every individual has done this God will not have found Himself again perfectly; and till then no perfect Knowledge can be possible, no absolute Sun of Truth can shine."

"How are we to do it?"

"In these days if one wishes to teach, one must write. Let us bestir ourselves. Let us get paper and pen, and set our History down. They will forgive us, perhaps, if we say we are young. We may make many mistakes; we may be senselessly didactic; we may put things down as new that have been Wisdom for a thousand years; but we can try, through it all, to be true to ourselves, true to the way in which our thought grows. There may be a few who will become our friends and will help us to see the New Eden through their kind eyes."

"We shall require to write some sort of introduction about Anatolia and our life here, and then reconstruct the discussions."

"All we have done, discussions and all, is only introduction, Jack. The real book will be what comes next in our Inquisition, for it is that alone which will be the dear child of our Silence."

"All life seems only introductory somehow."

Peter turned. The sun sank quickly behind the jagged rocks. Far out over the plain a hawk swooped

swiftly. And swiftly a great Joy swelled up within two hearts and caught at two throats so that speech was impossible.

The Peace they had fought for had come. And Peace is Victory.[88]

[88] The inquisitors have reached the end of their inquiry into the meaning of Life, but find themselves only at the beginning of the real inquiry, since this meaning has to be created by a profound sympathy with or intuition of Life itself and expressed in a language rather of love than of logic. The point they have reached is this: *Mind (and therefore Man, and therefore the Universe) is only explicable through, and as part of, Creative Desire, which is searching for perfect expression; and so that a perfect expression may come, a realised explanation of the struggle is essential to God Himself.* Their thought-evolution in Volume I. will be found to correspond to the thought-evolution contended for in Book V., one division only, *Contemplation*, of the universal work of God. So far, their individual thinking has left the most wonderful division of all totally out of account, that of *Activity*, dealt with in Book IV. They have indeed won the reward of thought well-accomplished, namely *Peace* (Book VI. Part 2); but they have still to realise the meaning of *Happiness*, the reward of life well lived (Book VI. Part 1), and of *Joy*, the combination of the two, which is the Life of Life (Book VI. Part 3).

VOLUME II

OUT OF SILENCE

"Until a man has found God and been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end. He may have his friendships, his partial loyalties, his scraps of honour. But all these things fall into place only with God. Only with God. God, who fights through men against Blind Force and Night and Non-Existence; who is the end, who is the meaning. He is the only King . . . Of course I must write about Him. I must tell all my world of Him."

H. G. WELLS (*Mr. Brittling Sees it Through*, p. 432).

"Here, we are no longer in the well-known valleys of human and psychic life. We find ourselves at the door of the third enclosure: that of the divine life of the mystics. . . . One cannot speak of these things—the solitude is too great. 'In truth,' says Novalis, 'it is only here and there that the soul bestirs itself; when will it move as a whole, and when will humanity begin to feel with one conscience?' It is only when this takes place that some will learn. We must wait in patience till this superior conscience be gradually, slowly formed. Then perhaps some one will come to whom it will be given to express what it is that we all feel as regards this side of the soul, which is like to the face of the moon, that none have perceived since the world began."

MAETERLINCK ('Mystic Morality' in *The Treasure of the Humble*).

PRELUDE

I

"It is four a.m., Jack. You must excuse pencil. I am in bed, and the ink-bottle got lost somehow in yesterday's upheaval. The new arrangement suits me, though it separates us more. Perhaps it is better so. Indeed it would make little difference now how far we might be distant from one another. Have we not overcome the ogres of Space and Time?

"I don't think I've ever been quite so happy in captivity. When I am happy I never sleep well: happiness is too exciting for sleep. Perhaps that is why the birds are so jubilant these summer mornings. How I love the birds! How I love this magnificent sweep of blue sky and the billows upon billows of grain stretching to the purple hills! How perfectly white the poppies are! Oh, how everything is sweet and good and true!

"My new room companions said to me last night that it will take them about three days to get settled down. I know what they mean. It takes time for old points of view to fit into new surroundings. Even a move into another room, the filling it with furniture, the decorating of the walls, is like a rebirth. At first one touches gingerly even the familiar tables and chairs, as if one

half doubted that they could really have altered their positions; they always looked so solid and fixed in the old room. Or can it be that one is tender to them because they have been wounded by rough hands that have plucked them up by the roots and planted them in new soil? I once saw an old man caress the slim straight props for his sweet-peas, and I remember wondering how foolish old men could be. But imprisonment teacheth Wisdom. Were not those props longing for the dear arms of Beauty, fragrant with all the innocence of Spring, yet blushing with desire for the glorious and passionate Sun?

"I found a tinted copy of Leonardo da Vinci's *Head of Christ*, which I have put on the wall at my head. I didn't like to put a nail through the picture, so I went to my scrap-box and found there a scarlet ribbon. It was quite by accident that it was scarlet; and yet it is the right colour, isn't it? Nature really does help one to express oneself in the best way and to do the proper things. This study for the face of Christ in *The Last Supper* has a strange fascination. I was greatly struck by the original which is at Milan, though when I saw it I was only a boy. Some think the face effeminate, but no face is effeminate which holds so much suffering, so much heart-breaking stillness. It is the Silence that da Vinci has expressed so wonderfully. One is silent in the presence of this face just as one is silent in the presence of Death or a Terrible Defeat or a Breaking Joy; and surely that painter is greatest who inspires us with this emotion, the intense hungry emotion of Silence.

"We have been silent a long while now, Jack. You know how George's death in Mesopotamia and Hamish's

death in France filled my heart with horror and tears. Tears of the heart are so much more terrible to bear than tears of the eyes. I have waked up at nights and seen my friends in the darkness, and I have called to them, 'Oh, my friends, my friends, was the battle so furious that you forgot that the world had need of you? George, so much need of you? George do you hear me calling to you? Do you feel my mind panting for a touch of you? Wake, wake! Wake from this slumber, George. I always told you that the world would need you. While I was there you were safe; I kept the bullets away from you; I know I did. Oh, why, why should you be taken and I left, my dearest friends and my comrades?'

"They were going to have taken me from you altogether, Jack, just after I had heard of these losses. Forgive me; it came to me as a great hand offering comfort: I wanted to be alone with my sorrow. My chaff, the way I tried to live up to my reputation as a philosopher only made the ache at my heart worse. I think you saw that I didn't want you to look. I wanted to be alone.

"This sorrow has filled our Silence with pain. I loved George. I loved him so deeply that only he could comfort me in my loss. And, Jack, I have been comforted; someone has comforted me and turned my sadness into peace. Can it have been George himself? Is he at my elbow as I write these words? Does he stand smiling behind my shoulder? I think it may be. Death is but a barrier of dark light. The world of vision is the world of Beauty. Beneath and above this Beauty spirits struggle to get back in new forms. George will come again. All those who have died will

come again. This is heaven. There is no other heaven. The world will be empty till all, all have returned to it. The emptiness, the waiting, is hell—the shadow of the absence of light.

"We both understand these things so well now. Things are so plain now. Every blade of grass, every little movement of a living body has meaning now. In our Silence and suffering the scales have dropped from our eyes. We can afford to be patient. We know that our vision is true. We feel that our work must prevail.

"You have noticed the spirit that is abroad. It throbs in these books we get from home, in these letters from home. It has been caught by our fellow-captives and all unconsciously hailed by them as a New Birth. The world has found Silence at last. It must be so. The world has suffered as it has never suffered before. The scales are falling from the world's eyes, the tired eyelids are rising, the pale face is waking from its long sleep, Death is being overcome. We know that Death is being overcome.

"Seize my hand, Jack. This new world has need of us. We will go together to Emmaus; we will break bread there with the Son of Man. He is anyone who knows that the Kingdom of Heaven is near; He is anyone who has become as a little child."

II

"Peter, I had such a strange dream yesterday, just before dawn. I was lying on the shore of a mighty sea, cast up like the sad remains from the wreck of a sinking ship. All round me there was darkness. I was alone. There seemed to be no spirit in me, and yet at moments

I could hear the moaning of the winds and the roaring of waves. And I opened my eyes, and to my astonishment there was a great battle going on. There were white angels and black angels fighting over me for my body. To whom did it belong? I was frightened. I looked towards the white angels for help, and prayed that they might win the victory. They were more numerous: surely they would prevail. But the more they struggled the weaker they became, and when they snatched at me they failed and fell back in exhaustion. I found myself in the arms of the angels who had looked so black and frightful. But oh! how tenderly they lifted me! how sweet their kisses! And I looked towards the white angels withdrawing in the distance, and I saw that these were devils....

"And then I thought I saw your face. You were smiling at me. Your face was radiant with joy; and I heard you say, 'The First.' That was all. What did you mean? Was it the beginning of something?—of everything? Was it the first day of the week?—Ah! was it the first day of the week, Peter? Suddenly I woke up and found your note on the table. When did it come? Were you allowed down to these houses just to give it me? But why so early? and why didn't you wake me up? I can't make it out. But I am glad they have not taken you far away.

"My dream reminded me in a way of that dreary desert we crossed. How terrible it was to abandon all that we thought we understood and cared for, all our early hopes, our desires to be successful and to see good days; but most terrible of all, to give up the love of friends. Oh, how cruelly the sand-storms stung and cut into our faces! No trees to give cool shade, no flowers

to refresh us with the glad sight of colour and life, no traveller to guide us to springs of sweet water; for the desert each man goes through has never been entered by anybody else. Each man is alone, alone with himself.—This was the dreaded Silence we found, the Silence where lies all the suffering of the universe, all the travail of Creation longing for birth, God's infinite pain. We were afraid of this pain at first. We tried to believe it had nothing to do with us. But when we had embraced it and claimed it as our own, suddenly out of the depths of Silence was born a Love far greater than our loves of old, a Love which we could never have known before, a Love which even now we hardly dare whisper about.

"What a joy this utter abandonment of friends has brought us. We have not lost their love, Peter; we can never do that now, for we know how to love them. Everything seems so simple now. We can do anything; we can become anything. For in our captivity we have won freedom. We have never again to ask others what we ought to do; we have never again to read books to get knowledge. We know where Knowledge lies. There is no such thing as duty or work or thought; there is only Love. It is the sort of Love which only little children seem to understand. Perhaps we have become little children—how mad people will think us!

"Yet we know it is only children who can see the risen Christ, children like Mary Magdalene, out of whom seven devils have been cast. The critics say, how can you trust the testimony of 'that sort of person'? We know better, I think. There are too many critics in the world. We don't want critics: we need teachers. The world is full of them, but the world will not see

them. It will not trust these new-born spirits that have come forth so boldly from the Kingdom of Silence. Children are waiting everywhere to teach, but men, shutting the window of their souls, try rather to mould these little ones to fit into the vacant spaces of their own stupid world. They load them with burdens, and are surprised if the children are weighed down by the load, shocked and angry if they cut themselves free.

"Are not children the true artists? They won't tolerate anything but Beauty. They see Beauty everywhere, not because it is there, but because they want it there. Everything they touch turns into something far more precious than gold; every word they utter is a song of praise. You are almost in Heaven every time you look into the eyes of a child; you are certainly there when you are playing with one. For children live in a country where all life is Art; everything to them is at once strange and familiar. This is the country every man comes to when he has crossed the desert. He had heard that it might be like this from others who had dared to make the pilgrimage, but now he is there he knows that not half the truth had been told him. His heart is flooded with joy and great wonder. Yet he cannot sit still and gaze: the flowers would droop their heads, the song of the birds would die away and men would cease to be angels. His life must be one of unfailing activity. He must always be creating. How otherwise can he make his love full?

"Our appeal must be personal. The world needs something personal, something from the heart. It is sick to death with the cold machinery of intellect. We want to give to the world, Peter, a religious experience which we dare not keep to ourselves, and we are panting

for a new language in which to express it. This is why philosophy to us is not the Science of sciences but the Art of arts, the Art of Life itself.

"But before men see this they must change their view of life; they must be born again. Only then will they know the Truth, for only then will they be free to create it. This is our first message, I am certain. And I believe we shall not fail in giving it to others. But if we do; if we find that our deepest longings and most precious thoughts are devil-inspired, then we must be prepared to die, Peter, if only for the Truth's sake.

"JACK.

"*P.S.*—The carnation in my garden is dead. It was not fitted for this place and its poor sandy soil. But its efforts to throw beauty into this barren courtyard have made me love it more than if I had seen it flower. I am glad it is dead."

III

"DEAR JACK,

"I am glad to see you developing the idea of the Child as teacher. Indeed you are right. I have written an Allegory which I am to send you in fragments. It is all about the Child. Yesterday I finished *The Idiot* by Dostoïeffsky. I shouldn't be surprised if the Child came out of Russia. Russia has a great soul. Listen:

"'Artists always draw the Saviour as an actor in one of the Gospel stories. I should do differently. I should represent Christ alone—the disciples did leave Him alone occasionally. I should paint one little child left with Him. This child has been playing about near Him, and had probably just been telling the Saviour

something in its pretty baby prattle. Christ had listened to it, but is now musing—one hand reposing on the child's bright head. His eyes have a far-away expression. Thought, great as the Universe, is in them.—His face is sad. The little one leans its elbow upon Christ's knee, and with its cheek resting on its hand, gazes up at Him, pondering, as children sometimes do ponder. The sun is setting. There you have my picture.'

"Isn't that fine? Prince Muishkin himself is Christ in modern life, misunderstood, defeated, yet loved—oh, loved so deeply! And Muishkin is as simple as a child.

"Dostoïeffsky is right. All this Self-consciousness of ours as an end in itself is wicked. All Volume I. of *Morning Knowledge* is bad if it be not followed at once by Volume II.; it is not the right thing; it is muddle and confusion and lies. *It is only the way out.* We are getting away from it at last. God grant that the scientific world may never force us back into it. God help us to teach men not to force children into it. Volume I. is the manner in which men can be set free from Science and scientific deceit into the full mystery of self-conscious Silence. God be merciful to Science! God be merciful to the Church! God be merciful to those who lose themselves in thought!

"Our first desire was to see clearly, to understand mutually the problem of Life and to resolve it somehow. We found that our desire was empty, our questionings false. No wonder that we were dissatisfied! Little wonder was it that we received no answers! *Life has no problem.* Life is action, is expression. Our inquiry into the Meaning of Life is resolving itself into an Expression of the Art of Living. In silence, in

darkness, we have found the real desires, the desires to *Do*, to *See* and to *Be*; and without asking have answers come to us in the form of glowing flames: I *am* as God is, I am *free* as God is free, I *express* as God expresses. You and I are God; we are all God, working, struggling to understand our work, fighting to be victorious in our work. We must not be conquered, we are not meant to die: God knows not yet why it is so, God knows not yet the origin of His desire, but God must express until all is clear and until all Creation is filled with light.

"God is finite: it is the realisation of this that brings peace, that brings wisdom. God is weak; it is this that brings strength to us. God is sad and hungry: it is this that brings joy and fills us with the manna of Heaven. God is a Child, and it is this that makes us men.

"Do you remember that well on the hillside where we had our quarrel? You and I have been there again in spirit all this morning. We sat quite still and silent gazing into its depth. There is a long journey ahead for us both. We must be patient. How patient the camels are, treading so softly as if on Persian carpets. They are coming back out of the desert, back into the noisy world. They are loaded with the riches of the desert. Strange how a desert can blossom, Jack, but true. Our desert has blossomed, and this New Well is deep. It looks as if it went down, down into the beginnings of things, and the water in it is rising, rising as if it meant to flood the world.

"PETER."

BOOK IV

THE VOICE IN THE NORTH

"A transformation of silence—strange and inexplicable—is upon us, and the reign of the *positive sublime,* absolute to this day, seems destined to be overthrown. I will not linger on this subject, for the time has not yet come for lucid discussion of these things; but I feel that a more pressing offer of spiritual freedom has rarely been made to mankind. Nay, there are moments when it bears the semblance of an ultimatum; and therefore does it behove us to neglect nothing, but indeed with all eagerness to accept this imperious invitation, that is like unto the dream that is lost for ever, unless instantaneously seized. We must be heedful; it is not without fit reason that our soul bestirs itself."

MAETERLINCK ('The Awakening of the Soul' in *The Treasure of the Humble*).

" Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum, . . .
Aspice venturo laetentur ut omnia saeclo."

VIRGIL (*Eclogue* IV.).

The World asks for a Vision.

You are in the Tomb, O dreamer. You have been there face to face with Death and all the powers and principalities He can arraign against you. We cannot see you, but the Angels tell us you are there, struggling in the darkness which shrouds all that is and has not been, fighting for some Truth which is in danger of being lost for ever. You are suffering may be the pain of a God who has never yet seen the light of day. And your heart is very heavy, for you are alone and there is no one to succour you. Creation is so sacred that only one may touch her at a time. She is frightened of the hosts who would trample on her trailing beauty and give away her secrets to the first comer, be he ever so innocent. Yet be not discouraged. All over the world the lovers of Truth are separating and seeking each the Solitude of the Unknown. They are citizens of no particular country. The world might call them Cynics. And yet they are the only true citizens of the Universe. Out of this Silence, where all is as yet unmade, you will come forth with pearls to adorn your bride, whose eyes are tired from long waiting and filled with tears. The marriage feast is even now being prepared. Everywhere there is a feeling of expectancy and hope. The flowers in the valleys are opening their buds; the young finches in the acacia trees are stirring. Men's hearts have become restless. There is a feeling abroad that Christ is going to come again, that very soon the birth of a Child will be heralded far and wide. And this Child will teach men about

Heaven, so that men will never again have to create an imaginary Paradise in another world than this.

*

The Dreamer tells his Vision.

Hear all you who have loved the God within you. Hear all you who have been poor and sad and patient, who have been thirsty and desolate. Hear all you who have kept alive the desire for spiritual progeny. The time draws near for the birth of your Son. Your secret kisses, your tears, your brave faith have not been in vain. He is at our doors; your Son is standing without at our doors, and the doors are falling back. A beating of innumerable wings fills the air; there is a murmur and whisper of countless leaves. The corn is breathless in the valleys, the grasses growing on the hillside tremble and shake, on the tops of the mountains the eternal snows are awake and restless. The Earth knows that her Lord is close: O Man made in the Image of God, open wide the doors against the coming of your Lord! Open wide the doors, for the time is at hand.

Sing aloud, O Heart; sing aloud to thy friends in the night watches; thou knowest so surely of the coming of thy King. Speak, speak, my heart; keep nothing back from me. Thou knowest all. Thou must keep nothing back. I listen and tremble at thy words, but I am not afraid: I know that what thou sayest is true.

*

In the North will He be born, a Child of the Desert, hungry of soul, swift of mind, strong and beautiful of form. In His eyes is the wonder and calm of dreams long treasured in the Heart of Man. This Child is the

Child of our passion and dreams. Nothing can take Him from us; nothing can hide His beauty from us.

Driving the flocks to the rivers He hears the great world calling, He sees us beckoning to Him. It is His world that calls. Leaning on a thick staff He gazes across the face of the desert. The sun sets and the pale and tender stars fill the night with music. The wind steals up to Him and touches His rough clothes. For a while He and the wind hold converse together. At last He throws down His staff and throws His arms wide to Heaven. He is alone, but for Him there is no loneliness. Everything is His.

A silence engulfs the Universe; for a space nothing stirs. The vultures in the South drop the putrid flesh; the wild elephants lift their heads in the jungle; all over the open surface of the seas there is a sudden hush; in factories and workshops the swirling machinery misses a stroke, the workmen glance up with a sudden fear gripping their throats. 'What was that?' For an instant the sky is black, and the moon rising over China is red like blood.

An instant only, and then it is as if these things had not been. A few children playing at the fireside, a few at prayer in the dim chapel, a few bending over their great books, remember and begin to understand. To them it is given to read the signs of the times.

The Child of the Desert turns and walks rapidly into the city.

*

He is clothed in beggar's garments, but His eyes shine with joy. He will be our King and He will redeem us from the pride of our hearts. All the ends of the world will hear Him and believe: He is their

own Voice speaking to them from the heart of the shrouded North. He has been born with the perfect Love of God in His soul. He has spoken to God and has come from God. Listening, all men will hail Him as their Light and Truth, all men and animals and grasses and spaces of heaven. He will not have to speak twice. He will not need to prove His words. His words are winged with the Beauty that none can refuse.

Speak, speak, Thou Child of our longing and pain; keep nothing back from us. We listen and tremble at Thy words, but we are not afraid: we know that what Thou sayest is true.

*

A Voice in the South acclaims.

"There is a Voice in the North! There is a Voice in the North! He is speaking to us! God is speaking to us! Yes, yes, it is true. Come! Do you hear? He is a man like us. God is a man like us. It is wonderful. Oh, lay that work down. Come and listen. We will go arm in arm together like this. I love you. I love you. Yes! Don't you hear it? It is so wonderful. God come to us! God speaking to us! His words are everywhere. Everybody is speaking in a new language. Everybody is beginning to understand. The love of their hearts has been set free somehow. The judges in the courts have ceased to argue. They sit quite still and mutter beneath their breath, 'What would the King say?' Then suddenly they give their decision. Some of these women in the streets who had no shame have gone to Him. The authorities let them go; the railway officials smile and say beautiful things to them. The engine-driver presses

his brakes down with a tenderness he never thought of bestowing before the King came. He knows now that roughly done it hurts. The artists are expressing as they have never expressed before; their touch seems somehow to have become perfect. Everyone is in love with children—with dirty little children playing in the gutters. The King says that children are wise because they are so silent, and beautiful because they are so wise. The scientists have quite changed: they are busy arranging the words of the King. He laughs at them for taking such pains. Nothing ever seems to matter to the King except love. Come, shall we go and listen to what people are saying about Him? We'll find His words arranged somewhere. Come! I love you! I love you! I am mad with love for the King and you and everybody!"

*

He sits on the corner of a wooden bed. The room is bare, but a wonderful light shines in the faces of those who talk with Him. He will take no money from anybody. He is happy with a loaf of bread and a bowl of milk. Rich food makes Him sad, and costly clothing fills Him with a strange dread. His visitors are amazed at His simplicity. They had expected *some* sort of grandeur, *some* sort of pride. But the King is shy in their company. They see that He is uneducated. Yet they feel that there is some sort of hidden music in His speech. It grips them. When He talks to them some of them cannot look Him in the face. Their eyes stray to the great hills which can be seen from His open window. Even then they feel that this Child can read the dearest secrets of their lives. His dark eyes burn with uncanny fire, and from His lips so exquisitely

chiselled issues a torrent of almost meaningless Truth. This Child has been to the confines of the Universe; He has travelled in worlds beyond. He would speak in a language of perfect beauty and clearness if only His hearers were able to understand: they realise that He is struggling to express Himself in a language which lacks expression. But His power and confidence are so great that they learn to interpret His silences. And these are many.

*

The Child Speaks.

"I am the Lover of God. I am the Lover of God, and I have the perfect Joy of God in my heart. To me all things are possible; to me all things are holy. This room of mine, this picture of Christ here, this noise and rumble of heavy traffic coming up through that open window, are dear to me. You who have come to see me are very dear to me. I have many, many things to tell you. I am the Lover of God. I have helped God to understand Himself. Through many centuries I have been wandering, through many centuries I have been thinking, thinking: and now at last through my faculties God, I know, has become Self-conscious of the springs and forces of His Desire. I am the centre of God's wonderful adventure, the adventure He made to know Himself. That I will explain to you. I am the Mystery of Mysteries, for all, all is revealed to me. I come to you from God just as every prophet and teacher has done before me; I come to you and I speak to you all: to fire, to plants, to animals, to men and women, to these long stretching hills, to the night sky with its myriads of moons. You must listen to me. No, do not drop your eyes; you

must regard me closely and listen to me. Lay your work down and follow me. There is too much work in the world. It is not necessary. It is wrong. I will teach you these things. I have the perfect love of God in my heart. Everything is made manifest to me, and through me to God Himself, who is the Spirit that broods in all of us, and in all life and matter. I am the Lover of God and I want to make all men lovers of God. It is the only thing that is worth while. It is the only thing that counts....

"The scientists and the historians, the theologians and the philosophers have made the Universe too big. It is not a big place. It is very tiny. Do you see this cigarette that I am smoking? I enjoy smoking; and if I enjoy smoking, God enjoys smoking too.—You felt a quickening of the blood just then when I said that. Do you know what that was? That was God leaping to life within you. God is so dead within you. It is this Death within you that makes you miserable. God wishes to take part in our pleasures, in our thoughts, in our dreams. Our ignorance is His ignorance; our pride His pride. Oh, don't you see that by looking for God outside His Universe you are murdering God, stifling Him, crucifying Him—crucifying Him as you crucified me long, long ago? Did I tell you then to worry about the stars? to argue about the Trinity? to try to circumvent life by a steel-like ring of unbreakable logic? Life is so simple, really. Your wise men have made it so difficult—so ugly! Everything is fighting for more and more Life, for more and more Knowledge about Life. That is all. Through us God is fighting against extinction and ignorance. Come and help Him. Come to me and help Him. You are afraid of poverty,

of cruelty, of pain ; you are afraid of Death. My little children, so is God. Everything that you are afraid of, God is equally afraid of. I am shy sometimes when you come to me, because some of you are so great. I remember that I was afraid of Peter and John. They didn't approve of everything I said. And sometimes I wondered whether they were right and I wrong. But I don't think I was wrong often. I am not wrong now. Everything is clear to me at last....

"When I say that everything is clear to me I mean that I know for certain what everything is doing and why. And I can see one great thing that is spoiling it all. Men have always called this thing the Devil. The Devil is the spirit of laziness, of sloth, of refusal to act and to think. While I am speaking to you some of you are drinking in my words and nodding your heads and saying, 'Yes, yes ; strange words, but beautiful somehow, and fresh.' Do you then so misunderstand me? Why have I to explain to you that you of all persons are dead and the victims of Satan? No, I do not wish to be harsh: but you must not acclaim like that. It would be better if you were to try to deny, and then look deep within your own heart to prove the denial. I am the Lover of God, but the God that lies buried by your weakness in the well-springs of your being is so far away from my love! I am sad, and dreadfully wounded by your surface admiration. Cannot you learn to hate me? Well, treat me as a Child who has a wonder in his soul ; do not treat me as a Master who has nothing to learn from his friends....

"Don't come to me every day. Leave me alone sometimes. Think over these things that I say to you. I wish I could express myself better. You must forgive

me for my ignorance. I know that I ought to learn how to say the things that I must say, but it is difficult. You must help me. It is not the speaker that matters, it is the listener. God is not so much a Voice as an Ear. God is not yet. God is coming. God is coming through my voice and through your understanding.—Oh! come out into the fields now. I will talk to you there till the sun sets and it is time for sleep."

* *
*

A Citizen of the World urges the Child to hasten.

I must write to *you*. I cannot wait. My heart is trembling. I must write to you now. I do not know your name, but what does a name matter? I do not even know what you are, a ruler or a mill-hand, a soldier from the trenches or a lecturer at some great University. But I know you are the Child we are all longing to receive. You are the King we are all looking for with eager, anxious eyes, the One we would serve, the only One. Child, come and live with us; come quickly before our passions grow cold, before our minds become dulled in the dreary work of the world. Never mind your tattered rags, your empty purse. We should hate to see you in fine raiment, we do not want you to wear jewels; we might forget to look at your face, we might miss your childlike smiles and little frowns. Come *now*; we have waited too long already. If you delay some of us may die—no, all of us will. We want you to teach us how to *live*. Nothing more. We can do everything else. We can build machinery and great warehouses; we can organise and instruct; we understand all about numbers; we can think out difficult problems—oh, much too difficult for you! You are not clever enough. You are too wise.

Yet we are not happy, and we cannot go on living in pain. God didn't make us that way. All the time we have been deceiving ourselves, trying to pretend we were happy. No wonder you would not come! No one wanted you; how

could you show yourself? But now everything is different. Everybody wants you. You came once before for only a few. You must come now for everybody. You must come for everybody. You must tell us how to love and to play in this beautiful world which is ours and nobody else's. Teach us about God. We don't know what He looks like. Do you think we should recognise Him in a railway carriage, or walking alone in a pine forest, or bustling through crowded streets? Does God ever bustle? Should we pass Him by? The Greeks used to make statues of their gods, but they were never beautiful till they had learned to make statues of men, statues of the best men, the victors in the games. We are just the same; our sculptors have been bound by fixed types. We have been trying to do the right thing; we have been afraid of becoming irreverent. But Child, our hearts are aching for you now. We are throwing our stupid old models away. There is nothing dying now except our vanity. We could not become reverent nor rejoice at every bit of the world we touch and see had we not been profane first of all.

Child, do not be shy. We have lost all our pride. This pride you see is not real. It is all put on. We don't mean it. We are not serious about it. It is only what has been left by the past. Do not condemn the men of science, do not hate the millionaires. They aren't men of science, they aren't millionaires. You are not coming into the world to judge it, you are coming to teach us all Love. Do not be frightened by theologians and philosophers; they are men too, and some of them are children already. Do not think they will not accept you. They are burning for Knowledge. This is why they have been driven to their studies. They cannot find it, and they know they must have it. They must have it. All our Science means that we want Knowledge; all our heartache means that we have not learned where it lies. And you are coming to tell us in your baby way and funny language all the wisdom of the world.

At the beginning you will be disappointed. You will be too humble for some who did not expect to see you like this; you will be too great for others who will try to pay you homage on bended knee—you don't like homage, do you, of that sort?

Some, again, will love you so dearly that they will try to close you in and keep you for themselves; whilst others will not acclaim you readily, since their eyes are slow to behold the Spirit of God clothed in outward form; these have not yet seen themselves. But some of us will embrace you as you have never been embraced before. Many are giving their lives for you already before you have come. So do not tarry longer. My ears are open; so are the ears of my friends—and my enemies. Come and teach: we are all listening. You are a Real Person, the only Real Person, the only Person who can win the world, for you are the only Person who is actually in love with it.

*

The Child at Prayer.

"Be still, be still my soul; be still and take thy rest. The night is silent, the night is calm and silent. Rest, rest, O throbbing heart of me. Thou art cruel to thy friends. Thou speakest to them of greater mysteries than they can comprehend. Thou art over-filled with pride.

"O Calm of Spirit, I come to Thee; O beautiful Rest of God, I enter into Thee. Comfort me, O Peace; comfort me, Thou silent Mother of my pain. Thou knowest what I have to bear. Thou knowest how they run to me and acclaim me King. Soul of my soul, Heart of my heart, have mercy upon them! Give them eyes to see, give them ears to hear, give them hearts to understand. O Spirit of me, have pity upon them! have pity upon them!

"Fall tears, fall and heal the wounds my friends have given me; bathe tenderly the swollen sorrow of the Universe; flood men's lives, flood the earth with the sweet music of God's presence; O wash the world's eyes of all her hate and misery and pride.

*

"Yes, yes, I know that I am the Chosen One. O God that is within me, I am Thy Lover and Thy Friend. I am trying hard, hard to make Thee articulate, to show Thee the wonder of Thy World and to lead Thee into the joy of Thy Work. I am not alone. There are many who realise within them the agony of creation, who would die now if only they thought that their death and extinction would make Thee wiser and happier. We know the depth of Thy suffering. We have been dead too. We have been terribly dead. We have suffered with Thee in the black Tomb of Despair, where all things come to birth. We have brought our seeing and hearing and heart-understanding close to each other. We have thrown out our arms wide to Heaven and caught Thy Love in the hollow of our hands. All things have held their breath at our power. We are God becoming manifest. My Father, we who see and hear and understand are trying to comfort Thee with utterance. Listen, listen, O hidden and sorrowing God! Listen, listen; we will stretch out long fingers and pull Thee up from the depths. We will seize Thee from the bright eyes of strangers passing in the streets. We will lie beside Thee in the greenwoods and pass trembling arms round Thy great limbs and through Thy tangled hair, so soft, so full of the perfume of flowers. We will make Thee happy. We will make Thee wise. O, our love for Thee is so great and so wonderful! There is nothing stronger in the world.

*

"In the beginning there was a little seed of Desire. This is one of the mysteries which I reveal to Thee. In the beginning there was no Time, no Space; there was nothing but a little seed of Desire, a Wish, a

Prayer—my Father, only the Aching Heart of Thee. This beginning, this seed, is ever with us. I saw it yesterday in the bud of a flower. My friends were amazed, for they said that when I looked at the flower it appeared to glow with sudden flame, shooting out from the centre. I did not see that, I saw only the bud and the power of it. The beginning is the centre, the Silence which of all things is the most real, for it denies Nothingness, it denies Extinction and Non-Existence. At the very bottom of Non-Existence there is Silence, deep, pregnant, and this Silence is Everything. It is where Thou art, and there is nothing but Thee—nothing but Thee.

"Then came the travail of Thy Creation; the awakening of the seed into a flower; the passion and the anguish of Expression; the growth into portrayal of the Meaning of Thy Desire. It was Life pure as crystal working out into Articulate Utterance. It was Thy passion song of Love. It was my God seeking to quench His thirst by transforming thirst into a tempest of activity—My Lover, dost Thou understand? Dost thou understand?

"Listen, listen. It availed not. Thy travail availed not. There was something lacking. The movement outwards into Expression goes on still, and still it is unsatisfied; still is Thy Silence full of pain and suffering for that which is not. Thou hungerest still for a meaning, for a *meaning*. In the night time the animals in the forests cry and lift their heads to the stars; the sheep on the plains crowd together and bleat; men cluster in long debating halls—there is a fire in their eyes and a sob in their throats; brave women faint for the love of those that have been taken. Everywhere

my God is weeping for the peace that is still denied Him. His passion is still unfulfilled. There is something my God needs; there is something that keeps everything waiting; there is sorrow unbearable and a feeling of unutterable loneliness and loss.

"What is this that Thou hast been doing? What are these flaming suns? What are these beautiful flowers and plants and herbs? What is all this teeming multitude of fish and animals and children of men? What are these rocks and desolate stretches of desert sands? What are these waves of the ocean and the wind that blows against Thy high towers of virgin snow and across the frozen table-lands in the North? What are these dead things circling round the blazing stars, these wrinkled moons that are so silent?

"Father, let me whisper to Thee. Let me tell Thee the meaning of this mystery: *these things are Thy sacrifice.*

*

"Thy sacrifice! Thy unconscious sacrifice! O Lover of our souls, who has altogether sacrificed Himself that a few men might awake and begin to understand, that a few childlike hearts might proclaim Thy Beauty and Thy Power, tenderly do I approach Thee and offer Thee my wisdom. It is Thy sacrifice that has made me wise. I am He whom Thou hast longed to become; I am more perfectly Thee than all the rest of Thy Universe; I am God made articulate, I am God speaking to men, teaching them to love and to become silent in love, to become silent and wise and free.

"O my Father, my Father, how nearly was Thy sacrifice in vain! How many who won Understanding failed to express what they understood! How terribly

men have used the breaking wonder of Mind in scientific inquiry alone, almost destroying Thee for ever! How long it has taken for real Knowledge to kindle! But now that it has come, now that men have dipped into the awful abyss and felt the agony there and realised pain to the uttermost; now that they have caught and crushed to their souls the white pearl of Silence and found in it the whole secret of Thy sorrow and Thy striving, now at last wilt Thou flood the world with the joy that is past comprehension—swiftly, swiftly wilt Thou come into the hearts of men.

"Real Knowledge is abroad. Some have felt it. Some have announced me. I, even I, am the first-fruits of Thy Creation which groaneth and travaileth in pain. Every tissue, every nerve of Thee hast Thou sacrificed that I might come. Now, O Lover, I am here at Thy side, and Thy inarticulate Beauty will I transform into articulate Song. These pulsing elementary forces will I gather into my arms; these plants and animals will I free from their long servitude to man; this infinity of mute matter that has been prostituted to our youthful desire will I make the wife and partner of our love and of our joy.

*

The Child addresses the burning logs in the hearth.

"Leap flame, leap from the black grave in which you have lain so long. I must speak to you and to your daughter Light. You are so deep in the womb of Silence, you are so close to the beginning and to the centre. I love you. I love you not because you warm me and send strange shadows dancing across the face of the world, but simply because you are so full of life, so bold, so free, so confident in

your strength. You are so bright that the spirits lying within you are forgotten. They are the most invisible of all spirits, and yet we know that they must be there; they must be there like a thick dark curtain, hiding from our eyes and hearts the majesty of the Creator. They are nearer the Creator than anything else. They are filled with the passion of His power and are urgent with His purpose.

"But, Flame, you know nothing, you understand nothing of these things. O Flame, you are so beautiful in your ignorance! you obey implicitly the life-command within you. And yet you are not perfect, for you do not understand. You do not understand. Yes, yes, yes, it is man's fault. It is my fault, I who am the One who is getting to know these mysteries, but almost failing to make them known. The Spirit of the World will not forgive me if I fail to make these mysteries known. O Flame, O Flame, I pity you. You can scarcely comprehend how much I pity you. I would try to do without you if I could. I would die of cold and blind incapability if only my death would make the spirits that hide in you as wise as we, we who are your offspring and glory.

"You have so much to learn. You have more to learn than any other part of God; you are so far from the Real God who is coming to birth at this instant while I speak to you. The Real God is not the God you know so well, the God who is Activity. The Real God is much more than this. He is a God who realises the meaning of every act He does; who is not only powerful, but wise too; who is not only happy in creating, but filled with the joy that springs from the knowledge of what He creates. He is coming now in

the world for the first time. Never before has this God been. I am He. I am He, O flickering, beautiful Flame that is so pregnant with life. Soon, soon will all men become this God; soon, soon will the scales drop from their eyes, and they will see that the spirit of you is destined to become like them, that all this long time you have been waiting for the New God to rise so that you might be freed from the sacrifice that the Old God made in you.

"Be patient Flame, be patient. I will work for you. I will free you so that you may sink to rest in that silent past your spirit knows and loves so well. There you will feel the throb of awakening knowledge that must soon flood the whole Universe. You will become wise too. Your spirit will join mine in the New World. See, I will do it now! I pour the water upon you that men have always thought you hated. I will sit here in the cold and dark. I am the New God. I have no need of light to see by nor heat to keep me alive. Rest, sweet Flame; fall back, back into your patient rest, and wait for me there until I can make the world see that they must have no need of you, that they must set you free. Yes, leave me now. I will come to you again some day...."

* * *

The Citizen of the World attempts to make ready.

For a time I forgot that there ever might be a Person like you, because I forgot all about prayer, and you are the Child of Prayer. Oh let me come into a quiet place with you for a while; take me away from the noise of the world and the shouting of men. I do not want to comfort you. I want to try to share your pain. I want to be *worthy* of suffering your pain. I would pour out my soul unto death if I knew how. You alone seem to understand this; only

you seem to know the mystery of creation; how all Life bursts into being from a tiny prayer; only you can comprehend the heart of the Father perfectly. But we—we can never hear your words and believe your teaching till we have suffered with you, till we have learned to pray.

May be you are at last coming to us because we are learning to pray like you, not on our knees, not with our lips or our eyes, but with our aching hearts. We are without God in the world, and the world is full of despair, the despair of men who have nothing real to fight for and who have to make war for what they need not, for what they cannot love. But we *must* fight, Child! It is the only way we can live at present, and you are bringing into the full day of our lives the God we are longing for, the God we will battle for with every thought of our mind, with every nerve and sinew of our body.

God is coming! God is coming! I know He is because you are coming and will teach Him the meaning of His passionate desire and the work of His creation. And because you are teaching God you are teaching us. We are thirsting to know. We can never be happy till we know. How unhappy the people were in this town last night. There was an eclipse of the moon. As the moon's face was darkened the sentries charged their rifles and fired. Fired at the moon! Does not this show how frightened we all are of what we do not understand; how we hate what we do not understand? Is this not why we have been crucifying God these long years? Haven't we hated God because we thought He was too great for our tiny comprehension? We *must* understand. God will go on sacrificing Himself till we understand.

Child, do not be downcast: You are not alone in your hunger for a Meaning, in your longing to make God wise. Many and full of sorrow have been the passion songs of men; many the heart-searchings, many the lives that have been given with a reckless abandon for the Wisdom that never dies. Some have even given themselves over to death and extinction in search for the pearl of great price. They are not bad men. Man must seek a world of Silence where God alone is. You see, dear, men have not always been afraid. No one will be afraid

when you come. You have never been afraid. That is why your passion songs are so pure, that is why your love is so boundless, that is why your teaching is so true and so simple for those who are children. We have never heard perfectly before. When you come this time we will hear.

You are explaining everything to us about God's terrible sacrifice becoming greater and greater till we *know* that it is a sacrifice, a sacrifice for us. This morning I ate some cherries for breakfast. They tasted sweeter than any I had eaten before. I loved them more deeply than I ever could have done before you told me of these things. I knew what they were and what they were for. I could eat only a few. I think that if we all knew these things we should treat all the beautiful gifts of Nature more gently. We should never take more than we needed. There never could be any luxury or greed or selfishness if we knew that each time we take more than we want we are increasing the pain of God's sacrifice. But now some of us know. Perhaps one day we shall need them no longer; trees and rocks and flowers and metals will feel the joy of life as we do.

And Flame too! How funnily you talk about Flame. I believe sometimes that you are a Greek, one of the seven sages come to life again—only much wiser now! Or Heraclitus? Do you know who Heraclitus was? He saw in fire the beginning of everything; the whole creation was made out of this eternal fire which *thinks* just like you and me; our mind is part of it. I wonder, is this why you say there are spirits in Flame longing to be released? But somehow they cannot be freed till we need fire no longer, till we know what fire is. We have stolen fire from Heaven like Prometheus in order to learn useful arts. These arts have enabled us to grow and to become men; they have taught us to think; they have taught us the power of our intellect. But they have also made us proud. We only think of making useful things nowadays. We have not learnt what the gifts of God are for. We have been wasting them. That is why the pain of the Universe has been increasing. God's sacrifice has been of no avail. But you are coming, Child! You are coming to deliver us from our evils and to

save God from His agony, so that His Spirit may be at liberty through all fire and through all matter, in the bed I am sitting on, in that tin over there, in all I see with my eyes and handle in my hands.

*

The Child Speaks to His Band of Disciples.

"I am sad this morning, my friends. I feel that this world is so beautiful that lying somewhere at its heart there must be a great sorrow. It is sorrow that is most beautiful, for it is sorrow that none of us can look upon without seeing in one glance to the bottom of Truth. If, then, behind beauty there is sorrow, and behind sorrow Truth, we have only to raise our eyes on these Autumn harvests to look straight into the eyes of God. I have often done this, and I would like you to do it too. I don't understand how you can look at a flower or a green tree and not be perfectly happy watching it grow, hearing it sing, feeling it breathing like you. This wonderful old moss on the stones here is a million lovers congregated together so that we may have a soft resting-place. Don't you see that these bright winged birds are trying to transform the air into a symphony? Everything lives for you, my friends. Everything is a blind God doing His utmost for you, hoping that some day you will remember and rise from your lethargy and reward Him with eyes. God needs eyes. I tell you that God is sorrowful beyond measure because His lovers still do not understand. Dear friends of mine, will you not help me to recompense God for all this sacrifice that He has made?

"You do not understand? Why, why do you not understand? It is so simple, so easy. Do you see this

blade of wheat? Shall I tell you why I am so sad about this blade of wheat? why I am so sad about the birds? why I am so sad about little children whom the world never regards, never listens to, never really loves? All these things are the same beautiful sacrifice of God. We must look at them long and learn of God from them. We will never see God anywhere if we do not see Him here, suffering, struggling to become something.

"They have told you that man alone of all God's creatures has a soul, but I tell you that none of God's creatures lacks soul. There is soul everywhere, even in stones and in gaunt beams of iron. Those shoes that you wear are part of God's own Being sacrificed to your comfort. This wheat growing here so confidently is a part of the Soul of God sacrificed to your comfort. Until we can do without clothing and food these things will remain as they are, as you see them, the spirit within them sightless and unhearing. Perfected sight and hearing and understanding are their due as equally as they are ours. The Universe cannot be perfect till men lose their desire for food and for clothing and for shelter. Surely you don't think that is a senseless thing to say? I know that it is true. I will try to explain it....

"God is longing above all for immortality. Some have tried to convince you that God is already immortal. But you have not been convinced. Every time one of your friends dies you sit by the cold face and wonder, wonder if it is true. You never seem to reflect that it is the wondering and hoping and longing that counts, that guides the departed spirit into the form he and your love for him desire. Listen, listen! When a

grain of corn falls into the earth and dies, a hundred grains may rise in its place, for the desire at the centre is unfailing and the passion in the Spirit of Earth herself is mighty. But when an animal dies, the soul passes directly to the centre, for Earth is not an animal's home. And when a man dies, it is with his soul as with the animal's, unless his soul be filled with the wisdom and love which will make that soul immortal. I tell you these things because some of you have thought that at the end of life a man slips out of mortality into nothingness, while others of you have believed that without exertion you will slip into immortality.

"My friends, plants cannot become immortal, animals cannot become immortal, until that part of creation which is sustained by them needs them no longer. It is our duty, if we are going to save God from an eternity of blind striving and unconscious activity, to become immortal, to clothe ourselves in the spiritual body of which the prophets have spoken.

"Do you not see that man and man alone is to blame for the sorrow of the world? He is holding creation back. He must awake and teach his heart wisdom, so that, having at last escaped this plane where all is sacrifice, he may assume the form of the Perfect God, who requires not any soul to be in bondage to Him, but to whom Utterance itself is life. Things are becoming clearer to God Himself as I speak to you. These words if heard by you and understood are helping to free plants and animals from their so desolate alienation from the True God, the True God who is living beside us in the unseen souls of those men who have already become immortal—Ah! . . .

"My precious ones, I remember now where I came from. It has taken me long to remember that. This sacrifice that I make century after century in leaving Heaven for a while to come and teach you here becomes clearer to me every time. Your tender eyes help me, your eager listening helps me. I have never before got men to understand so well as now. I think the great gates must be opening wide between this world and the next; I feel that I have now the power to make you all children and to lead you by the hand simply and quietly into the palace of our God.

"If you come it will be easy for me to gather in the corn and the bright-winged birds and the fish of the seas and the patient beasts of burden, as well as the wild animals crying aloud in the jungles. They are all the Spirits of Desire trying to find a meaning for Desire. During the adventure they have been kept alive by the sacrifice of the spirits of fire and the grand assemblage of fire's offspring which we name chemical elements. They have found a meaning at last in the Spirit of Mind, and they must be told that they have found it; that their striving has not been in vain. God must be told that He has won through, that He has conquered. Then Heaven will come quickly, and all these other things will pass....

"Now let us walk back again into the city. I love you for the way you listen to me. My mind is becoming clearer about God and about everything, simply because you are listening to me so wonderfully. But you are a little tired. Come!"

*

"Ho! Here are some of my little friends playing at mud-pies. I must go and talk to them. Aren't they

happy! I wonder if there is anything happier than a child playing at mud-pies. You go on slowly. I will not be long, but I must speak to these darlings. All the beauty of the world is entrapped in their sunny faces. Look at their strong white teeth as they open their lips to greet us.... No, no; they will be shy of so many people: let me talk to them alone. I have many questions to ask them."

The Child sees a girl playing.

"Good morning! Mr. Man. Mr. Man, come and see my cakes. Doesn't that look a perf'tly delicious cake? Oh, *don't* you think mine much nicer than the others?"

"It quite makes my mouth water. Why do you call me Mr. Man?"

"Oh, I don't know. You suit Mr. Man. Give me your hand, Mr. Man. Come and see my beautiful pancakes. They are as flat as flat. They fall round your hand—see!—when you turn them, just like real ones.—Aren't they, Mr. Man?"

"Are real ones nice?"

"Well, not very. These are much nicer, don't you think so?"

"Why?"

"'Cause when you've eat the real ones you haven't got any more to look forward to."

"But you can't eat these mud pancakes at all, can you?"

"Mr. Man! you mustn't call them mud pancakes. They are much more realer than the fried ones at home."

"How is that?"

"That's a secret, Mr. Man."

"But I would so like to know. No, don't pout. Tell me."

"Oh, you don't understand, Mr. Man; you don't love my pancakes. I eat my pancakes all day in my mind—and still there's plenty of pancakes left. *Now* do you understand?"

"Yes, indeed I do. Go on talking about these things. We grown-up people are very stupid."

"Oh, but you aren't grown up, Mr. Man, like other people. You're just 'xactly like I, really. You're sitting on the floor of my bakehouse and making little mounds of sand with your fingers just like what I've been doing all this morning. I think you're a nice big Mr. Man. But you're 'xactly like I."

"Don't you ever get tired of making cakes?"

"Oh, yes. Then I make other things. There's heaps and heaps and heaps of things to be made. Always when Nursy comes to put me to bed I think of the nicest things. Nursy likes you, Mr. Man."

"But sometimes I've seen you sitting and frowning at the blue sky and making nothing at all."

"Oh, Mr. Man!"

"What are you doing then?"

"When I look at the sky, Mr. Man? Oh, then I'm thinking."

"Thinking? What do you think about?"

"'Bout lots of things. 'Bout frogs and pebbles and all sorts of other thinks. Some thinks are very diff'cult, Mr. Man. Do you ever think?"

"Sometimes."

"I'm always thinking 'bout some think. This morning I had quite a new think 'bout God. I love God, Mr. Man. He's just like you when you smile.

He makes pancakes with me. Do you see those funny arrow things on this wet pancake? God patted it there when I wasn't looking. He just did it for fun.—But I'm so sorry for God, Mr. Man."

"Why, darling?"

"'Cause nobody loves Him."

"How do you mean, nobody loves Him?"

"Mr. Man, you and me is God. 'Way down at the bottom of our difficultest thinks there is something, isn't there, Mr. Man?—oh, I can't explain."

"Yes, yes, you can. I know what you mean. There is something that we can't think about any more, isn't there? It is like the bottom of the stairs in the cellar. And there are lots of voices and ghosts—why are you clapping your hands?"

"Oh, Mr. Man, you are so *lovely*, I want to kiss you. How did you guess all 'bout my thinks like that?"

"These are the things I think about too."

"Do you know, I think you're a very clever Mr. Man. You understand. I want so much to talk to you 'bout God and things. Nobody understands. Nursy says I shouldn't think 'bout such awful things. She's horrid, and—"

"Darling! don't say that.—You are lonely sometimes, then?"

"Y-e-s."

"Is God lonely?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Man, very lonely. He likes my pancakes; but He is awful lonely. Do you think God will *ever* be happy?"

"I'm sure of it. You must help Him."

"Yes, Mr. Man, but it's so diff'cult. He wants to

know so badly why He made those marks on my pancake like that and not some other way. And oh, Mr. Man, I can't explain to Him! Why can't I explain to Him, Mr. Man?"

"That is one of the most difficult questions, darling. I am going to think about it all my life; and when I have found the answer, you will sort of feel the answer too, even if I am thousands of miles away from you.... Your eyes and lips are the lips and eyes of God, little one. Let me kiss them. There! Now I must go."

"When will I see you again, Mr. Man?"

"Oh, we will see a lot of each other every day, because we will think a lot of each other."

"Mr. Man?"

"Yes."

"When God comes for always and always, we will be angels, won't we?"

"Yes, we will be angels."

"With wings, Mr. Man?"

"Yes, with wings."

"Good-bye! Mr. Man."

"Goodbye! darling."

* * *

Dear Lover of Little Children,

You love Peter and me, don't you? We used to be little children once. How we loved playing hide-and-seek in the garden or chasing each other round the rhododendrons— such great big ones!—or paddling all day long in the sea. Sometimes we used to go out looking for birds' eggs. We never took any; we were not unkind then. We just wanted to look at the pretty marks. One day when I was out with my nurse I ran away and went into a beautiful wood. The

The Citizen of the World forgets his shyness for the Child and introduces others to him.

ground was covered with lilies-of-the-valley. I can smell them now as I write to you. I remember I lay down and tried to talk to them, but they could only smile and nod their heads. How happy I was to be alone! I wanted to make some new friends. I wanted to get lost in the woods. I didn't want to get back for tea. I wasn't hungry. An old man in a white smock came and looked at me with soft grey eyes and sat down by my side. He seemed to understand everything. There was no need to talk. We didn't speak a word. I remember how angry my nurse was when she found me. How naughty I was to run away; how shocking to sit and talk to strangers like that! I had missed my tea and I wouldn't get any supper that night as a punishment. What did I care? How perfectly long the days were then! How much too short! How happy we felt inside! We *did* long to tell everybody about it, but there was nobody—or we didn't know how.

And then we were taken away from home to go to school and wear horrid black clothes and stiff shirts and learn all about quadratic equations or the composition of gases or the Greek and Latin grammars. "They will all be so useful," they told me, "besides, you are learning how to behave. You can never be a man till you know the rules of society. You must play games, too, even when you hate them. They will give you the right spirit to carry you through life." And then in the holidays I learnt to shoot hares and pheasants and many kinds of birds and I got to know the excitement of the chase as well. But somehow all the time I was losing my fairylands, till I began to think they had been quite unreal. But I know they weren't now, because Peter and I feel that you are going to bring them back to us.

One day perhaps you will suddenly appear in Archangel. I love the name Archangel. I think there must be great souls living there. And the children will run to you and will take hold of your strange clothes, and say "Hullo! Mr. Prince, where have you come from? Mr. Fairy Prince, are you the Man in the Moon?" And you will say in your funny way, "No, darlings; I'm the Man in the Sun. I've been up there giving you life and light and beautiful rich food so that you

may laugh and be happy. I've been up there thinking and thinking of you. But there's no need for me now. If you come along with me, I'll tell you everything." And they will crowd about you and tell you they are tired of playing top and they are tired of bed-time and they don't want to eat anything specially badly. They will want to play new games which will go on for ever; they will want to see new countries; they will want to laugh without ever having to cry afterwards; they will want to see everybody very happy. And then as you lead them down the great street they will suddenly disappear with you and become invisible and find their true fairyland. And tired workmen and sick women will become as little children in order to follow you, because they saw the look in your eyes.

Let me tell you about a friend of mine. He is a lover of men. He is almost a child too because he sees the beauty in the world and his heart is full of sorrow. He sees God's sacrifice in the yellow corn, in the great factories and in the lives of men; and he feels it is being made in vain. God's sacrifice is so bountiful, so good and free, that men who do not need it are keeping it from others. Men are being sacrificed for men who do not need their sacrifice. This friend of mine, about whom I shall often talk to you, feels that he *must* help those who cannot feel or hear or see as God meant them to. He feels that he *must* help God. He wants to make men happy; he wants to turn their hard toil into the 'play of life.' Unkind people call him an 'unpractical socialist.' How funny that he should so long to do things at once if he is 'unpractical'! Child, every minute we wait for you means pain to a million souls. I'm afraid my friend will think you a visionary. You see too much. You are too wise. If only there was no need for food and warmth and houses to live in! O come and teach us how we may cease to need them! . . .

"But there *is* need—at present," says my friend. We cannot do without them, dear, till we know how good they are. Come down from Heaven, come up from Hell, to our sorrowing world. Seize our lowest desires: we want to love you with these as well as with our best. Make the fullest journey you can. We will love you all the more for this. Come into the

despair of every man's life. Come into the despair of the dock-labourer and the squalid poverty-haunted thief. Come into the despair of the charwoman and the prostitute. You will be covered with embraces. Some of our kisses will surprise even you.

*

"I met the King yesterday. He says He is going to that working-men's meeting to-night."

The Workers of the World.

"Is He? Is He going to speak to them?"

"No; He says He is going as a listener—as one of them. I don't know what He means by that. They would all be so happy to hear Him speak as somebody quite different. He *is* quite different from anybody I ever met; He is so *gentle*."

"Well, I must go. Perhaps I shall see Him. Do you think He would speak to me in these shabby clothes? I haven't had money enough to buy—"

"The King speaks to everybody. He doesn't care a bit about what sort of clothes you wear."

*

The Child speaks.

"I will speak if you like. It is good of you to ask me to speak. You labourers and you employers of labour are the greatest people in the world. You are the workers. That is why I feel that I am one of you. I have my work too, and it is very hard. Sometimes, just like you, I fall to sleep at my work, it tires me out so; sometimes, just like you, I cannot go to sleep at all for thinking of my work. My work is just like yours. I am trying always to *express* myself. That is what work is, good work—self-

expression. If you have to work in order to get money only, how tired you get of it, how unsatisfied you feel! But when you work and try to find a pleasure in what you are doing, you find, do you not, that your work and your character become inseparable? You feel proud at length, no matter what monotonous drudgery it is you have to undergo. After it is finished, when you smoke your pipe or eat your evening meal, you feel the glow of one who has done just a little more useful work for the world of men.

"There is no happiness like the happiness of a working man or woman who has accomplished one little thing well. No one, not even the great artists of the world, can make you happier than you are if you only try to see in your daily drudgery the best expression of your own personality. You shouldn't be afraid of being original. It is the men who have loved their work so much that they wanted to alter it now and then who have become the great inventors and the great names in industry. When you feel that by doing this or by doing that you could make the daily routine easier or more interesting, then talk about it, report it to your employer, fight for your idea and let the world have it. I know some of you who have done this sort of thing lately, who have made discoveries in iron-working which have opened the scientists' eyes. You have received no reward save the reward of happiness. Everyone can see that you are happy; that you have been in a world where for a moment all things became new and where you found that you had a marvellous power of improving the work you had expected to get absolutely sick of.

"You workers are the people who matter. Never

let anyone take that dignity from you and place it on others. The world is a bad judge of the world. The real judge is the heart of a man who does his own work well and encourages others to do theirs. These discontents that arise among you—are you sure that they are gentle enough? Long, long ago a good man came to the world and told the world that the meek shall inherit the earth. We are beginning to believe it at last, aren't we? It is not the vicious, strong, brutal men who are your rulers. No man can be your ruler; you are your own rulers. You suffer from viciousness, from selfishness, from men of avarice and bad taste, but that suffering is your glory. It makes you divine in the eyes of men who look on and tremble, but whose hands are tied. But, friends, you will receive no recompense by being bitter and harsh and cruel in your turn. You will not conquer the world that way. You must learn to be proud. There are those who watch all your actions, a whole crowd of unseen spirits. They are thirsting and praying for you to become proud, to become silent and merciful in the presence of those who would crush you so that they may buy happiness. If they could buy happiness it might be good for you workers to be crushed, for their happiness would flood into your lives too. But they cannot. No man can buy happiness. But the spirits are longing for happiness, all the Universe is longing for happiness, and there are some who feel with Christ that it will come from *your* tenderness and patience, from *your* pain and wretchedness.

"Don't you think that it is women who understand these things? Women are wonderful workers. They rarely complain; they find a keen joy in washing clothes,

in economising the household expenses, in nursing you when you are sick; in all the little things their touch is exquisite and admits greatness into a world where everything looked before dreary and insignificant. It is women and children who help us to see what play there is at the bottom of work. I saw a little girl yesterday making mud-pies. I talked to her. She made them so beautifully that I am sure that some day she will be quite a wonderful baker.

"It is difficult for us to play when living is so hard, when men are so selfish, when work is so scarce. I know; I know. But our misery is our crown. Every little child who has to go to school and learn sums and writing and grammar, instead of playing all day in the fields; every woman who has to bear children for the world's work and scheme untiringly for their welfare, instead of spending her life in loving and fondling them and being loved and fondled in return; every man who has to renounce all hopes of ever becoming an artist or a scholar or a teacher because he must get sufficient bread to appease the hunger of his family,—all are being sacrificed to the grand purpose of God, all are suffering that a few spirits may become so beautiful and wise and good that they may be able to show God the meaning of it all and lead men into the world beyond, where these things will no longer be necessary.

"The new world is coming swiftly now. We shall all see clearly soon and be reborn in bodies that need no workers to keep them alive. You know that before the birth of a child there is unspeakable anguish and pain. Do you say that the anguish and pain is wrong? How can it be wrong? It is the fact. And all this terrible state of poverty and confusion is just such a time of

travail. Will you deny that the travail will be fruitful? How can it be otherwise? Be patient, be patient, watch and pray for the coming of the New World. Without your sacrifice, O lovely workers of the world that is, the world that will be could never come. The New World will be the expression of your deepest desires and strongest faiths.

*

"But a little while since, Employers of Labour, you with the specialists and legislators alone possessed the power of reasoning and the power of seeing some of the meaning of the work in the world of activity. Now that power is coming to your employees as well; yes, even to your children. The world is wiser to-day than it has ever been, and it is owing to your efforts as well as to the efforts of all the practical thinkers that it is so. Your organisation of industry, your inventive capacity, your zeal for a smoothly running labour machine is doing more to clear up men's ideas, and doing more to make them contented in this world, than all the philosophical books and socialistic pamphlets put together. Your reward will indeed be great. According to the exertion a man makes so shall that man be paid. Just as the sweat of his sinews shall be recompensed to the labourer with health and strength of body, so shall the sweat of your brains be recompensed to you with health and strength of mind. You are among the sanest of men, for you are face to face with the need for equilibrium and harmony, and know better than other men the possible ways of acquiring them.

"You possess dignity. Retain that dignity. Never let it be sullied by ambition or by selfishness. Ambition and selfishness will make you miserable; oh! how they

will make you miserable. You who are our elders know so well where real happiness lies. It is not in possessing large fortunes, in having power over those who labour for you, in owning large tracts of perfect country; it is in the realisation that comes to you at odd moments of your real importance to men. You have worked hard, and you see of the travail of that work and are almost beside yourselves with joy. How happy you are when you are able to do little things here and there to help those who call you master! How pleasantly the eyes of little children beam thanks to you! In their eyes you are wonderful, you are a prince, you are God Himself.

"And you have leisure. The working people proper think that you have much leisure, and they do not think it fair. But you know that it is fair; that your leisure is well-earned. What you think is unfair is that the world should be so busy that the labourers themselves receive so little leisure. They cannot afford to be out of employment. They are paid by the day or week; you every quarter or every year. They have no bank-books; you have, and on the strength of accumulated wealth you can occasionally procure a holiday. Now, how are these holidays spent? Do you spend money or do you throw it away? If you spend it the world will benefit; if you throw it away the world will suffer. Do you run a motor-car to death in a fortnight which was intended to be run for five years? Then you are throwing money away, you are behaving badly, you are not being economical. The more wealth in the world, the more progress; but the more squandering of wealth, the more poverty. You who are entrusted with large fortunes, see that you do not consume with them in an

hour that which might have lasted and been a strange delight to you for a week. Those who have money and do not know how to spend it are the poorest of the poor, for the return they get for it is chaff.

*

"My friends, both you and your employees are tied together in the one great bundle of life. You are brothers. You stand or fall together. The time is coming when you will rise together to a height you little dreamed of. Duty shall have its boundless reward. Duty means sacrifice. The whole world of Commerce and Industry is a sacrifice, and both those who execute the work and those who control and organise it are made beautiful by their sacrifice. Lift up your eyes, lift up your hearts, above the toil and the care. There is something beyond. There is something awakening within you which will transform your work and your anxious supervision into things far more beautiful than you have ever imagined possible.

"Listen. The whole of your world is rooted and grounded in intellect. Your machinery, your institutions, your great systems, the entire body of your enterprise is governed by brains. It is this that will alter. Just behind intellect there is a vision that is purer, keener, more powerful than the vision of your eyes, than the hearing of your ears, than the touch of your hands. This world that we see and hear and touch is passing away; another world will come, and now is, which comes into being at our spiritual touch.

"This is not poetry: it is fact. You understand it to-day, yesterday men did not understand it. Yesterday men in workshops felt that the materials they moulded were there to be moulded, that they were life-

less, inert. To-day, every object, every grain of matter is blood-shot, is throbbing with the same pulse that beats in your own body. The Universe is shaking itself like a huge animal who is about to awake from his slumber—What is this that is happening at this very moment? Friends, friends, be not afraid!—Keep a firm grip of those chairs—they are your friends; they will not hurt you. They are your friends; they will not hurt you—they will not hurt you.

*

"It has passed. For a moment you were in the New World. For a moment the New World held us all in its loving embrace. You must not ask me to explain this new thing; you must explain it yourselves. Have I not said that you are the greatest people in the world?..."

*

"That was a funny thing that happened. I was afraid."

"So was I. Did you see how white the King was? They say he almost fainted, and that is why He stopped so abruptly. Oh, I wish I understood."

"I think I understand a little bit. Do you know what I feel? I feel as if I had been asleep ever since I was born and that the King has come to my door and is knocking there till I wake up.—Oh, listen! Do you hear that wonderful music? I am sure it is the stars singing to us."

* * *

Dear Labourer for men,

Peter and I are out of work. We have been unemployed now for a long time and we are miserable. We feel

that the world is sometimes a cruel place, but never so unkind as when it refuses to let men work, when it asks them to do nothing. But this is why we have been thinking so much of you. We can't help thinking of you now.

The Citizen of the World writes a letter to the Divine Labourer.

Every evening when the light begins to fade I go to my window and look across to the far hills and wonder, wonder about you. When will you come? What will you be when you appear? What will you say to all of us? Every night I learn a little more of you in my dreams. Two nights ago I believed you would be the President of some mighty Republic before men discovered you, before you showed them who you were; but last night I felt certain somehow that you would appear with all your unexpected beauty as a common labourer, and I remembered being once told that you last went to Heaven as a labourer. You will be the King, but you will come as a working man, for the world lives because of working men. If you win these you will win all. And I know that you will win them, because they will see in you one who has suffered from the heat of the furnace; one who has shivered in the long night watches. You know what it is to be thirsty and tired, disappointed and sometimes beaten; you understand all about that untiring energy which gives and spends to the uttermost, never flinching even before disease. Like the Roman Emperor of old, like soldiers, like all brave men, working men die 'standing.'

Child, will you forgive me? I used to hate labourers and working men once, and I believe Peter did too before he lived with them. I used to watch them coming home from the mill swinging their little tin cans of tea that had long been empty. I liked to hear the clatter of their clogs on the cobbles. But how selfish and sordid they looked to me! how much too serious! how gruffly they answered me when I spoke! Now I know better. . . .

You remember the friend I told you about in my last letter. I have had great talks with him lately. He has told me many beautiful stories about the people I once despised. *You*

know what large hearts are theirs, what tender feelings. He tells me that their sullen faces often betray a grim smile full of the intensest humour and sympathy. But they are in earnest, in deadly earnest. They have no time for laughter. They must 'work apace, apace, apace' in drab monotony for long hours and little reward. They do not dislike work; no, but they long for work in which they may express themselves, into which they can thrust their spirit as well as their hands. Work is so specialised now-a-days; it lacks all colour and excitement. There is no room for the 'play' of the artist. One man will spend his days in sweltering heat removing clinkers from the grate of a mighty furnace, another will be watching a fly-wheel or valve of an engine from morn till night amidst the deafening roar of machinery, others will always be hammering rivets, laying mortar to bricks or making sections of card-board boxes. Day in, day out it is the same; there is one little piece of work for each man to do and he may not leave it for another; there is no changing of places to relieve the dullness. Surely there can be little pleasure to be won in work that is so mechanical and deadening, so continually the same; and my friend is sure that until men can rejoice and take pride in their daily task, they will be over-anxious for their wages. This is why he is fighting to win more leisure for them. So long as this kind of work has to be done they must have more leisure, he says; they must have greater opportunity to express themselves freely and with originality. I asked him if originality was not encouraged in the workshops. He replied that though in some factories there are 'idea boxes' for men with ready inventions, yet foremen are too often frightened of any with original ideas who would make improvements: it is easier to deal with men who do not talk but who work in silence and obedience and are content to be treated as clay in the hands of the potter. Moreover, the 'unions' in which working men are grouped often delay their freedom. They are told when to be satisfied with their pay, when to rise in open rebellion against their masters. They may not choose their politics, sometimes they may not even profess the religious beliefs they hold so dear.

"But all this is changing" my friend declares. "Very soon there will be no need for societies like these, for the employers and great men are beginning to look to the hearts of the people instead of to their own hastily-gotten gains. Something strange has happened. The voice of the people is being heard in the land and the men of might and riches are blushing with shame. The powerful are hastening to construct laws of peace and justice which will enable all men to lay hold of the joys of life."

"But what if these laws fail?" I asked.

"They cannot fail," he answered, "for there is something more than organisation behind them. Yet even these laws will only exist for a time. One day, high and low, rich and poor, will meet face to face, and one labourer will be telling of another, 'then was I by him as a master-workman; and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him.'"

These things my friend said to me in the garden before breakfast, and I know that they are true.

*

The Child is called to account.

"Our King, do not misunderstand, we beseech you, the motive that has driven us to call you to account. This court has no accusation against you. But while we are one and all in sincerest sympathy with your teachings and acts, yet we submit to you that we are the vindicators of our country's well-being, and in a manner of the world's well-being; and for this reason we have seen fit to summon you before us. We realise that your teaching is strong and will prevail, even were we, who are the people's educators and rulers, to denounce it. Yet we are not convinced that it is the best teaching, though we feel that it must be so; and therefore we pray you to explain yourself, and as well as possible your principles, that we may the more readily, if not with actual authority, give coun-

tenance to your work. Stand up and teach us as you have been teaching those we govern, and remember that in your presence we are not judges so much as men who know that they have lost the art of being children, and on that account are the hardest people of all to convince. Nevertheless, stand up. We will do our utmost to understand."

*

The Child's Defence.

"Friends, at first when they told me that I was to be examined by you I was afraid, for I had long felt that misunderstanding and unkindness, were they to come, would come from high quarters, authoritatively and irresistibly. Still more was I disquieted when I learned that the people, some of whom I see have been admitted to the gallery yonder, were resolved to fight for me if I should be condemned by you. But your gracious speech, my Lord High Governor, has set my fears at rest for ever. Indeed you are my friends, and the nobility that is yours, the grace and the power, will assist me as nothing else in the world could assist me. I will try never to undermine your legal and rightful influence as guardians of the state or to question your precedents or to destroy the people's faith in you, for that would be wrong. Whether you know it or not, you legislators and rulers, both in the secular and spiritual spheres, are the forthcoming Deity of the Universe. It is a big thing to say, but I believe that it is true. I mean by it that God is present wherever understanding is present, wherever ability to judge the good and condemn the evil, wherever a growing comprehension of the difficulties that this world seems to place in the road of spiritual emanci-

pation and physical freedom. Now, if it is true that you are God more than the people are God, you will understand why it is that you need have no fear of me. Do you not know me as the Lover of God? The Lover of God must obey God as surely as he must learn to teach God to know Himself and to realise His work. I wish to look you in the face and teach you; but at the same time I wish to hold your hand and be guided by you.

*

"I cannot offer proofs of the truth of things which I know to be true; you must endeavour to find your own proofs by believing first of all in my honesty and in my wisdom. A man knows when he is wise just as surely as he knows when he is honest; and I say to you that the external proof of a statement is nothing, the internal conviction it inspires, everything.

"With regard to Education and Development I have a certain belief, a certain optimism and a certain trust.

"My certain belief is this. When two people fall in love they are being employed as the means whereby the world's desires, always growing more complicated and interpenetrating, are answered. The world's desires are two: first, the desire for men and women to carry on the work of the world; second, the desire for enlightenment about that work. The first is answered in the love of a man and woman, the second is answered in the love between two kindred minds or souls. We must not be afraid of love. If pure and natural, it will lead us through to the answers we require. Our heart will always warn us when it is becoming impure and artificial. True love is a mutual give and take immediately made incarnate in new flesh and blood or becoming

manifest in an unseen but perfectly present spirit. From true love issues forth both quantitatively and qualitatively bodies exquisitely fitted for the work of the world and spirits precisely synchronous with the world's growing comprehension. It requires only that these bodies and spirits be wakened from the slumber that falls on them all at the moment of birth to get the work they came for perfectly accomplished and the understanding they possess perfectly expressed. This should be the work of Education. The physical, mental and spiritual requirements of the world will be obtained by helping every child to find himself, not by teaching him to do this and that. The greatest educator is he who teaches one nothing but in whose presence one becomes oneself.

"You are wondering whether I have not forgotten that the world has evil desires which, if all Education were merely the road to self-expression, would be strengthened rather than suppressed. Friends, I believe that it is the suppression which is the real evil, the holding up of live tendencies out of fear for results. Compared with the depth of good in the world the evil is shallow, shallow. You can get to the end of evil, you cannot plumb the deeps of good. This is my certain optimism. I am certain that life left free would not land you in Hell but in Heaven. There are two main evils: the negation of vitality, which is Laziness; and the perversion of vitality, which is Sin. But let a man once find the work for which he has come, to which the world has called him, and he will be too happy to be lazy, too proud to sin.

"And what will be the outcome of this sort of philosophy? Will all-roundness of culture pass and everyone become an exaggeration, a social hypertrophy? I

do not think so; for every man and woman in his or her proper place will transform earth into a perfect community of souls. There will be no question, are we social? are we broad-minded? These questions are asked by those who perceive some lives to have become fixed in a groove without becoming great in it. But whenever a man finds the groove that belongs to him he becomes great there; not a man but a god, not man but God. It is the groove that passes, not the brotherhood; it is the matter that disappears, not the spirit that becomes concentrated and narrow. The spirit of man is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth—no matter where it blows furiously, that fury is not inappropriate because it is the measure of its own propriety. It is only when the spirit has to lower itself to matter that it must learn not to flow in certain channels and leave others vacant. But have I not said that the pure spirit lowers itself not to matter but transforms matter into spirit like to itself, which is the whole secret of greatness in this world. This is my certain trust. I would lay implicit trust on the great. We cannot criticise greatness, we must believe in it; it is our standard, we are not its standard. Through vitality and insight and imagination the great ones make the Universe for us. We must accept their Universe, the work of their hands and minds and hearts....

"Now you know why I am not afraid of certain things that are taking place in our midst because of my words. There are two main things: first, we are beginning to distrust any school or college or society or clique that would force their pupils or adherents into any specific mould, to clothe themselves in the garment of a type, for that is to deprive them once and for

all of personality. It is personality we require, not machinery; personality finds its own peculiar setting in life, machinery often gets mislaid or badly placed or even altogether upset. Secondly, we know now that over-education is not a blessing; that there is a certain amount of manual work to be done in the world, for instance, that requires no Latin or Euclid or Art Criticism in the brain of the worker, but urgently forfends them; and for long, indeed, some of us have assigned the reason of our social maladjustments to the indiscriminate avalanche of learning which is hurled down upon the heads of the ignorant and wise alike. My Lord, I am as certain of this as I am certain that I stand and speak to you here, that some must be poor and ignorant before all can become wise: like the plants, like the animals, humanity would do well to be patient till all is prepared.

*

"There is another side to rulership. There is the negative side, the prohibitive; the authority proper, the whole legislature of interdictions and restraints placed upon the spirit of man. Of that it is hard to speak, for while it is wrong in the eyes of the God that will come, it is right in your eyes, which are nothing less than the eyes of the God that is. Some of you see in it a positive thing, the protection of rights, but, my friends, there is no protection of rights in Heaven. It is of Heaven I would speak to you, of the world that is all about us, though we see it not, for our eyes are blinded by the light of this world of rule and order and intellectual conceits.

"It is here, perhaps, that we may find the explanation of our paradox. The God who would censure our

justice for its narrowness and clear-cut distinctions of wrong and right is the God of the morrow, is the God who is coming in the very hearts of those whose minds are turned against Him. But just by the amount of that rejection of heart by head, so the amount is registered by which God is still blind and struggling upwards towards the true light. Necessity cannot be the true light of our spirit. Law and order, however magnificent, however mobile, can never hope to satisfy the wild anarchy that is the very essence of life. It is not justice we need, it is mercy. Where the spirit of man is, there is liberty, there is immeasurable forgiveness, unutterable forgiveness.

"My lords, yours is a difficult position; you are dealing with two worlds at once. Your minds have been perfectly moulded upon the intricacies of the material, but your hearts have been tuned to the splendid music of the spiritual. You are not seldom wearied by the struggle; your brows bear the signs of secret anxiety. How often do you give your best decisions according to the world's standards, knowing all the while in your heart of hearts that those best decisions are wrong through and through: it is the same feeling the hangman experiences; and how sorry the angels are for the hangman!

"My lords, I want to help you to see that no great evil will come by obeying your heart instead of your head. The hour has come for you to throw over legal codes and political systems. Your hearts are wise enough to command and judge us. We will obey you. What you say is just. When you look at us and ponder it is God who is looking at us and pondering, and God cannot easily make a mistake. Oh, do you

not see that the time is come for you to announce your divinity? to rise and strike quickly at all the cant and silly mechanism of statecraft? Do you not see how Heaven is at our doors? how it only requires your power to be diverted from legal analysis into sympathetic understanding of the lives of men, to transfigure the world?

"My lords and bishops, you, if you are true, are among the wisest of the sons of men; you, if you are in your proper place, are among the most fortunate. Remember that few are wise and few fortunate. Remember that wisdom must come slowly: do your best to make all men fortunate, to lead them to find themselves in the work of the world, without suddenly slaying the whole superstructure of false education that makes men so fatally equal. Remember that Culture and Happiness must come eventually, but that the first step on the road to them is Nobility of Character and Sacrifice in Work. Remember that for all those who have not yet reached the ultimate greatness of Wisdom the true greatness is the Nobility of Silent Sacrifice. Remember that you are not the nobles of this world in the eyes of Heaven; the nobles of this world are the workers. Be patient a while. Bestow your wisdom slowly, lead men gently towards the light. For the present commend their sacrifice. They will receive their reward just as you have received yours. Let the sacrifice to the material world be made complete; guide each body and each spirit to the true point of his sacrifice, into his true-born nobility. Then say the word, and flood the world with all the wonder that you are harbouring, with all the magic of the touch of God."

* * *

Dear Teacher of the Wise,

I hardly know how to write to you to-day. A new happiness floods my heart. I am growing to love you more and more. Yesterday we were allowed out for a walk, and I met Peter by the river. He had drifted away from his party and was sitting alone under one of the willows. He was watching the children driving the oxen round and round the small plot of ground which is used as a threshing floor. The oxen draw a kind of wooden sledge with sockets underneath into which are fitted polished flints for crushing the corn. The process is pitifully slow. You think that the wheat, stacked everywhere in great piles, will never be threshed. But the work goes on and the work is completed. And as you watch you see a wonderful picture of God's sacrifice. You marvel at the suffering patience of the grain and the faithful obedience of the oxen, you rejoice at the happiness of children in their labour.

To the Child, the Citizen of the World expresses his fear of works already approved great.

Peter and I spent a long time watching, and then we talked about you. It was the natural thing to do: we couldn't help it. We talked about you and loved you together. Perhaps this is why I am so happy to-day. Peter was saying that when you come, even if you are only a labourer, you will never be rejected by the recognised teachers nor by the great rulers of the State. Even though you are a Child and will often talk in a Child's funny language, yet you will know how to speak to these because of your sympathy; you will understand their long words and hard phrases because you are wiser than all of them in the mystery of speech. Wherever you go you will speak plainly, for your love is so great that it will make you express in the way men can best understand; and the longer you stay with us the freer will you find your expression to become.

Your hardest work will be to teach the wise. Those who are entrusted with great authority and responsibility will be the least prepared to make the adventure and trust your new ideas,

however true they may believe them. They are sacrificing least now; they will have to sacrifice most when you come: they have so much to unlearn; children and working men have so little. You see, dear, somehow or other the work of the world has gone on under their care and administration, somehow or other by repeated lessons from the past they have kept society together. This is why you will find them fearful of change. Do not suppose that they will throw over the mechanism of statecraft before the time is ready. But let them see that the time is ready; whisper to them in the cool evening ends that you are coming, that they must bestir themselves and make the way easier for you. Bid them trust their own hearts, for in so doing they will win the trust of all who wait for their commands—Commands! Are there any in Heaven?

Child, I feel that mistrust is our most deadly enemy. It is no surface disease. It gnaws its way into our souls. My friend (about whom I have told you) says that all the troubles in the labour world are due to this. "We are always assuming," he said to me last night, "that man if left to himself will cheat his neighbour, that man prefers injustice to justice, laziness to activity. This is why a social contract must be recognised and adhered to. But it is the greatest untruth in the world. Unhappily it is the spirit that is instilled into us from the moment our education begins. On all sides we are hedged in by rules and traditions which are to keep us from going wrong. We are not allowed to make mistakes, but we may not become natural either. As we grow up to be statesmen, some of us, the same idea holds us in fealty. We are so certain that men will commit crimes and trespass on the rights of others that we must make laws to defend ourselves.... And we mistrust other nations as much as our own people. We have to protect ourselves with huge armaments and a diplomacy which may never show its cards.... It all arises from the false assumption with which men start out to teach and to educate. So long as rulers have no faith in those they rule there will be need for laws and there will be need for punishments where these laws are infringed."

So come soon. Come ever so soon, and tell our guardians to put away their fear for ever, tell them that belief creates; tell them to believe implicitly in the natural goodness of children, tell them to put unbounded faith in young men and women and their light-hearted gaicty;—and then as we grow up life will be full of grace and happiness, because we have never learnt to mistrust one another.

Child, do not let us be shielded any longer from making mistakes. We do not want to feel 'safe' always. The true safety comes when we know we have the courage to risk all. Of course we shall make mistakes sometimes, but not of the bad kind; they will not spring from selfishness and sloth; and I know we shall be forgiven, because we shall have learnt to love.

It is this love that the angels are praying for; it is this love that you are awaiting in your sorrow and in your hoping. Your sacrifice is so great whenever you come to us that this time it must not be in vain. You must stay where you are till the time is full, till men are hungry with desire, not for education, not for the thrill and excitement offered by the world, but for that freedom to express God who is coming, who through the expression itself will come to be. This is what we are fighting for, all of us, for we are all beginning to take part in the sacrifice. And in the heat of the battle, when we are suffering from thirst and fatigue, when the weapons of the enemy are wounding the faces of those we love, when many are giving their lives for that which they do not understand, there is One who seems to strengthen us, there is One who gives us to drink of living water, One who binds up our wounds and bids us on, ever on, for victory is near. Child, I believe it is you. You are with us even though you have not come, though we cannot see you. Oh, Child who art so near, come into the very midst of us, come down smiling into the valleys of the world!

*

SILENCE AND LIBERTY

"May I come in, dear? Are you working? Shall I disturb you?"

The Child is taught of Woman.

"How could you ever disturb me? I am only dreaming. I was dreaming of you. Sit down; I will light the lamp. Do you know, I thought you would come to-night somehow. I have much to say to you before I go away."

"Before you go away? So it is true what they say. Oh, my love, I was so afraid of this. No, do not light the lamp. I am pale, pale; I am frightened. Why, why are you going away from us? 'The King is going away,' they are saying; 'what will we do without the King?' Oh, my love, my love, cannot even I keep you from doing this thing? There! Say you will stay; say you will stay."

"I cannot stay. You must not tempt me like this, little one. Please. It would be wrong for me to stay. You know it would. You know how the whole world is crying out to know me. I must go to the world. I have a message for the world. I must learn how to speak to other men who have ideas. Some of these ideas I know to be wrong. But I must learn how to express myself in the languages they are expressed in before I can show why I think them wrong. I must travel among other peoples and study their sciences. I must study in foreign cities. The years that I have spent here teaching are only a preparation. Oh, my darling, do you not understand how hard it is for me to go, but how I must go?—Are you listening, my love?"

"Oh, yes, I understand. Why do you always ask me, Do you understand? We always understand the people we love. You are cruel to me sometimes. You think I don't appreciate your work. You think my mind is too small to grasp the teaching you flood on us all. I'm only a stupid woman—"

"My belovèd! My heart! You mustn't say things like that. My little one, lay your raven tresses here. Be calm. Be at rest, belovèd."

"No! No! I *must* speak. I *will* show you that I understand. The things I have heard you say, I understand better than any other thing I have ever heard said or seen written. I have always been silent about them because they made me silent: they were so solemn, so great. But I'm not going to be treated like a child any longer. Listen! You have explained the world to me. You have shown me how sweet it is, how—how comfy. You know how once the world was so huge for me, so ugly, so base. When you came, I had only to lift my eyes to your beautiful face to learn the whole secret of life. Let me kiss your boyish face—there! don't you know I love you? From the moment I saw you first I was your lover. You know I love you. You know nothing can ever part us. You know that we have met ages and ages ago; that I am always meeting you; that I came from Heaven with you—to help you. Oh, Boy, give me your hands. Now, look me in the eyes. Oh, my precious, precious love, believe in me, believe in me. You know not, you who are so wise, you know not what you do when you leave me like this. We women are so wise. We can teach God, just like you. We are God's good angels—especially when we have lowered ourselves to the passion of the world. Oh, I will teach

you; I will tell you why my love for you is the best thing in the Universe, why you must take it with you wherever you go, why you must not leave me....

"I often thought I knew what love meant; I drank deep of the red wine of life. But not till I met you did I lose myself in love for ever. Why! You are God, my belovèd, and I am not afraid to be the lover of God! I am so wise that nothing new could happen that would surprise me; I am so wise that I am always filled with happiness unspeakable. Till to-night I have been silent about myself, but now my silence must be broken for ever in song. You know that I am an artist: you know how wonderfully I can play on the violin. Do you think I misunderstand your teaching so badly that I do not feel that the power of expression I have is God's own power? that nowhere else in the Universe is there God, but just here in my heart? How it is throbbing, my belovèd! How yours is throbbing! Little do men and women guess that were the spirits that lodge in our hearts to die, the world would tumble about them and crush them....

"The teaching you have given I have caught to my soul and made true there. Nothing will conquer your wisdom now, nowhere is there an equal wisdom to combat it. The meaning you are putting into the creations of God will stand. What you have tried to get all life to become, I, silently listening by your side, have become. Did you not say once that it is the listening that matters, not the voice? Oh, my dear, you don't matter; *I* am the fruit of your labour, *I* am the God to whom the Universe should turn its million eyes. God emancipated by your teaching. Don't you see? don't you see? Believe in me, my heart, my own,

believe in me! You cannot leave me; you must not leave me! Oh, say that you will not leave me!"

"Come, belovèd, be calm, be calm! You are trembling so terribly, little one. I am afraid for you. You must not weep like this. There, there! Be calm."

"Dear, I love you so.... Don't—don't leave me. Let me go with you, if you will not stay with me. I have money; I will help you."

"That is what I am so afraid of, my love. Where money is there is little silence; and you know that I must go to the world humbly, in silence, as I have always done. There must be no parade, no pomp, these are the things that close the gates on silence. No one can listen to a rich man; his riches cover his spirit like a shroud. No, my belovèd, no! I must go alone, altogether alone. Don't you understand this?"

"Yes, yes, I understand. I know that I am selfish. But oh, I wish you understood me a little. My selfishness is good: you cannot—you cannot live without me. Did you not say you were dreaming of me when I came in? A boy like you must have lovers. I am your best lover. I have always been. We have been lovers together in Heaven. Don't you remember? Don't you know that we have both sacrificed ourselves anew, dared the forgetfulness of birth anew, in order to teach? You are the Voice; I am the Ear; every word you utter is understood by the world because it is first understood by me, the silent Ear of the Universe. Liberty is coming to men because of my silence. I am the deep, unutterable mystery of Woman, Mother-God incarnate. Oh, my lover! my God! surely you must know. Your sweet sad smile tells me you know all.

Woman, not Man, is the Womb of Creation: Man is the final expression of Woman's longing and pain. Don't you know this? At the beginning God was Woman, at the present moment God is Man, at the culmination God will be Artist. The Child of Woman is Life, the child of Man is Thought, the child of Art is Living-knowledge. Living-knowledge is coming. The gates from Earth are opening wide into Heaven; and, belovèd, the gates from Heaven are opening wide upon Earth. In us Activity and Thought have met, in us the God of the future is revealed for the first time to the eyes of men. We are wiser this time than ever we were before. We know who we are. You are the Voice and I the Ear. I am the God of Silent Activity. You are the God of Silent Contemplation. Together we explain the work of God, and teach God what He must become.... Oh, belovèd of my heart and soul, don't you know I am speaking truth? Look deep within my eyes, belovèd: do you not see Truth shining there like a great flame?"

"Woman, forgive me! Do not look at me like that: I cannot bear it—I am beginning to remember, I am beginning to know how useless I am without you. Let me think. Let me think. You have given me much to think about.

*

"The way is clear, my heart; the way is clear and the day-dawn very wonderful. Oh, how I thank you for showing me this thing! I had thought, dear, that you believed in me because I possessed Truth, now I know that you believed in me because I raised up the truth that lay buried within you. I am afraid of you. I know you who you are, the incarnation of all the God

who sacrifices Herself for the spirit of Man, for me. It is your silence that is so terrible; even while you speak to me with passionate words and passionate glances it is your silence, deep and secret, that fascinates me, that fills me with new knowledge. You are Night: you tremble like the corn, like the birds, like the wild panthers, before the dawn comes sweeping across the plains. You are Sacrifice: you have slain your body that your heart may never die; you are the beautiful God who risks all that something may conquer. You are Suffering: your soul is full of pain, for it waits for what is slow to come. You are Anger: when men come to you and take your gifts without gratitude, without praise, and, forgetting the sacrifice and suffering of you, add to that sacrifice and suffering, then you rise and punish them,—these great wars that ravage the fair face of earth and destroy the bodies of men, are they not the outpouring of the wrath of a mutilated God, a Mother-God, blinded by tears, tortured and stung to vengeance? My love, my love, I understand. I understand the mystery of you now. Oh, woman, woman, I love you for your Silence and your pain; I love you for the price you pay for patience. You who sit beside me here so lovely, so tender, so silent, you are Time itself, you are Evolution, you are the struggling expression of the God who is passing. I see all. I see all. Oh, let me kiss your hands, your eyes, your brow, your hair: they are the whole trembling creation of God!

"It is right, it is just; it is truth: I am not what matters in the world. I have not yet come into my own. But *you* have come, darling, because of my words; you are the spirit that is changing the face of

the world. I am only setting you at liberty. Listening in silence, spoiling everything when you speak your meaning out to me, you are bursting the bonds that wrap Creation. It is not my teaching that has been the power to make captivity captive to intenser life, to greater hopes, it is your Spirit. Speaking to the whole company of God's workers, urging them to know silence and to sacrifice themselves to the utmost till all is prepared for their relief, I had thought that in me lay the inspiration and the ultimate redemption from bondage. I did not guess that the God I was teaching sat ever beside me, holding me by her sweet hand, breathing fast and full in the expectancy of immediate release from the past. I did not guess that it was her life that was saving the world of activity from the death that comes from defeat and the sorrow of defeat.—Forgive me; oh, forgive me for this ignorance, my sweetest lover and comrade! . . ."

*

"Belovèd, belovèd Boy who art so wise, leave me now. I am at rest. You have given me rest. Let me draw back the curtains; it is near dawn. Let me prepare you for your long journey—it will be so long and so lonely! But it must be so. I must remain here, listening to the echoes of you the winds bring me. I will not grieve for you. You have given me Happiness. I will wait and wait for you. I must wait. God must wait till man achieves. Oh, splendid Man of my love, leave me now; I will be patient. Patience is mine. Am I not free in my patience? Nothing can take my patience from me. These tears are my patience. I will always have tears. Tears are beautiful. Don't you think so, my belovèd? Away, away!

there is the dawn singing among the tree-tops; the lights of Heaven pale before the majesty of the sun. My belovèd, give me a last embrace! I will write to you, my belovèd; I will write to you each Christmas Eve, and I will listen every night to the music you play in the world of Man—the real world of Man, my belovèd, the world of Thought and the tragedy of Thought.... There! There! My prayers will carry me to you wherever you are. I am content. Go now, my treasure, leave me in my Happiness, belovèd!"

* *
*

BOOK V

THE DIVINE PILGRIM

"It is far more important that one's life should be perceived than that it should be transformed; for no sooner has it been perceived than it transforms itself of its own accord."

MAETERLINCK ('The Deeper Life' in *The Treasure of the Humble*).

"Did we but dread beauty less it would come about that naught else in life would be visible; for in reality it is beauty that underlies everything, it is beauty alone that exists. There is no soul but is conscious of this, none that is not in readiness; but where are those that hide not their beauty? And yet must one of them 'begin.' Why not dare to be the one to 'begin'?"

MAETERLINCK ('The Inner Beauty' in *The Treasure of the Humble*).

"Innocent children out of nought
Build up a universe of thought,
And out of silence fashion Heaven:
So, dear, is this poor dying even,
Seeing thou shalt be touched, heard, seen.
Better than when dust stood between."

WALTER DE LA MARE.

O Lover of Our Child,

Though you have not left your home in Heaven I love to think of you as dwelling with us now, I love to think of you as the Queen of the North.... It is evening. All the throbbing work of the great city is sinking into silence. You are in your garden tending and watering the flowers; they will not sleep till you have kissed them good night. On your lawn there are groups of happy children morris-dancing, and the stars peep out to watch their play, twinkling with delight at the fun of it all.

The Citzen of the World writes to the Lover of the Child.

But you are quiet, my darling: to-night you are thinking long thoughts about Him who is so far away. Will He ever come back? O, will He come back? You know the dangers that beset Him; you know the awful power of Death. How many like Him have left you, never to return! You must go over there by the stillness of the lake. The night wind will speed your prayer. He is listening to the learned explaining the structure of the earth and the composition of heavenly bodies. But the night wind will speed your prayer....

I wonder, dear, when the King returns will He tell us that *all* our science is wrong? Will He tell us that *all* the knowledge our scientific thought has amassed is worthless? Will He tell us that there are no laws of nature to know? Somehow if He does, I feel I shall believe Him. Even now I feel that with all our knowledge we are little wiser, we understand Life no better; with all our looking we fail more and more to see your beauty and to love the mystery at the heart of you, the heart of Creation itself. Yes, I believe that science is slaying Woman!

Oh, I am afraid! I am afraid of all the King may have us renounce; I am afraid that He will hate us so terribly that we will hate Him, forget Him and—crucify Him. Oh, my darling, you do not believe that the world is lost? You have faith in Him who is coming to fight again for God and you?

The Child is so like you. Surely He will not be conquered by the world. He will realise better than any of us can realise that every moment we put our trust in scientific intellect alone we are slaying your own Soul, we are killing all the insight and imagination you have given us as a lamp to show the way to Heaven. It is imagination that must permeate and make new all our learning; it is imagination we must seek to employ in the building up of nations, in the ordering of the lives of men; it is insight into what is simple in life which will create a new world where no space-dead form can ever separate us from those we love. . . .

I feel as if I had known you ages ago. I believe it is your breath that rises from the scented ground in the early spring morning; I believe it is your sighing that is passed on by the whispering trees; I believe it is your melody that floats to me through the stillness of the night! You are like a Mother to me, you seem to be the Mother of all my friends, the Mother of all that I look upon and love in this world where tears are so beautiful. We will look to women for our teachers, silent teachers though they be. They alone understand perfectly that activity is worthless if it lack grace and beauty. We will try now more than ever before to express the feeling of women; we will give first place to their desire; we will be guided by their faith, their intuition, by the example of their sacrifice. Perhaps that will lead us to comprehension. We will no longer strive to rule great peoples with the proud and petty logic of intellect. Our problems will not be solved perhaps; but will they not rather disappear? Will not man be free to grapple with the only problem—the problem of the New God?

Peter and I are almost beginning to understand. We know that you are both near, that Happiness is close to us because of the Liberty that is coming to you, our Mother; that Peace

is close to us because of the Clear Vision that our King will bring; that Joy is close, close to us and the Heaven that is full of Music and Beauty and the glad fragrance of the Morning Star.

*

"ZERMATT, July 10.

"No one suspects who I am. 'The King' is lost to them. It is well. Separation brings the true understanding and perspective in judgment. The people of the North are great; they will not easily forget me; and when I return to them, they will be almost ready for Heaven itself. I believe they are crowding round my dear one. 'The Princess' they call her. I know she will not say much to them. She will be sweet to them and give them happiness and go on repeating that I will return some day. I wonder, when shall I be ready to return to them and to her?

The Child writes in his Journal.

"Switzerland is a wonderful revelation to me. I never guessed that form with so little passion in its heart could be so superb. These billows upon billows of foam-capped mountains almost made me mistrust my former conviction that Heaven will not come till all this mind-created Universe is destroyed and the spirits within set at liberty. Two nights ago I stood leaning on my ice-axe by the door of the Matterhorn hut. Below me stretched a grey mantle of *brouillard*, so still, so solid-looking that I imagined myself walking across it to the opposite side of the valley. My gaze rested on Monte Rosa, shimmering in the pale light of a crescent moon. The glaciers beneath her shadow seemed to mutter inscrutable things to me. I was utterly alone in the presence of a dying God. I felt this

surely. A God beautiful beyond words, but a God out of whom the spirit had mostly fled. Onwards, onwards my gaze sped to the crystal stars singing softly in the black firmament. How proud they were! how young! how brilliant! So unlike the glistening ice-bound panorama beneath them. They had desire; they had all the future to adventure through. The snow; the rocks heaped in paroxysms of despair; the circling air, bestowing as it were a last caress, were dead, dead. I dared not look up to the majesty of Mont Cervin. It stood, a lowering sentinel, above the grave of One who is dead for ever and has been slain by his best friends. Why is it that the Alps are so much more beautiful in moonlight than at any other time? It is because the moon is chief mourner at this universal funeral. Is she not dead herself? Does she not understand the loneliness of final dismissal? Ah, we love these mountains, we love the gaunt pine forests which spread modest arms across their white nakedness, we love the toiling glaciers and the last mighty efforts of the rolling avalanche, we love the sudden blizzards lashing upon these heights an added weight of sparkling glory. But why? why? It is not their pride we love, it is not their wailing music; it is their silence, their awful loneliness; it is the ultimate tragedy that is theirs. Nay, we do not love; we tremble and pity!

"Man, Man; you are to blame for this! I have been to Italy since I left home. I have seen many beautiful cathedrals; I have spent long hours in your picture galleries; I have seen the magnificent work that can be done in marble and bronze and iron. I must write to my dear one about these things. She is an artist; she will understand. Man, it is a mighty effort

you are making to put back life into dead creation. But you do not put back a grain of life. You only make more exquisite form. And form alone is Death. Your eyes, O Man, your touch, your ears have desired form, and they have produced form: your faculties have moulded fire into the God of Space. But the God of Space is not the God you are longing for, you have overstepped the point where the God of Activity can become perfect in expression: you are thrusting the past into a meaningless future. You are forgetting that the real God is the Present; that He must live now and here. Live! Live! This Universe is so nearly dead. Every age makes it more extensive, more spatial. Every year sees those stars farther away from us in the unfathomable night of dissipated energy. Man, there is a spirit in you that will destroy you, if you do not listen!"...

*

"Midnight.

"This is such a delightful spot. The gentians are so blue, the cow-bells so melodious, the air so sweet. I shall be sorry to leave the little old inn and the surrounding meadows, just because they are so friendly—no less friendly than the dear people whose home it has been for many years. To-night they gave me a farewell dinner. How well Frau Sichel can cook an omelet! What beautiful crusty loaf! What prime butter and cheese! There is nothing like it in the whole of Europe, I am sure. After dinner I sat outside under the vine leaves with Mlle. Bélise, who enjoys these days so much. She is a nurse in a Paris hospital; but does not seem to be particularly strong. We talked and talked. She says I speak French very prettily. She

wished I could stay. I tried to explain that I was a student and that all life is not holiday. But she thought I would find a holiday even in the midst of work. Oh, these partings from real friends when summer days are long and summer evenings in the mountains so strangely like the world that is to be!

"Mlle. Bélise says that a journal should be absolutely natural, that one should put down any impression that comes;—it doesn't matter much what, so long as you speak out something that you *feel*. She asked me what I was saying in mine. I told her. She laughed gaily and thought my ideas 'très drôle,' but she liked them. I read her the bit about the moon, and after a pause she said, 'C'est la vérité, ça, monsieur; ah! que je vous—.' But then she stopped and looked across to the Théodule pass, and I thought I saw tears in her eyes.

"I said: 'You see, Mademoiselle, this world is all very beautiful, but it *leads* nowhere; even if regarded as the supreme artistry of a divine being, it has no *continuation*. We know that these mountains will crumble to dust at last, even that giant—I pointed to the Matterhorn,—and dust is the ultimate form, the last act in the tragic drama. Beyond dust there is passionless space, nonentity, abyss upon abyss of infinity. Mademoiselle, it must not be. The spirits of the mountains, the unhappy souls lodged in the bare surface of stones and in the edges and outlines of Matter all the world over, must be saved from this defeat. We must draw Creation back, back from the precipice of eternal ruin. It can be done. It can be done by men and women who are wise. These forms are the outlines of our thought, nothing more. That thought must be changed. It will be changed by nobler contemplation,

a new science, a less logical type of philosophy. It will not be changed by action. The rattling of trains across a great desert does not make the desert smaller; it makes it more vast, more dead than ever to the man in the city who looks askance at an atlas of Arabia. The animals are nearer the proper Universe, perhaps, if they contemplate at all. There is no desert to them; there is only the scent of the prey. But maybe even to the animals the desert is vast because man has made it so. There will come thinkers, Mademoiselle, who will alter all this Universe. We are so sure about it to-day; we think it is rolling along all right, 'just with a few hitches here and there.' Mademoiselle, these few hitches mean a great deal more than they seem to mean. The Universe is waiting for Man to direct it; but Man is fast becoming narrow-minded and blind. But these thinkers that will arise! Ah! to-morrow men will be a little less sure of their vision, a little more distrustful of their science and their rules for discovering meaning. Meaning cannot be discovered with our intellects; meaning must be created out of our hearts, out of our passion for a good and worthy God. A little while longer, my friend, and these thinkers will be among us.'

"'Je crois que vous avez raison, Monsieur,' she said.

"And I kissed her hand and bid her good-bye. For I shall leave early this morning before the sun rises."

* * *

"COLOGNE, December 29.

"I went to the Cathedral here this morning for early Mass. I was much struck with the stained windows and the carving, they are so rich. These Kings and

Queens and peasant Saints that look down upon one from their niches are so placid that one cannot help thinking that the ages they lived in were placid also, noble and very patient.

Among those who know nothing.

"The times are changed. The world is no longer the bauble of a few; it is the workshop of the many. These streets here teem with hard-working thrifty citizens. Men and women rise early, and with silence and method toil swiftly for Empire. Their organisation is wonderful: it proves the utility of concerted action. These people mean to set the world a perfect example in democracy. They venerate with gravest sanctity the lives of those forefathers who suffered that they might be freed from self-tyranny. They have none of the blatancy of a gigantic composite nation. They are one in the solemn resolution to prove their latent worth as scientists, clear-sighted, practical and humble. *Hoc solum scio quod nihil scio.* They bide their time to resurrect the world from superstition and bigotry. Their young men and maids are the best educated in the world. Everyone is in his place; rapidly and surely has each one been steered to his post; and each stands at that post like a sentinel, upright, brave, expectant.—Expectant of what? Ready for what?

"Ah! Germany, Germany, I see the great intellect of you and I admire it; but the soul of you I do not see. Your wise men have persuaded you that mind is soul, that scientific excellence is moral excellence. They have taught you in the beautiful rooms and gardens of these Universities that the eye and the ear and the touch of man is the perception of God, that logical comprehension is divine wisdom. They have not forgotten

God, but they are transforming God into the 'Spirit of Progress,' into 'Civilisation.'

"Yesterday I had a long talk with Herr Brandmann, one of the demonstrators at Bonn University. His gold spectacles amused me very much, they make his eyes so bright.

"He said: 'Everywhere in creation you can see life creating eyes. In divergent paths of evolution, unlike in nearly every other respect you get that in common, an eye. That means that the spirit of life has begun to regard itself; in very lowly forms of life indeed begun to regard itself. The eye is the birth of self-consciousness. If you like, it is soul turning back to regard itself. This Universe is all soul, all energy. There we agree. Now, if that is so, then the more perfectly the eye synchronises with and understands objective reality, the better shall we comprehend the whole spirit of life. Surely, my learned friend, we find the perfect eye in man himself, who enlarges the eye of his body with many precise instruments of investigation. Theory, scientific theory is the Eye-extraordinary of this world; and the scientist, being so highly evolved, may be said to be the *raison d'être* of the whole story of existence. He alone is on intimate terms with Form, and Form gives us the clue to the meaning of life. You are too mystical and vague about Soul; you ought to go to India or China with your theories. We who are of the West know better. We are humble enough to know that we know nothing—yet. Our soul is on the right road, that is all. Our soul is methodical. We conquer the secrets of life step by step. Every step is recorded. Much is of no account. We are aware of that. Most of our books are full of things that do

not matter, rubbish that clears the way for the greatest Book at last, the Book that will give a final theory of what life is.'

*

"I looked at Herr Brandmann's eyes, and it seemed to me that he was utterly unaware how great a thinker he could be if he chose. His whole being has been swallowed up in sacrifice to analysis. The wrinkles on his face reminded me of the fissures on the Görner-gletcher, each a separate tragedy, each a wound received in numberless efforts to break the fetters of the past.

"'Herr Brandmann,' I answered, 'you are right there. When you have found out every jot of fact about this world which we perceive, then someone will put a great NO in front of it all, and humanity will possess absolute knowledge at last.'

"'Mein Herr!' he cried.

"'Allow me, my friend,' I continued; 'the eye is secondary to existence; and theory is secondary to life. Theory divorced from life, fascinated by the surface appearances of life's soul, moulded not upon the freedom of the inner will but upon the dead landscape without, theory of such a sort has no value for life—nay, it will make life itself valueless, cold, impassionate: form that has no life within it, the surfaces and outlines of what is meaningless, an absolutely dead abstraction comprehensible only to the intellect of man which has evolved it. Without the intellect dead form like that would never have entered this Universe. All would have remained spiritual; all would have remained beautiful; the spirits of the mountains and of the deserts and of all such objects that are said to "fill space,"

but which are in reality nothing but space, would never have been locked away. All, all would be life, and Death would not have entered into our presence.

"'Herr Brandmann, you and your intellectualised soul are hurling this Universe into oblivion. You do not believe it. I know you do not believe it, and that is why I hate you. You do not believe that the thinker can be so strong. But I tell you the thinker to-day is God, and the thinker, whatever he does with humanity's conceptions, will conquer. Your methods are rising like a flood, back, back towards the heart of Desire itself. If ever you reach that heart you will turn it into stone. You are not content to remain in the realm of Mathematics and Physics: you are forcing Mathematics upon Biology, upon History, upon Sociology, upon Psychology; yes, upon Morality and Theology even and upon Philosophy; you will thrust it soon upon Mysticism and Prophecy; you will do your utmost to force it upon Art itself. You are drowning out the old long-treasured laws of God with the new ineptitude and mockery of the laws of Mathematics. I honour and love the Mathematicians; their sacrifice in the world of contemplation is beautiful beyond words. But I do not love and honour them for sacrificing all creation likewise. Nay, for this I will fight with them to the death. To pure Intelligence Space and Space alone exists. The more we are conquered by Intellect, therefore, the more shall this world of time disappear into dead extensiveness; and in that Death will every breath of Life be frozen for ever.'

"Herr Brandmann said nothing; he only glared at me through his spectacles and tapped with his fat fingers on the table-leg. Soon after he wished me 'Adieu!'

took up his hat, and left. I suppose I shall never see him again. On Saturday I leave for England."

* * *

"AMBLESIDE, May 15.

"At Cambridge University a letter came to me from my dear one. How radiantly happy she is! How perfect that music of hers must be. People are beginning to speak about her even here, where men and women are so grave and conservative. The London School of Music has sent her a dignified request to come and lecture to them. Mr. Holmes, the secretary, showed it to me. Mr. Holmes is interested in Russia. I did not tell him that I knew this wonderful woman. It seemed never to cross his mind that I might know her.

Among those who Sleep.

"I love England and the English. They are very like ourselves, but are not so creative. They have few conceptions, and their morality is a varnish which peels off if the occasion demands it. But they are faithful to a fault, trusting, level-headed. They rule the world because their law is clean, their statesmanship merciful, their manly pride unconquered. They have faith in Woman. Yet England exists because she is cold, she does not exist because she is human.

"I am writing this in the little cabin of a motor-launch on Lake Windermere. Mr. Ashley, my host, is asleep on the settee with a newspaper across his face to thwart the flies. He snores occasionally, but his snores are pleasant. He asked me suddenly yesterday if I thought it a sin to kill flies and wasps. I told him I thought that no fly could ever be killed, but only its

form destroyed. 'Nonsense,' he said; 'what about murder? Come and have a game of billiards.'

"Mr. Ashley is a member of an Archaeological Society. His daughters are always laughing at him for this. They say he is by profession an Archaeologist and a salmon-fisher, and a Solicitor merely as a hobby. Indeed he never seems to do any business; but then, this is one of his holiday months. I have tried to get him to speak about Law, and the Church too, but he flatly refuses. He says law is all right, and that one ought never to talk about religious matters at all. There was quite a 'scene' a few nights ago at dinner when I spoke about God. One can talk about novels and games and politics and scenery, but God is altogether unmentionable, except by the parson.

"I met a great many parsons at Oxford. They too talked about books and sport and kept God for Sunday. I don't understand the English Sunday at all. One goes to church because it is the thing one ought to do, what one's father and grandfather did before one. The parson says, 'Let us sing!' and Mr. Ashley wipes his spectacles, turns up the hymn and makes a mess of the tenor. The girls pride themselves on their soprano, singing each other down; and they are careful about the poise of their heads and necks. Then the parson says, 'Let us pray!' and instead of praying these curious people all start muttering words in their throats just as if it hurt them. Then the parson, looking very solemn, preaches to them about righteousness and redemption and love. And some of his phrases are quite beautiful. But all the time I keep saying over and over to myself, 'O Man who is preaching Christ, do you believe in Christ? do you know what He would say if He was

standing in that pulpit? would His hearers look pleased at the words He spoke to them? Would He hush them gently to sleep as you are doing?'

"Then one goes home to lunch, and after lunch the girls change into white frocks for the tennis party. At the tennis party there are to be some young Staff officers. 'They *do* look so chic in their uniform; and they play *so* well!' God bless these pretty young girls. Their facile wit is not lost upon me. I am sorry I cannot play tennis.

"But oh! What does it all mean, this romping exhilaration of spirits? Is there something living beneath which will one day come to the surface? Surely there must be. Surely I will be able to speak to this people some day, after they have been humbled by sorrow. I know there are forces even now working beneath. There are thinkers in dim studies questioning the existing order of England's people; there are loud-voiced orators proclaiming catastrophe and preaching repentance; there are humble doctors labouring incessantly in dark places in the cities; there are a few young men who meet in lonely spots and whose eyes have in them the light that is not of this world. These people may save England. The time is not ready yet. I must travel on. I know now that to understand and talk with England I should have gone anywhere except to England."

*

"PARIS, July 30.

"There is a thing I have seen both in the English and in the French of which I must write to my love. It is their taste. Their houses and furniture and clothes are wonderfully designed, wonderfully delicate and yet substantial. Their journals, especially in England, are

well got up, well illustrated; their jewellery and ornaments are like the dainty flowers on their lawns—in place.

"What has fascinated me about France is her old-age virility. In normal times France is an old woman, wise, living on the memory of the days that are gone, but in times of crisis she is young again, and passionate, and strong. In France England has an almost blasphemous critic and revealer. To see with the keen eyes of France is to read the character of England's heart, and to those eyes England's heart is as splendid but as impotent as hers, as unclean as hers, as morbid and as *passé*.

"The vision of these two countries is not free. It is bound by dogma on the one hand and by philosophic logic on the other. Their God is stereotyped and certain. He is omnipotent, omniscient, omni-everything. They have forgotten that He suffered and died; they have certainly forgotten that He rose from the dead and that He will come to them again and again till they see what a poor struggling God He is, weighed down by their so-superior knowledge of Him and of the way He thinks. Their Theology has made Him meaningless, their Philosophy has deprived Him of power. There are thinkers in England who are not theologians, who are struggling to set Theology free, who are struggling to make men remember that when God was here last He preached a Sermon on a Hillside, that He blessed and rarely blamed. There are thinkers in France who are not philosophers, struggling to slay all the deceitful logic which would impose form upon spiritual realities. These free-thinkers who deny the God of their peoples are alone believers; the rest are

more agnostic than the scientists of Germany, for they will not admit it. Germany is wrong because she believes in infinite matter; France and England are doubly wrong because they believe in an infinite spiritual God. They are too proud to believe that their thought is God's thought, their actions God's actions, their sleep God's sleep. If they were to conquer, God would cease to desire. But they cannot conquer. Science is stronger than torpor and Christ is stronger than Science.

"Save for their artists, who are misunderstood and relegated to classified rows in their galleries, the beauty these nations understand and encourage is surface beauty. Their eyes sparkle at a beautiful form, be it a woman, a flowing drapery, a clear photograph of a friend, a heroic act in the public eye; but they have no tears for the beauty that passes. Beauty to them is a matter for delight and physical temptation; they do not understand it in its fullness as the whisper of a God who is blushing like a child at play, who expresses His Will in a form that cannot be held, for before it is seen it has changed into something more beautiful still.

"Wake, wake, children of the new Earth and the new Heaven! Take your eyes from the faces of your priests and lawyers and teachers; listen not to their railling and their lies; cease from living as they would direct. Look deep within your own soul and feel, see and hear God there, struggling to be satisfied, weeping silently in the chains your thinkers have thrown about Him. Look unto me, you who have known no earthly friend who understands you aright. I am only a man like you; but I am surely He whom you are seeking. I am yourselves. I am weak and trembling because of what men have preached from their pulpits and written

in their learned books. Cast me not out. The North has chosen me ; the North loves me because the North is young and wakeful. You, too, are young and wakeful if you would but renounce your sublime ideals of the All-Perfect."

* *
*

"BUDDH-GAYA, NEAR BENARES,
May 21.

"From Marseilles I crossed to Algiers, and went on from there to Alexandria and so into the heart of the East by Beirut, Aleppo and Baghdad (where I stayed a fortnight before crossing the mountains into Persia), Teheran, Meshed, Hevat and Peshawar. It took me four months to make Peshawar from Baghdad, for it was the worst time of year for travelling, and caravans were few, but I wished to get away from the West and from the presence of a spirit which seemed continually to haunt me. I expected another letter from my love awaiting me at Baghdad, but found nothing. Chancing, however, into the Post Office at Lucknow, I found it there. So unassuming and patient it looked, as if it did not wish to intrude! My eyes filled with tears. For many minutes I could not read it. She has followed me into Germany, and is acting in operas there. She must act splendidly. Why didn't I see that coming?

In the Country of the living dead.

"The farther East I came the more did the conviction steal upon me that the East understands. Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, India are awake and in great trouble. They dare not raise their eyes to the West, for beyond Mecca there loom the gaunt shadows of the

Masters of Christendom with their gilded sceptres and their rods of black iron. They dare not raise their eyes to the Far East, for in the Far East there is a sea of uplifted yellow faces, watching, waiting, with sharpened swords beneath, and behind that sea, shrouded in a glory of light, there lies the Land of the Rising Sun. The East dares not raise her eyes, and so she turns these eyes upon herself and upon her God, and in silence waits trembling for that God to strike.

"Many and ambitious are her great men, but they cannot rouse the spirit of their peoples. That spirit is not of this world, nor of any world, unless it be the world of beautiful lost dreams. These peoples are spiritually more awake than any I have seen, but their wakefulness itself is Death. Of all things Life to them is the least important; of all things Death to them is the most precious, long Night of dreamless sleep, where the soul is emptied of all desire and the heart aches no more. At the bathing place of the Sacrifice of the Ten Horses I would sit for long hours gazing deep into the swift flowing waters. I could not forbear to worship the spirit of this river. Mother Ganges is surely the holiest river in all the world, and the wisest and the most dignified, for it has been worshipped for countless years. Yet it is the saddest too, aye, and the ugliest, for it is the eternal graveyard of countless millions of bodies—bodies that might have put on the garment of immortality and found the true resting-place of their passion. Is it possible that the turtles, snapping at them so swiftly, understand? Is it possible that the turtles will save India's peoples from India's philosophers? One day as I sat there meditating I felt sure that someone was watching me, thinking with me; but the faces

round me might have been cast in bronze, so impassive were they.

"How beautiful, how wise, O world of the sacred Ganges, are your prophets and teachers! I had but to present myself before them as a sincere listener to be known and understood by them. No words were necessary to tell of my sorrow and my desire. Your holy men did not refuse me a place in the rings of their disciples. They called me *chelah* too. Their wonderful old eyes glistened at my sympathy and smiled at my poor attempts to assimilate the meaning of their talk and religious exercises. Especially did one, Paramahansa Bhagvat Shivdeo, encourage me. He teaches not far from my bungalow here, from a raft tied to the bank of the river. There is an old lichen-entangled temple opposite, and at sunset the bugling of the conches there adds new mystery to the mystery of his words. As I listened I felt that the presence which has haunted me ever since I left Europe was beside me listening too.

"'If one only destroys the three poisons that feed upon one,' said the teacher, 'Anger, Ignorance and Desire, one may emerge from the past, the present and the future, one may pass beyond Space and Time and become one with the infinite. The Inscription of the Tower of Diamond proclaims: "All living beings in the Six States of Existence (Heaven, Men, Demons, Hell, Hungry Spirits and Animals) shall be delivered from the bonds of attachment; their minds and their bodies alike shall be freed from desire; and they shall obtain the Supreme Enlightenment." Nirvana will never be reached by wishing, but by *not* wishing.'

"These philosophers offer a mysticism which is practical for the individual, but impractical for the multitude,

as all pure mysticism must be. Whatever their teachers may say, the Eastern has a God, but he has no Neighbour. He has the profoundest love for self-hood, but he has little compassion, little charity for others. That is why the East is a failure in the eyes of the world, and being a failure in the eyes of the world, she is also a failure in the eyes of God."

*

"THE REST HOUSE,
"BENARES, June 1.

"Yesterday I made a weird discovery.

"In the morning I went to the Golden Temple where, engraven upon the rupees set in the floor, the head of the King of England is trampled upon by hundreds and hundreds of feet daily. From there I proceeded to the Mosque of Aurungzeb, and, climbing it, had a magnificent view of the city and the curving silver of Mother Ganges. It was while I was thus drinking in all the subtle aroma of the past and wondering if that past could be nothing but aroma after all, that a light hand was laid on my sleeve, and I turned quickly, for the touch was imperious and full of magical eloquence and grace.

"It was a young medical student from the Straits Settlement with whom I had travelled from Paris to Marseilles.

"'Why, is it you Sen!' I cried. 'I thought your home was far from here.'

"He smiled sadly. 'Ah, sir,' he replied, 'I have no home. I am the servant of a Power which sends me up and down, up and down, over the face of the world seeking for the prophets of the world—the real prophets.

I am older than you fancy. I am less simple than you fancy. I have followed you from Marseilles. Every step you have taken I have taken. I have watched you. I know who you are; and I am glad, glad you are leaving this country. It is well for you that you are going soon, for already the servants of the East are plotting for your destruction. Your spirit is not their spirit. Christ is no thinker. He does not understand the secrets of the East. Christ is at war with the East because the East is pure thought: Christ says, "Have faith in Life; wish to become, and you will become God." The East says, "Have no faith in Life; wish not to become, and you will become the Supreme One."'

"He dropped his voice to a whisper and leaned towards me. 'Sir,' he said, 'you may hide yourself from the West, for the West cannot see; but you cannot hide yourself here. These teachers you have listened to by the riverside down yonder have recognised you. They speak together in little mud-cottages after the sun has set. They are certain that you are the King Himself, and that your spirit is already changing the thought of the East and making it restless. The spirit of the Christ has never been so powerfully among us before. The teachers of the West sent out to us have had no real power. We have never been afraid of *them*, but you we are afraid of, you we are terribly afraid of; and when we are afraid we become cruel.

"'When you go away from here,' he went on, after a pause, 'you are going to Japan. Don't go to Japan by sea; go overland; go through China. You will see the terror there. You must understand that terror. Perhaps it will be given to you to still that terror. Just

like Christ the East hates War and the red anger of War....

"'I may not tell you who I am, but I want you to know this before you go from here: there is a Power that wishes The King to be triumphant in the East, to be reborn in the East. You are going to Japan. Try to love Japan. You know that these mystics and prophets here are wrong because they are imposing upon Life a meaning which is more mysterious than Life can adopt, and are therefore murdering God more successfully than any thinkers have ever murdered Him. But you will find another spirit in Japan if you seek it out. It lies very deep and is kept hidden purposely for fear of Buddha; but some day it will rise and free the East from the agony of spirit imposed by Buddha. Perhaps you will bid it rise now. Oh, you must learn to love Japan, you must learn to love Japan!...

"'Now I must bid you good-bye. I shall not see you again I think. There will be others watching. Sir, do not disappoint them. We know the battle is hard. But you must win. You shall win. There is no hope in the East save you. But if the East receives you, there will be no hope in the whole world save the Clear Vision of Christ.'

"He left me, and for long I stood staring at the silver glory of Mother Ganges."

* *
*

"GOTEMBA, October 3.

"'Your honourable head will be cooler,' said the servants two months ago; 'your honourable heart will be lighter in the hill country. Let us guide your

honourable feet to the village of Gotemba, where the pilgrims go.'

The Chila's Temptation and Triumph.

"So I came up here, two thousand feet above the sea, on account of the heat in Tokio. My days have been full. I met a great many interesting people at the Imperial University, and one of them, a junior lecturer in History, called Kawasumi Nonjirō, has been my guide, philosopher, and friend throughout. I like him immensely, he is so vital. He says I am like an American, and that he likes Americans. He has a great friend in Baltimore to whom he is sending me with an introduction. I sail for San Francisco on Friday next.

"Japan is a very beautiful country. What impresses me about it is its colouring. From the top of Fugi Yama Japan looks like a wrinkled cloth of azure with threads of glittering silver in the folds where the sunlight plays with the rivers. It is a dream country; a country of the unborn. There is music in the very air of it, strange thrilling music that clutches you by the throat and makes you wish to sing. The colour and charm of the rippling hills and studded islands soak their way into your heart; you become intoxicated with Beauty. There are thousands upon thousands of poets in Japan. They make up songlets of five lines each about crickets and frogs and lotus ponds and cherry blossoms and woods in Autumn and rice fields and little common pebbles. They scent out beauty everywhere. The passing joy of the moment engulfs them. The Japanese radiate a quiet peace that would not be understood in the West, where affection is more artificial. These people have learned the one art worth learning,

the art of loving God in every little breath of God that comes to them. They are hopelessly in love with indescribable perfumes of God. And to be in love like this is to have reached a mode of contemplation that is very pure. The Japanese are surely the people I have been searching for.

"But contact with the West has sullied the Japanese, just as hard work will make ugly the fair hands of a girl. Japan, the gentle widow of Aestheticism, has been told to scrub for her living; in her spare hours she may solace herself with tears sprinkled on her master's grave or with the sad smiles of their daughter Art, but the days that are gone are gone; there is serious practical work ahead, and the paradise of the past must be forgotten. I wonder? Is it possible that this resignation is worthy? Is Japan teaching me to make a compromise with the world and to find in that compromise the fuller Truth?

"Said Nonjirō to me one day as we rested by the Dry Bed of the River of Souls, near the summit of Fugi: 'Our passion for momentary beauty, our sympathy for and joy in the fleeting, our delicacy and inherent loyalty to undeniable feminine susceptibilities, all tend to make us unreliable and even grossly unfaithful in the world of men. We have no patience and no scruples. What we see is not honour, but a host of miserable apologies for honour. We are the critics *par excellence*. We have few delusions about other countries; we perceive clearly that outside our own the world is a world of makeshift, a world of surface politenesses, covering an ugly social selfishness. We take pleasure in wounding the world's blind trust in the maxim *Honesty is the best policy*. It would be

a worthy maxim if the honesty were of God, if it were beautiful; but it is not. If roguery were undiscoverable, would not roguery be the tacit perquisite of successful commerce? The maxim is no ideal; it is an admission that the law has conquered, that is all. Yet we must try to learn from this world; we must learn to forget our too-dainty, beauty-entranced soul. It cannot find a place in this world, it will not accomplish; and you know that a soul must accomplish, or it dies. To live at all we must learn patiently to live by the world's standards, not our own.'

"Almost am I persuaded that Japan is right. I cannot look into the eyes of this clever, tender man and believe that he is lying to me, that he is offering a subtle excuse for sin. His silences win me more than his words, and I feel that when a man is won by silence he is won by Truth. The Japanese are imbued with every fault that lies serpent-like in the mind of man; but they are trying to transform those serpents into beautiful birds by cherishing them in a wounded but noble heart. They are making friends with the Devil that they may tempt him to good. Japan is the mirror of the world's evil. They have the ignorance-producing Scientific lust, they possess sleeping Dogma and Superstition, the abstract absurdities of Philosophy, the indynamic mesmerism of Buddha; *and yet they realise that these things keep them back*, that they must breathe into them a new spirit, that they must show the world how these things can be made real gods. Their keen criticism has saved the Japanese from ignorance, sleep and death. They will not be persuaded to impose any other meaning save that of Beauty upon the spirit of Life. But they are weighed down by utilitarian considerations.

The tragedy of it! Japan is a child who has been forced to learn that to become a citizen of the world she must renounce her fairy-land; and that fairy-land was all that ever mattered to Japan!

"They look forward expectantly to the result of the Great Compromise!—oh, I wonder if Japan is teaching me to make a Great Compromise?"

*

"BALTIMORE, March 10.

"Mr. Staunton-Price careered across the continent to greet me. He had got a cablegram from Nonjirō, but he would not tell me what was in the cablegram. He is the briskest man I have ever met. He is always doing, saying or thinking out something. He has whisked me from place to place as if my life depended on my 'getting through with America.' He has explained all about every detail seen, heard or felt by us or reported to us. He transforms all his knowledge into THAT! '*That's* the Brooklyn bridge; *that's* the weak spot in our administrative system—delicate bribery; *that's* the Italian masterpiece that cost us three hundred thousand dollars; *that's* our opinion about the Chinese-Japanese-Confederacy—ugly; *that's* the bulliest idea in philosophy going—an undertaker's poster with one great hand pointing revolver-like at the scurrying crowds, and the super-scripture: You! WHAT ABOUT YOUR COFFIN?'—and so on, and so on, all day and far into the night. It does not do not to praise America, for America is young and buoyant in her self-assurance.

"My friend has introduced me to countless people, many of whom seemed to have heard of me and know all about my travels. I have had more invitations for

visits of a week-end, a week, a month, than I could possibly cope with under five years. One day as we bumped down Fifth Avenue I asked Mr. Staunton-Price why so many people greeted me as an old friend. He became suddenly uncommunicative at that. 'I guess it's your face,' he said ; and after a reflective pause : 'What do you think of Nonjirō ? Clever, isn't he ? Clean, too. Exceptional for a Jap. Would give you his help in anything, wouldn't he ? Good fellow. Keen about you, you know. Been telling things. Got you published all right. Thinks the world's waking up, doesn't he ? Bully, that. Now, *we've* been awake for the better part of two centuries.—Come on ! We get out here. You'll see what we can do in the photography line. Why shouldn't we discover you to the world completely ? '

"That was the day I got my lover's third letter, this time from London. It is strange how near it seems to bring her to me. My escape from the power of Space and her escape from the power of Time seems to be ushering us into the self-same world of perfect and joyous Expression. The energy of America has brought me to make the Great Renouncement. I have renounced Space and the Devil in Space. The contemplation of Man procures him everywhere a complete mastery over Form. Yet that contemplation adds nothing to the meaning of Life, but only whets our curiosity about what Life would look like if it were to run down and become cold. The finger of Intellect points at Nature, and Nature expires in infinite space ; at God, and God's Spirit flees into the boundless calm of transcendental omnipotence ; at Life, and Life becomes an agonising, heartless tissue of relationships.

"Japan tempted me to make a compromise. No compromise can be made. America has laid bare to me that a compromise means God in man bowing to the decrees of the Devil in man. The Devil cannot be won; he must be conquered and flung headlong. Headlong into Night. It is clear to me that in this gigantic, loose-limbed, large-hearted America the Great Compromise is being put into practice, but is not succeeding; that it contains within it that which refutes it. America's rush-and-tumble world is Life setting itself the terrific problem of vitalising every grain of thought that man has created *so as to compel all theory to be useful in practice.* Useful? 'That is true which succeeds,' say their philosophers, like the Japanese, critical, clear-sighted, unbiassed. 'There is one reality and one only, the reality of life as it is lived; and no view of Energy, of God or of the Absolute will profit us save a view that puts men at the centre of them and drives men to success in living and to perfection in government.'

"Is that all the Great Compromise can effect?—to force thought to impose upon activity a meaning that will be *useful*? Not a word of the Soul except what the belief in soul can do for us in 'higher planes of consciousness!' not a word of God, except what the belief in a god can do 'to keep men and women from becoming animals!' Not a word of Beauty and the Life Beyond except what the belief in them can do to 'lend interest, dignity and comfort to our present life!' Ah, I should have seen long ago that there is no escape from that which is inherently wrong. I should have seen that theory or intellectual contemplation is of value only in the light of that which it proves itself unable to

do—to give the meaning to Life which Life desires. To each kind of intellectual thinking Life is in one way or another non-existent, and Beauty in one way or another invisible. But Life is the only thing which exists, and Beauty is the only thing which can be perceived. This I now know absolutely, for have I not renounced for ever the dominion of Space and the lies of Intellect?

"There is yet time. Japan and America are young and passionate. Japan has not lost her fairy-land; America has not lost her noble ideals of liberty and pure loyalty of the individual to himself. The truth is more evident in these countries than anywhere that the Scientist, the Theologian, the Philosopher are men too —ordinary men, like the rest of us. Why have I gone as a student to their thought? Why have I not gone as a teacher to their hearts? Is there not a Beauty-sick soul in every one of them—a soul that would have responded to my teaching in the North before I left the North to explore the power of this Devil in man? Why have I wasted so much time with the Devil, when everywhere there is so much of the God? Why have I tried to see, hear and feel, like the intellectual world, when there is One Vision within me which sees and knows all?

"But I have learned for the first time to renounce Space, and in renouncing Space I find that I must 'see,' 'hear,' and 'feel' no longer; I must possess the power of knowing without perceiving; rather, my perceptions must create the real world where no directions exist. I must live a new life, a life which is not of this world. This world is the result of man's intelligence, and man's intelligence is wrong. The birds of the air know; the

shimmering grasses know; the light and ecstasy in the heart of Her who waits for me are already throbbing anew with the Knowledge that is Joy, with the Vision that is the Vision of the New World and the New God."

*

"7.30 p.m.

"Already do I hear my Dear One calling me. I must prepare quickly. I will send this journal and the letters I wrote to Her, crumpled and dirty as they are, to Markov Pokrovski. I shall not be able to carry them to Russia myself. I shall not be able to write in this book again; but Markov will finish it. He will understand.

"O World of Man's Intellect and Pride, how nearly did you win me by your pride, by your courage in attempting to find a compromise between Beauty and Ugliness, between Good and Evil, between Heaven and the Universe your Mind has made! But there can be no compromise. It would be wrong for me to stay with you. The meaning God waits for will never be supplied by your Intellect. You will see that if I go from you. If you are to be saved from blindness, I must go away that my spirit may rest with you. I can but show you the way; I cannot walk it for you.

"I go to Her who loves me. She is calling, calling to me and to you. The Peace I bring Her is your Peace. Our Peace rest upon you. We will wait for you in the presence of the Angels of Heaven. We will wait for you in the Home of God."

* *
*

BEAUTY AND CLEAR VISION

"Moscow, April 23.

"The King's journal and the three letters were despatched from Baltimore on March 12, two days after the disappearance from her house here of our Princess. She had returned from England in the beginning of February, and had been very quiet and I thought a little sad, going out little and receiving few visitors. On the morning of the 10th she had gone for a walk, unattended, in the direction of the gardens. She has not returned. Some say that they have seen and spoken to her since then. My little Anna says she saw her one evening in Lubyansky Square. Haspodin Sasagradoff, the old concierge at the Station Hotel, is convinced that about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon the Princess entered, and, greeting him, passed into the salon. Later in the day he remarked to one of the waiters how splendid it was to have the Princess home again. 'Has she returned then?' asked the waiter. 'Why, yes,' replied Sasagradoff; 'didn't you see her in the hotel this afternoon?' 'No,' said the other; 'nor has anyone. You must be dreaming.' The waiters laughed at him and said he was getting old. He came to me with his story. I tried to comfort him. 'She cannot be far away, Haspodin Sasagradoff,' I said. 'The Great Poulterer takes care of all His chicks.' But it was not until I had shown him Mr. Staunton-Price's letter that the old man's trouble was put at rest. He went away with a wonderful happiness in his eyes.

One of the Child's Disciples writes.

"Parts of this letter I will copy out, for I think it

gives the simple story as the King would like it told: '...and ever since that day (when Mr. Staunton-Price insisted on his being photographed) he had been extraordinarily silent. I could scarcely get a word out of him. Queer that, because usually he was delighted to discuss or chat with me. Two nights ago (the 10th of March) this queerness became oppressive. He entered the drawing-room on the stroke of the gong, and we were just rising. "I am sorry, Mrs. Staunton-Price," he said in a low voice, "for this neglect. I have been completing my journal. Will you send it," he added, turning to me, "to a friend of mine in Moscow, if anything should happen to me?" He gave me your address. My wife took his arm and shook it playfully. "Come," she said; "it isn't kind of you to be so sad." On the staircase he turned to her and with a little sigh said, "You know, my dear hostess, I feel not at all hungry this evening; but it is nice to take food in the presence of friends. I must thank you for your kindness and sweetness to me." It struck me that these words were strange, but I said nothing. He was a little livelier at table, but I could see that something was preying on his mind. I meant to have it out with him after dinner in the smoking-room.... The opportunity did not arrive. During the sweet course he suddenly looked up at the bowl of flowers in the centre of the table, and dropped his fork and spoon. He turned quickly to me. "Mr. Staunton-Price," he said—and his voice seemed very far away and filled me with dread—"there is Someone who wants me. I must go now. You must not be afraid. I will be very near. If you look for me you will surely find me. You have been dear friends to me—." I thought he meant to say

more, but the voice died and the figure of the man, though you may say that both my wife and I were deluded, faded away and was gone. My wife's face became quite white. I rose and rushed to her. The action nerved me. I noticed a curious little thing. The petals of the flowers and the ends of the tablecloth seemed to shake as if a great gust of wind had blown on them, but I *felt* nothing.... The strangest thing of all was that the maid positively could not understand our experience. Her story is that she saw a man rise from the table and cross to the door. Thinking, of course, that it was our guest, she got to the door before him and opened it. But as he passed out she was horrified to see that it was a great friend of hers who had been dead five years, a Mr. Charles Porteous of Chicago. He smiled at her. She was too overcome to speak. When she recovered he was gone.... I am making enquiries. Be sure that no labor or expense will be saved. But my wife thinks it is hopeless....'"

*

"May 1.

"My eyes have been opened. I am beginning to learn what the King has done by renouncing Space.

"Yesterday as I was on the point of leaving the house to go to business, my little Anna ran up to me and cried, 'Oh, Father, they've come! they've come!' 'Who have come?' I asked. But Anna was interrupted by her mother. 'Markov,' she said, 'there are two old beggar people at the backdoor who will not be turned away. They say they must see Markov. What shall I do with them? They are hungry but very dirty.' I turned and went through the kitchen to the backdoor. 'What do you want?' I cried rather harshly, for I knew

I would be late at the office as it was. 'We are hungry,' the man replied; 'we have come from Smolensk and are making a longer journey than that. We are looking for our son, who went away from us on a misunderstanding. We are hungry. A loaf of bread is all we ask.' There was something in the woman's misery that touched me. 'Come along in,' I said.

"I turned to give directions to my wife; but she had gone upstairs. I found little Anna standing in the doorway shading her eyes as if looking in the direction of a bright light, and her face and gold curls were a glory of colour. The truth stabbed me. 'My Anna!' I cried, 'can it be—?' And then I heard the well-loved voice behind me: 'Oh, Markov, Markov; why did you not see who it was?' I turned back. There were the King and His dear one standing in the sunshine without.

"I ran to them and clasped their hands in mine. 'Oh,' I cried, 'why did you deceive me like that?' But they only smiled. 'We did not deceive you, Markov,' said the King; 'you were deceived by your own vision; you were not ready to see us. Why, why is it so hard for our friends to see?'

"Little Anna pushed past me and caught the Princess by her hand. 'Come in, Princess, and sit down,' she said. 'I have so much to talk to you about. I knew you at once. I don't understand Mother and Father.'

"They came in. The Princess went over to the corner where the old hobby-horse is, to examine the child's new toys, laughing gaily the while. The King laid His hand on my shoulder and looked into my eyes. 'Markov,' he said, 'you believe me, don't you? I understand the things I speak to you. For three years

among the thinkers of the world I have been in an agony of doubt and apprehension. But that is past. I have returned with my former understanding increased a hundredfold. Few may comprehend what I have done; but you must help them to see. I have conquered this world, Markov. I have died to it. I have renounced its Intellect. I have vanquished Space and the power of Space. I am no longer perceived, my dear one is no longer perceived by the mind, but only by the heart. The heart alone can perceive Beauty. Beauty alone is the true meaning of Life. Where Beauty does not exist, Life is being conquered by Death; where Beauty is brought into existence, Life is set free from the Past and floods into the World of Angels, which is all about you, though you see so little of it. Beauty is Life's door into the World of Angels. The World of Angels is not far away; it is here where you are, if you could but see it. There are many Angels; but they are all sad because of the shutters men's minds have raised, which make the Vision of the Heart impossible. Try to teach the World so, Markov; and try to see this World of Angels for yourself more and more. Nothing else matters. I understand and know the things I say to you. They are true.'

"He turned to the open doorway; and I thought I had never seen anything more beautiful than the beauty in His face. 'There is still a great deal to do, Markov. We need your prayers. The World of Angels must be united to Earth. Then Heaven will come and the reign of the New God. Clear Vision of Beauty is not all that is required. There is a great sacrifice that is required as well. Time as well as Space must be destroyed. I and my love must find the way. It may

take us long. We will be able to do nothing unless many more of the people of this world perceive us. We are all that can now be really perceived ; we are everything that is true. Nothing but we matter. We are the Image of the New God who sees clearly and is waiting recognition. But we are a broken Image. Oh, Markov, Markov, how we long for recognition that all may be fulfilled in us! Our World is a fair World, but it will be a World full of sorrow till man ceases to perceive as he does ; and, Markov, till man ceases to toil as he does. But the Angels are sure of this, if man would only learn to see, both Angels and men would cease to toil.'

"He became suddenly the old beggar man, and I rubbed my eyes, thinking that I had been dreaming. My wife's voice came quick and impatient from the top of the staircase: 'Markov, what are you doing wasting your time with those people? Anna, Anna, where are you? We are going shopping in five minutes.'

"The old beggars went tottering down the street. But I praised the Great Foster Father for having opened my eyes were it only for a moment."

BOOK VI

PART FIRST

HAPPINESS

" The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. . . . Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

The Revelation of St. John, xix. 7, 9.

Letters written by his Lover to the Child during his Wanderings.

"Moscow, Christmas Eve First.

"My Darling,

"Nobody can sing until they have suffered. Nobody can make others feel anything until they have experienced the joy and the sadness of life —for these two things give the singer the key to all hearts. It is knowledge of love in all its depth and height which gives that 'sob' to song, the sob which makes us want to be quite alone in listening, for it brings tears. Do you remember that day you asked me to play to you? You were standing by the open window and the summer sunshine was flooding the gardens, and the strong wind rushed sighing to the blue, blue hills. Do you remember how I had to stop? Do you remember how I flung my violin on the cushions and rushed to you and wept? I was afraid. I was shivering with fear.

The Music of Pain.

There was something in the way you listened that stifled me. I felt that I was playing not upon a thing of wood and strings, but upon the soft heart of a little child—and I was not tender enough! I had not suffered enough! My pain had not been deep—and oh! how I was ashamed.

"But you have taught me to understand, and therefore to be unafraid; your eyes have laughed their deep wisdom into mine; you lips have moulded their song upon mine. With you I have suffered and am suffering; with you I am to reap the reward of all our pain. I am beginning to know what happiness means, for I am wedded to the mystery of sorrow. Music is the aching heart of God you have so often whispered of. Music is the beginning of all things, and that is why it is so sad. When we listen to Music we are present at the birth of worlds. Oh, if anything should go wrong! if the slightest note be out of place!—what centuries of anguish and torment may not result!

"When I play and sing to the people in great music halls and theatres I know what it is that I am doing: I am telling them of all the past history of their God. I gather that history up in my heart, and it comes throbbing through my fingers and welling from my throat; I become 'the whole trembling creation of God.' And the faces of the people are white and the lips of the strongest twitch with pain. Dim memories of all that has been clutch at their hearts, and bring to eyes that have long been tearless hot stinging tongues of fire. They know that it is true what I tell them of God, and they are filled with remorse that they have never loved God better, that they have never heard Him in the deeps of their souls crying out for utterance. They sit there

weeping because they have kept God voiceless so long. . . .

"And yet, dear, Music is only the beginning; and to express in Music is not the perfect expression I am searching after, for to express in Music requires the sacrifice of so much of God. It requires an instrument and a million hearts to listen and the echoing murmur of a million throats. If the Heaven we are looking for is a Heaven of Music, how many of the spirits that thirst for it would be kept without, sacrificed to the Angels within! Would even these Angels be happy in such a Heaven? Dear, Music is only the birth of expression: it must be something more easy and quick than Music that the heart of God desires."

*

"BERLIN, Christmas Eve Second.

"BELOVED OF MY HEART,

"My thoughts keep hovering over you like a flock of birds. How I wish I had their keen sight so that I need not circle round and round in search of you, but swoop swiftly to your side! I remember every little thing you did in those cold February days before you left us. How strangely quiet you were at meals, so that I was rather afraid of you—of *you*! Once you got up half-way through dinner and went and sat down by the fire. I remember feeling a great throb of pity, for I knew there were aching wrenches to be met so soon—dreadful good-byes that might be for always, and we (especially I a stranger) were shut out from that sacred shrine of the heart. Nobody could enter in—to help you. It *hurt* to watch you. It was not till you told me later about the danger you would be facing that

The Sorrow of the World.

I quite understood how black that coming day of partings loomed.

"I am experiencing some of your *defeat*. I have found expression in the heart of Tragedy where music pulses and throbbing lights speak of the world's ceaseless agony. The actor experiences not one of Life's colours but a thousand, and every colour by itself is true, yet there is an eternal strife between them all. Tragedy in art echoes the struggle for existence in life; and just as that struggle is shared by all animals and plants, so Tragedy should not exclude the silent sorrow of the brute creation. In my operas I make much of animals and of silence. We have so nearly forgotten the beautiful *selahs* of the Psalms that it is no wonder we try to find happiness where happiness is not, in the rush of an expression that is not ours and in the glitter of a million of Life's gifts. Art teaches otherwise. It is not what we possess that means happiness for us, but in what we *become*; it is not in the enjoyment of what something other than ourselves produces, but in what we, striving to excel, ourselves produce.

"So it is the breathless pause in a song, it is the things that are left *unsaid* in a play that are so pregnant of new life, so pregnant of nobler resolves for the morrow. And, dear, I am learning this, it is the Tragedy of to-day that will bring the real happiness of that morrow. Life is making a countless host of attempts at expression, and every one of these attempts is *right*; but the Harmony of Right is not yet, for right will conquer right till creation finds not only one pure expression but a meaning to such an expression, a *knowledge* of it. Dear heart, I am sharing your defeat for I am sharing your fear. Life is so full of sorrow,

but so empty of what sorrow *must* contain. Life is like a great ferment of waters where the glad calm and silent power of the water is unheeded, so stupendous is the ferment of it. My love, my Own, keep looking to the East. It is never quite so dark there. Just at the hour when it is coldest and dreariest a shimmer of light seems to creep up behind the mountains. Day *is* coming, and with it the passing of Life's despair. Out of Tragedy will issue Victory."

*

"LONDON, Christmas Eve Third.

"OH MY LOVE, MY LOVE, AND HEART
OF ALL THE WORLD,

"The shadows are beginning to be afraid; the shadows are slinking like whipped curs back, back into the Mother Shadow, the Shadow of all that is dead for ever. They will no more torture Day. The Great Morning is close about me; my Own, my dear One, is near; He is the Prince of Morning. We are raising our eyes. We see Him clearly. We know that He is conquering, and that Evil lies dead at His feet.

Sweet Sadness of Love.

"Come swiftly, love. Your eyes are filled with the Beauty of the wise; your lips are clothed with Praise. With our hands in yours we will forget that there ever were enemies of God, that there was anything but Happiness in the world. It is the Great Shadow of Death that has filled us with pain, with sorrow. But the love you will bring us is stronger than Death. You will tell us that Death is destroyed by the cold terror of Death's grave. It is the terror of Death that subdues Music with pain and forces clammy fingers about the throat of passion in life's Drama. Were we to

know that Death is not, that the danger of Death has been overcome, there would be no wistful ache at the heart of our expression, no strife and tumult in the torrent of our creations.

"O Voice of our Souls that is crying to us from the mountain-tops, our ears are open, our understanding is alive with light though drenched by the mists of the valleys. We had thought that the rivers led to the graveyard of unremembered dreams; we had forgotten that bread cast upon the waters cannot pass from us nor be lost. My love, my light, we have gone out seeking for that which lay at our hearth. The bird of Happiness is caged by our own fireside.

"I have found Happiness, my belovèd. Here at the heart of the wide world men have taught me Happiness, for I have given them Happiness. They call me the Mother-Poet. I write to them of God, and they say that when I write to them of God, God is speaking to them as you used to speak to them before you went away, that God in my music and words is beginning to understand what He never understood before. I know that when I write it is not one person who writes but 'the whole trembling creation of God.' My pen is guided by a Power that is more than my desire. I know nothing of what I write till I have read it, and then I know that I am not ashamed of the Power that drives me to speech. It is God, my belovèd; it is nothing but God. It is God learning to utter His love. And when God utters His love, God comes quickly in the souls of men. They must stop and listen, with eyes wistful and yearning. In my very presence they are filled with Happiness. 'The Mother-Poet is the wonderful Poem of God.'

"Love is within us. Happiness is within us. Quick, quick, O Prince of the Grave and Redeemer of our Souls! Whisper the meaning of God's desire to us. Come back swiftly! Come! You have conquered; and we are ready. The marriage feast of the Lamb of God is prepared.

"I hear your Voice in the darkness; I hear your answer to my longing, just as it came to me three long years ago. 'My darling, you know that I love you. You know that I will come back to you with the Peace of God and with the golden key to Heaven.' With these precious, precious words falling round me like silver flakes of snow upon the housetops, I will rise and watch the dawn chase away the night and the rosy flush of a New Day creep across the Thames and round the silent dome of St. Paul's."

* *
*

PART SECOND

PEACE

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

Isaiah, lii. 7.

Letters written to his Lover by the Child during his Wanderings.

"GERMANY, Christmas Eve First.

"I have seen much of the beauty of the world, loved one, since I left you, and I want to tell you about it. But I am going to keep the letters I write and bring them with me when I come back to you. I want you to read them together as one letter—as one song for my darling.

The Warfare with the Dead.

"I wish you had been with me in the South. So sunny it is. The cold North has made your heart heavy. But as I visited the grand old palaces and churches of Italy I felt that you were quite near me; I could see your eyes brighten at the rippling melody of it all; I could hear your quick intake of breath at the gorgeous harmony of fluted column and rounded dome, of flying buttress and ornamental arch, of spire and tower and battlement, of mosaic and marble and gilded tile. All

over the Continent there is this solemn wonder of resurrected stone. Everywhere I go I spend long hours in the cathedrals. One cannot enter a great cathedral without feeling that the presence of God is there. His nearness is often stifling, as if He wished to choke the worldly thoughts one brings Him, the worldly prayers one offers Him.

"And there is a greater wonder still, the wonder of sculpture. It is hard to believe that these figures in marble and bronze are cold and lifeless, that the eyes cannot see nor the lithe limbs tremble, that the flowing mantles are blown back by a wind that never blew on land or sea, that the hand raised in debate and the lips opened for speech will be raised still, open ever, till Dust calls or Man forgets his nobility and destroys the beauty he has formed.

"How powerful is the hand of the master-workman! Into a lump of clay, into a coarse ugliness of roughened stone, he can insert his ideal of beauty, transforming deserted quarries into Temples for the worship of God and into effigies of God's living Image;—he battles with the dead horror of nature and raises pyramid upon pyramid, high-pointing to the stars. And yet, my belovèd, it is all in vain; it is all in vain this brave warfare with the death that is about us. In the end Dust will conquer. Man cannot conquer Dust by pouring his soul into that which Dust has claimed as its own. Dust will not listen. The spirits there are too dead to listen.

"Oh, my belovèd, there is no peace where warfare is in vain, where the battle is to the woeful heart of bitter disappointment. Dust once disdained by us will never, never be ennobled. It will seek its revenge till man is

dragged down beside it. And in the depths of it the old serpent crawls, crafty, utterly godless, infinitely cruel. The Peace I seek is not the peace of passionless rest; the Peace I seek is more like War itself, a consuming fire and an immortal purpose. Beauty may be the Truth, but here Beauty herself is defeated, for Beauty in Architecture and Sculpture is stagnant. It is too close to Matter, the world of man's sin; it is steeped in the treachery and the vindictiveness of man's own soul become godless; it is refused and denied for ever by the mocking laughter of Space."

*

"INDIA, Christmas Eve Second.

The World's Restlessness.

"The mind works most easily and peacefully when the body is in motion. Long hours this year have I spent on train, steamship or jogging wagon, and all my thoughts have circled round the central mystery and wonder of Beauty. The more I think of it the more it seems to me that it is this that I seek, that it is this that will free my darling from the tragedy of ages. It is neither the scientist nor the theologian nor the philosopher who is creating the true meaning for Life; it is the Artist. It is not a theory that Life seeks, it is a radiant colour; it is not a culminating truth, it is the birth of a love that has been made young again—a love old in experience but young in ecstasy.

"The interpretation of nature in Art, especially in great paintings, is adding to nature the meaning of all evolution, it is making Self-conscious the whole restless effort at delicacy in organic structure. Art is interpretive of the inner meaning, locked away, blind, but

irrefutable, in the heart of my own darling, the heart of the struggling Life-God of Creation. Life is making here, there and everywhere a trembling experiment at gentleness in tissues. And that brave experiment at beautiful expression will fail if we do not quickly appreciate its value in Art. Because of our artists, the ugly and the uncouth, all the hulking bundles of meaningless Life forces are spreading themselves out into a tender and intricate fan. Yesterday the world was altogether visible to an untutored mind, to-day it is half-hidden in the Beauty that belongs to Heaven. It is wrong to say that the battle is to the strong; it is not: the battle is to the beautiful. Life *is* Beauty or it is nothing but agony.

"And yet Life is in danger, for Beauty is in danger. Owing to our intellect even Beauty to the artist is assuming the outline of Space. Beauty will be conquered in Architecture and Sculpture, for there Beauty is not transforming Matter into Life. Beauty is in danger of being conquered in Painting too, for there the artist is imposing on the mind of man a spatial conception of Beauty which is intrinsically wrong. Spatial Beauty is only the shadow of Beauty, for in space it is not Beauty that rules, but expressionless Mathematics. Paintings, age after age, should show a definite progress in the direction of the spaceless Beauty, for their present beauty is no more final than Life is final.

"Any great masterpiece in one of the world's galleries is nothing but a blotch of colours unless the mind of man gives meaning to it; it is not the shape and shade of the colours that makes Beauty, it is the creative appreciation brought to them by the vision of ordinary

men and women. Thus it is that at the end of a century a picture is more beautiful or less beautiful than it was to the vision of him who wrestled with oils upon a vacant canvas. But appreciation of a picture by itself will never give birth to that Peace which the heart of man demands. It is the appreciation of a Beauty that is not of Life but of Death, a Beauty that will haunt men for ever with the unrest that Death must ever inspire in the breast of a living spirit. The true appreciative judgment should be not 'Here is Beauty!' but 'There the Beauty of Life is not reflected: there we see lack of Life!' We are not conscious of that which has been made perfectly Self-conscious; rather are we conscious of any beauty that is *absent*.

"Thus there is a greater Art than Painting, for an Art that Painting has inspired in the unconscious experience and taste of the soul, a more intimate, a more human, a more loving Art, the Art of Decoration; the Art of making the common things of daily use, clothes, furniture, ornaments, pictures themselves, tools, utensils, dear and exquisite friends in the work of the world. Its very transitoriness is beautiful; it is transitory to the eye, but will never be forgotten by the heart. Where there is something lacking we immediately become aware that there Life is not fulfilling its meaning —as in the broken handle of a cup or a nail loose in a horse's shoe. If only I could find an Art like this, but laying her hands not upon the outlines and surfaces of Matter, but upon Matter's spiritual nature, forgetting the Matter, indeed, and interpreting the spirits behind in some language of perfect Beauty, I would know that by and bye Art will overcome the world, that by and bye this restless, incomplete world will fade from our

sight and be perceived only by that part of each of us which is a bright angel in the presence of our God."

*

"AMERICA, Christmas Eve Third.

"O HEART OF MY HEART, LIFE OF MY LIFE,

"I come quickly to you with the Treasure of Peace. With the Peace that passeth all understanding. Man has laboured mightily for Peace; he has cried with a terrible cry for comfort of heart and calm of soul; and he has thought that the world denied them. But the world does not deny them. It is man's own prayer that has denied them, it is man's own vision. Man has looked for Peace in the direction where no Peace lies, to the broad surface of the seas and to the infinite canopy of the night sky. He has been searching outwards, outwards for that which lies at his very heart. Peace, my Own, my dear One, is the realisation that within us, within all Life, there exists but one thing—the thirst for a Beauty that will swallow up Life in a torrent of Joy. Life is one great question, and that question is being answered by the unfolding of a Beauty that will give place to Joy. Life escapes from the toil and tragedy of Life wherever Beauty is shown clearly to be the door to Heaven. And Heaven is within us. The Peace I bring you is the sure knowledge that Beauty is everywhere, at every moment, conquering the armies of Death and liberating Life from her struggle. The Peace I give you is the calm certainty of Victory. My eyes are open. I see in Life nothing but triumph, nothing but the assurance of a supreme Joy. But a little longer, my dearest Love, and this assurance will

Tender Tremble of Love.

flood the world, and with the assurance will come the Life of Life, our God made perfect in Wisdom and Power and Love.

"These are the last words to you I shall pen. I have conquered the deceit within me which would attempt to make plain what is evident to the least understanding mind, to the unhappiest heart in all the world. Oh my Love, my Love, men's minds have travelled far from Thee, men's hearts have deceived themselves and denied Thy Beauty, but for all that they can never forget Thy Love; and Love is the highest Beauty of all and creates the perfect road to freedom. There is no fear, my Heart. Be not afraid. Only believe that what I say to Thee is true: all the evil in the world is hopelessly crushed, utterly defeated, by the tiniest blade of grass, the frailest petal of a flower. Man will never become so blind that these things have no meaning for him; his Sciences and Philosophies will never be assumed greater than they. Man is the treasure-house of beautiful dreams. He is already sick with the Joy that trembles at a sweet touch of Thy hand or a passing sigh from Thy lips—all life is made holy for him in the presence of every beautiful thought that comes straight from Thy heart.

"Man has learned the joy of a Love that frees his intellect from the torture of Space, his heart from the weariness of Time, a Love that lifts him from the grave itself. The wings of an unutterable Joy raise him up, up beyond the care and the anxiety and the emptiness of life. His body is beautiful in its strength, fleet in its movements; and his body is the mirror of his soul. These souls of men are beautiful beyond measure. It is taught that souls are borne down by a multitude of

sins and are close about the gates of Hell. It is not true. Men's souls are farther from Hell than anything in Earth or Heaven; they are that which Hell will never conquer.

"This is the Peace I bring Thee: the Knowledge that the Grave is utterly despised."

* *
*

PART THIRD

JOY

"The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Job, xxxviii. 7.

The Child's Disciple Concludes the Story.

"THE NEW MOSCOW, Good Friday.

"It is seven years since I, Markov Pakrovski, saw the risen King for the first time. I say that He is risen, for He is not living in our world. He has passed beyond the needs of the physical body. I and the other disciples bear witness to this. Many times have we seen Him during these seven years. But the Princess we have not seen save once or twice, and she has never spoken to us, though she has often spoken to the youngest of our children and played with them at their games.

The Peace of Man.

"The King is just the same as He ever was. He comes and goes among us continually, helping us in our work, talking and smoking with us at our meals, always smiling and always a little shy, kind to a fault, at times witty, at others silent and attentive. We grow fonder

and fonder of Him. He has accompanied us to theatres and political meetings and auction sales. He is always so calm and contented. He is like a man who has been on a long journey and come back to his friends with the conviction that everything about home is perfect. He never frowns as He used to do. There was rather a bitter thing said about Religion a few nights ago at a workers' guild. I asked the King if He approved of the sentiment. 'What sentiment?' He asked. 'I did not hear anything wrong, Markov.... What a beautiful voice that man has!' It was a great lesson to me. It seems to me that I am always just *beginning* to learn what the King's life must mean.

"Sometimes we try to get Him to tell us how to win the Peace that He has won. But He says very little about that. 'Leave it to the angels,' He often says, 'and pray for the angels: only try to look always for the good; never regard what is wrong. Leave it alone. It is dead. The Peace I have won is only the Knowledge of Victory.'"

. . . .

"Evening.

"This afternoon the disciples were met for prayer and meditation in the little room at the top of my house. It was a beautiful day. Suddenly we all felt that the spirits of the next world were beside us, praying and meditating too. And then a voice said: 'Happy are these, for their vision is transforming the world and making the world so beautiful that even we can be seen there, walking in the streets of the cities and toiling with men in the fields.'

"And then the King was sitting among us, on my left hand, between Stepanovitch and Alexander; and

there was a bright light round His head. 'It is true, Markov,' He said; 'It is true, my friends. The world's vision is becoming like yours. To-day, as we sit here, men and women all over the world are beginning to see more in the things of sense than "matter." Space is even at this moment becoming invisible to them; and the change does not surprise them. It is natural for them to see Beauty where yesterday they saw clay and stone and iron. They are waking up to the truth that you, my friends, have preached good words to them. They are finding the way that I found long, long ago. I see a smooth road on which are travelling all the souls that have been imprisoned in spatial forms They are coming back, back to my Darling, to your Princess. And now I shall be visible to men wherever I go. Their eyes are open. They will receive Me as you have received Me.'"

*

"THE NEW MOSCOW, Saturday.

"It is indeed true. There is a new spirit abroad among men and women. They are more like children than children themselves. To-day the Princess came back to us and played to a great company in her drawing-room. I have never seen her looking so beautiful. She laughs gaily like a bird singing. The whole city is on holiday. How could anyone work when there is a happiness like this in the air? Everyone has put on his best clothes, and a merry suggestion on somebody's part has set all the bells of the churches ringing.

The Happiness of Woman.

"What is so strange about it is that no one understands why he is so happy, why everything seems so

bright and life so easy. It is the Spring sunshine, I suppose: and something else too. It is so spontaneous and so untainted by care or anxiety of any kind. Fêtes are usually tinged by the thought of the dull round of work on the following day. But almost it seems to us to-day that there can be no to-morrow; that the troubles of the future are as non-existent as are the mistakes and sorrows of the past.

"Yesterday we learned that spatial matter is invisible to the King; that the world of Pure Space where He lives is Beauty and nothing but Beauty. To-day we feel for the first time that the whole sacrifice of life is over for the Princess; that the world of Pure Time where She lives is a world of ineffable sweetness and liberty, where all hearts spend themselves in expressing the Beauty that is within them.

"It is all so strange, and yet so right, so wonderfully good. We have not changed our opinions, nor our customs, nor our manners, but Something has happened which has changed our Soul. It must be that our vision is altered, though we are unaware of it; it must be that our hearts are freed from their pride and selfishness. How we love to hold the hands of our friends as we walk with them down the street! how we love to turn to them and look deep within their eyes! Everything wrong about ourselves and others is forgotten. Everything is good. The very stones in the street have eyes to see our happiness and voices to acclaim it.

"How those Church bells echo and peal and chime! I would like to write all my heart, but I am too full of joy. I must get out into the sunshine and help those bells to sing better still."

*

"THE NEW MOSCOW, Easter Sunday.

"Early this morning the King and the Princess came to my house and told me they wished to go for a long walk. I gave them some coffee and bread. There was a large crowd outside the house. And I wondered. They were both very happy, and chatted to me about the children and my new garden and about the Church bells yesterday. I sent for Alexander and Stapanovitch. The other disciples were outside with the crowd. I felt that something strange was going to take place, but I wasn't frightened.

The Joy of God.

"We walked slowly at first and then more quickly along the road to the South that goes to Tula. And the crowd followed. At a wayside inn we met an old man who was blind. He called out to us to know who we were. I said: 'It is the King and the Princess.' 'Yes, I know,' he replied; 'those two I see and know, but who are you?' And I said: 'We are some of their friends.' 'I, too, am a friend,' the blind man answered, 'and I would join you, for I know where the King goes, and I would go too.' The King turned and laid a hand on the old man's shoulder and said: 'Come with us, and we will pass through together.' And the old man rose and followed us. 'I have long waited for this day, O my King,' he whispered, 'and I am weary.'

"And soon the King and the Princess quickened their pace, so that they walked ahead of us about twenty yards, and often they would look up in front as if they expected to meet someone. And the crowd behind were singing and laughing gaily, just as children do when they go to see a beautiful play or to a happy party among the orchards.

"And as we walked, the King beckoned to the old man who was blind, to come up to Him. And the old man ran to Him and caught Him by the arm and looked into His face. And then as we looked the three figures seemed to become one. And we stopped walking and fell on our knees, for the Figure was surrounded by a great light that amazed us. And the Figure was the Figure of One that we knew and yet One that we did not know. His raiment was dyed crimson, and in His hand He held a branch and on His head was a crown of seven stars.

"And the light was so wondrous fair that we could not bear to look upon it. And we hid our faces. And the bright cloud overshadowed us; and a voice came out of the midst of it, saying: *Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.*

"And after a long space we rose from our knees, and, looking for the cloud, perceived that it had gone. So we turned and walked back into the city."

Thought to vanquish warring,
Vanquish and destroy,
Tenderly unsparing
To build a Home of Joy ;
Thought to clutch the throat of music ;
Thought to tremble at a sigh,
And with wisdom of a moment
Wont to grasp at highest high,
Bent on gaining
Words attaining
To the flight of half-born dreams
Sudden flaming red across immeasurable streams.

*

SORROW TRIUMPHANT

WHEN PEACE BRINGS BEAUTY TO LIFE

The Angel of Time sings :

SWEETEST echo of a long-unfathomed dreaming
Born beyond the purple wrath of Night,
Softly sinking,
Lightly linking
Mysteries and memories—O star-encircled gleaming,
Thine the radiance of a calm discoloured light !
Thine the pure low chords of Joy,
Naked, free, devoid of pain's alloy !
O red and tragic pipes ! O sweet-lipped passion !
Thunder organ, whisper music of a thousand strings,
Each in his true fashion
Let them unencumbered tell of unimagined things ;—
O sad and haunting voice of hollow fluting !
O harp of love to broken hearts imputing
Victory ! O tender oboe like a beating wind
In Summer, breathe thy low-note questionings !

EPILOGUE

WAR TRIUMPHANT

WHEN THE CHILD BRINGS PEACE TO THOUGHT

The Angel of Space sings :

WHAT hero thou the breaking dawn of God here tasting ?
Oh, what woman's life the starlit dark disclaiming ?
What soul here leaps to knowledge of dark beauty, starless and immortal ?
What love has passed ? and passing, traced its sorrow on Death's marble,
Deep on Death's cold marble ?

What veils 'twixt Life and Life can Death not now dissever !
What heart-affiliations can Silence not insure !
Between the dead and living, what Spring-like tendernesses
Flood the gates of understanding,
Flash the soul of future spaces,
Colour-tissued with a joy untold !

Battle cry and battle slaughter,
Battle anguish in a thousand eyes that stare,
Sting this mind alive with fear of Death,
Alive with throb of thinking,
Alive with thoughts that flare—
Thoughts that reap rejection yet not all defeat,
A Universe-embracing world-hostility ;

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE

Briefly comparing our outlook with the traditional philosophy of the Schools.[1]

GREEK, LATIN, MEDIAEVAL.

Parmenides' denial of movement answered after the manner of Bergson. The *Heraclitean* conception of ceaseless movement recognised as fact. To escape from the resulting pessimism we adopt his doctrine of the 'Logos' and *Anaxagoras'* conception of Mind as the ordering principle; but Mind being more than intelligence cannot be satisfied with logic only, and the 'immanent divine plan' is understood as working itself out in man, not as being discovered by him. Thus the *Socratic* method of 'dialectic' chosen but with regard to the definition of Life only, and the more comprehensive attitude of PLATO adhered to. Yet it is believed that though his view of 'permanent natures' or 'Ideas' releases the Mind from the ignorance which an eternally changing world imposes, it does so at the expense of *fixing* knowledge or truth as a discovery of latent form. Inclined to write over our lecture-room: "No admission to any *not* ignorant of Geometry." At one with him, however, that the sense world is not *all* illusion; it stands 'between being and not-being.' His belief in the value of the 'myth' acted upon; and his vision of the superiority of the 'anima mundi' over discrete individuals made our ideal and regarded as the strict consummation of the life process. While accepting ARISTOTLE's radical distinctions between contem-

[1] As presented in Mr. Clement C. J. Webb's *History of Philosophy* (Home University Library), a little volume invaluable to us in captivity

Hail ! thou great kind
Soul of searching ; cleanse the chords
Of life and living by thy yet dim-hidden swords.
Tears of deep, dear sorrow
Shedding, soften hardened souls of men,
And then,
Upon the day-dawn of a new-glad morrow
Riding,
Touch and harmonise Joy's full abiding !

*

LIFE OF LIFE

WHEN BEAUTY BRINGS JOY TO GOD

Sung by
the Angels of Heaven
and Faithfully Recorded in His Own Individual Way
by Him
Whose Eyes are Open, Whose Ears Hear
and Whose Lips can Utter
PRAISE.

* *
*

the eternal Intelligence-God of Aristotle, an attempt to pierce through in Silence to a union with the Majesty of the 'Highest.' Like him, we claim for individuals who can reach this lonely state a unique value and place in the universe. Hence, though accepting the Christian doctrine that by knowing *Jesus* any one may find access to the God that is, driven to maintain that communion with the God that will be, or the 'Ultimate,' is a less ordinary but more admirable passion, enabling one to dispense with *Aquinas'* distinction between the truths of Reason and the 'Supernatural revelations' of Theology. [Thus, while reconciled to *Luther's* 'justification by faith' in freeing men from authority, condemn it for dispensing them from self-scrutiny.]

Renaissance.

Though fearful lest our New Inquisition may appear as intolerant as the Old, firm in our condemnation of *Bacon's* belief that man's original destiny is to have 'dominion over nature' by wresting from her the eternal secrets of natural phenomena. The 'interpretation' of nature creative; man her guide, not her servant; her centre, not a part. The consequent 'doubt' of Descartes inevitable but enlightening, because impregnated with newly awakened Self-consciousness. The touchstone of personal existence found, however, not in thinking but in the *desire to become*, since true thinking is non-conceptual. ('*Fiam ergo fio.*') Persuaded his error lay in making thought static, this leading to a mechanical treatment of the physical universe with insistence upon Mathematics (Kepler, Galileo, Newton). 'Ideas' as thoughts in the *human* mind an advance on tradition, but the unexamined concession of a distinction between perceiving mind and reality perceived the cause of much subsequent beating about the 'thing in itself' and immediately suggesting the doctrine that ideas are primarily sense impressions (*Hobbes* and Lock). Agree that a clear, distinct idea is true but when it is *suggestive* rather than final, satisfaction of feeling being deeper than satisfaction of intellect. Since 'existence' may be a factor in man's *imperfection*, find no clear idea in the assumption that we have 'an innate idea of God' because *we*

plation and action and between 'form' and 'matter,' we reject his abstract, because mainly logical, one between 'universals' and 'particulars,' matter not being analysable save to the scientific intellect [and form not being divisible save by the functioning will. That is, individuality in Space (due to intelligence) a matter of *pieces*; individuality in Time (due to will) a matter of *organic parts*; individuality in Eternity a *total unity*. Unlike the *Schoolmen*, therefore, minimise the importance of the philosophic problem of 'the one and the many,' and put little value in the individual as such save from the point of view of *Duns Scotus* that it is not a limitation but a revelation of the universal; so, unlike *Ockham*, realists and not nominalists]. Aristotle's idea of an unmoving, unloving, all-knowing God alien to ours of a God who struggles through evolution to acquire knowledge. This transcendentalism the root cause of the syllogistic absurdities in thinking ever since, especially in Theology. His insistence on logic one of the two outstanding calamities of man's search for truth. [The other the unavoidable Copernican theory of Astronomy following upon the adoption of Baconian *inductive* logic.] The conception of 'material forms' in the *Atomists* and the resultant narrow morality of the *Epicureans*, both being opposed to the belief in divine government, are equally condemned; while Aristotelian teleology itself, since it hints at a universal eternal meaning, thrown aside as (in the Bergsonian phrase) 'an inverted mechanism.' But the Epicurean assertion of free will—as that of the British *Pelagius*—combined with the conviction of the *Stoics* that each individual has a place assigned him. Their mutual emphasis on conduct, and denial of the importance of Plato's distinction between the real and the material, developed, with *Christianity* as foundation, into a plea for a vital philosophy for the individual. Moreover, the *Pythagorean* anxiety for immortality re-echoed. So at one with the *Neoplatonists* that the primary questions are the religious. Treatment, however, unlike that of *Augustine*, weighed down by memories of sin and his need of 'grace,' but showing a deep indebtedness to PLOTINUS, adding to our sympathy with the all-pervading Life-God of the Stoics and our contemplation of

proper way of regarding the world, though unfortunately truer to-day than ever. Happily his definite assertion of an absolutely independent world of matter exposed him to the idealistic doctrine of BERKELEY with which we are, of course, in agreement, going indeed a step farther and totally repudiating Locke by changing *esse est percipi* into *esse est creari*, and thus giving power (or activity) to ideas to *speak* in the 'divine language' and not only to record 'communications' of it. Hence, unlike Berkeley, leave not ourselves open to the criticism of *Hume*, whose scepticism falls if perceptions themselves create *all* knowledge because being the faculties of the inner will to become, to which it would be absurd to apply the epithet 'sceptical.'

MODERN.

KANT the Rousseau of philosophy. At one with him in asserting the primacy of duty over knowledge (that only for a few is it dutiful to become wise), and that moral consciousness is nearer to the inner nature of reality than the scientific; but surprised at his making morality (like *Butler* and *Price*) a matter of reason rather than sentiment (like *Shaftesbury*, *Hutcheson*, *Adam Smith* and Hume), taking into account (1) his view of purposeful action suggested by the 'phenomena' of (*a*) *organic* beings, (*b*) *beauty* (developed extensively by us), and (2) his treatment of freedom as a truth *felt* though philosophically unprovable; and his 'categorically imperative,' although not always obeyed, moral criterion, considered as unsound as the including doctrine that the rational is not necessarily the real. However, his 'understanding' synonymous with our *intelligence* and his 'reason' with our *intuition*, the 'understanding,' creative of spatial concepts (even with regard to Time), being 'empirically real' though 'transcendentally unreal,' and the 'reason,' creative of 'regulative ideas' which are not logical solutions of reality but the perpetual spurs to ever profounder experience (phenomenal be it admitted), corresponding to 'faith' in practical (as opposed to purely theoretic) reason. But his distinction between perception and understanding not admitted as true, while his belief in the unknowability of the 'thing-in-

wholly; reason so formed as to reflect life wholly and find for life a purpose which is not yet palpable, though psychologically evident. Thus, while, because sympathetic with the *Pragmatists* rather than with the Evolutionists, *idealists* rather than realists; yet, because believing with *Herbart* that there is something besides pure mind in the universe (certain dead 'extension' to us), and with *Lotze* that time at least is other than mind (because 'undeveloped' mind we say), *realists* rather than idealists.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW.

itself' a distressing relic of the 'dogmatism' which his 'critical' philosophy had attempted to overthrow, and responsible (1) both for (*a*) the limiting 'positivism' of *Comte* and (*b*) the deadening compromise of *Hamilton*, *Mansel* and Spencer in their theory of 'the relativity of knowledge,' and (2) for *Schelling's* doctrine of a characterless 'Absolute,' neither nature (the known) or mind (the knower), though responsible for both. More at home in *Fichte's* conception of the true thinking and willing part of every individual as the 'absolute self' with that part of it external to the knowers acting as an 'obstacle' to prove the moral worth of these (our *necessary tragedy* or evolution of life), and in his view that 'moral order' is the complete expression of that Self. Though developing, moreover, HEGEL's view that history is an 'acted dialectic,' the unfolding by means of controversy and compromise of the everywhere manifest nature of Spirit, and that, the rational being the real, the mind by knowing the world teaches the world to know itself (thus combining in his 'Absolute Idealism' both the Platonic satisfaction of intelligence and the idealism of Berkeley), yet dislike his insistence on a *laborious* and evidently scientific investigation of nature and mind, seeing in it the seed of the downfall of Germany, agreeing rather with Schelling that an immediate philosophic apprehension of God is possible through 'intellectual intuition.' *Schopenhauer's* pessimism based on a logical fallacy, since will, being the primary reality, should be obeyed, rather than her servant reason; while *Neitzsche's* ruthless morality of self-assertiveness, on the other hand, blind to all the delicacy imposed on life by her hand-maiden reason. *Darwinian* and *Spencerian* theories of evolution to be praised for concentrating attention, as Hegel had tried to do, on life and 'development' and thus breaking down transcendentalism, but to be deplored for explaining everything as 'persistence of force' and for questioning the essential divinity of man, with the consequent shoddy and psychologically weak utilitarian creed of *Bentham* and *J. S. Mill.* (The—to us irreconcilable—school of *Scotch Intuitionists* nearer the truth.)

Conclusion:—More in life than mechanism and more in reason than intellect: intellect so formed as to grasp mechanism